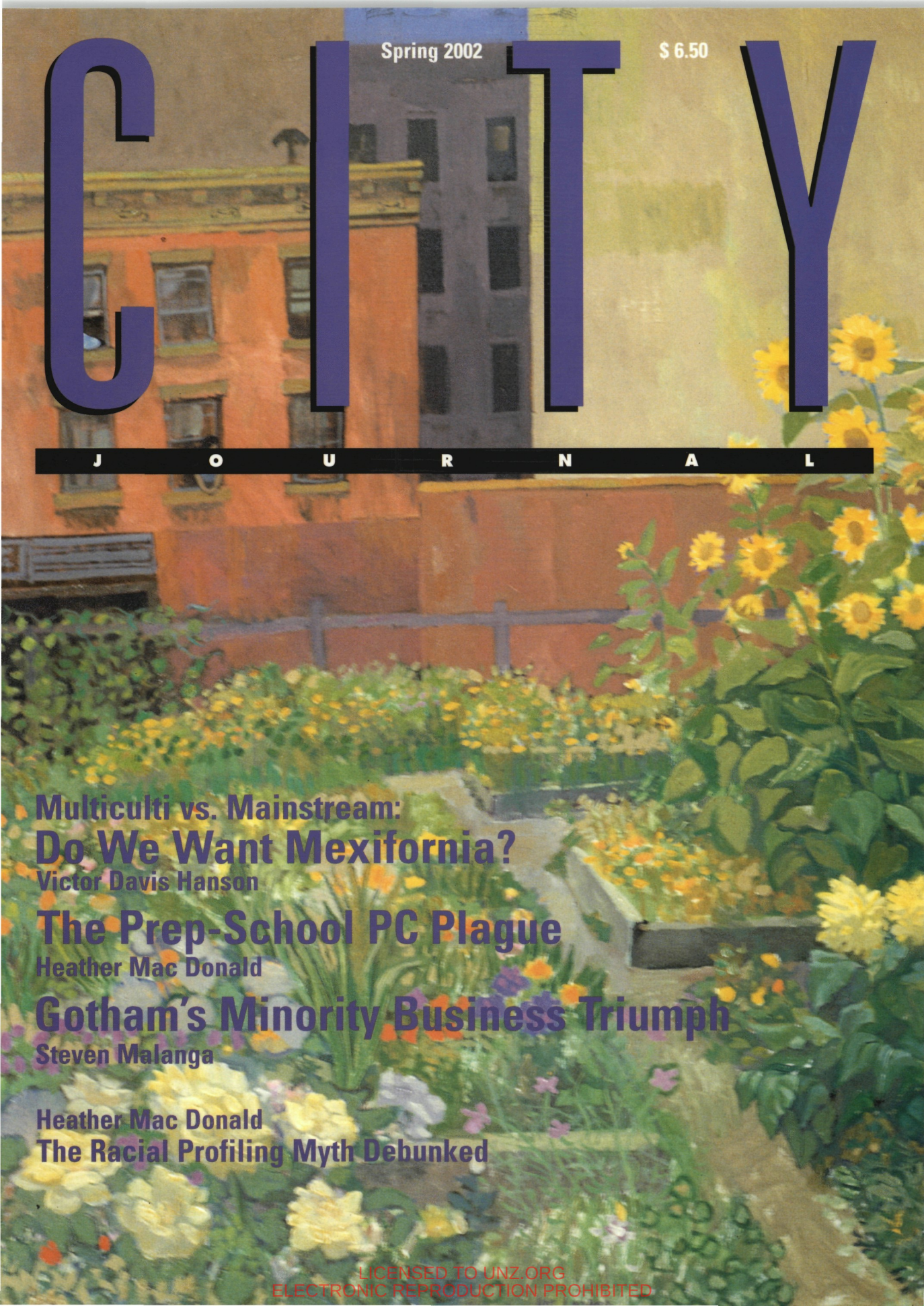
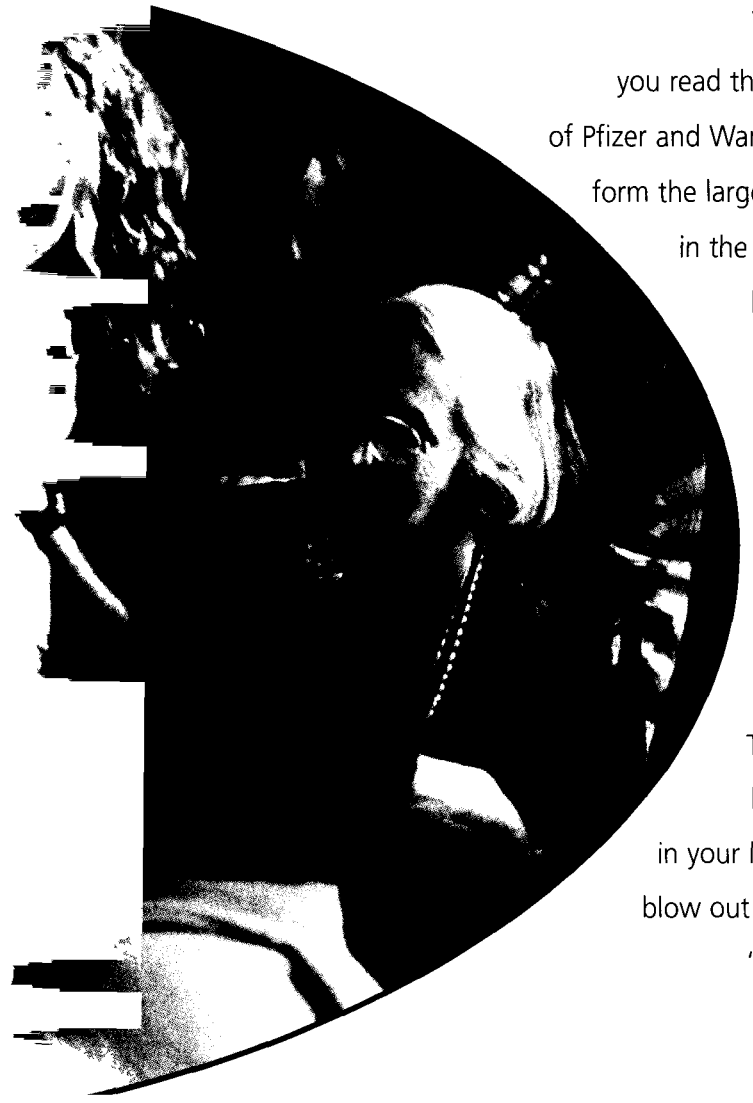


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On your 95th birthday you'll remember this ad.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW PFIZER



You'll remember back to the day you read the announcement that the people of Pfizer and Warner-Lambert had joined forces to form the largest pharmaceutical research team in the world. How together they would have 12,000 scientists and health experts looking for the cures and treatments of the future. How they vowed to spend nearly $4.7 billion on research. You'll remember you thought this announcement would have scant effect on your life. That you'd never see any of these hoped-for medical breakthroughs in your lifetime. Then you'll make a wish, blow out the candles and think to yourself "How little I knew, way back then at the turn of the century."

Pfizer

Life is our life's work.

www.pfizer.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CITY
JOURNAL

Published by the Manhattan Institute
Spring 2002 Volume 12, Number 2

Editor
Myron Magnet

Senior Editor
Brian C. Anderson

Contributing Editors
William Andrews, Theodore Dalrymple,
Victor Davis Hanson, Howard Husock, Kay S. Hymowitz,
Stefan Kanfer, Heather Mac Donald,
Steven Malanga, John H. McWhorter, Richard E. Morgan,
Peter Reinharz, Roger Scruton, Wendy Shalit,
Harry Stein, Sol Stern, William J. Stern

Assistant Editor
Edward John Craig

Art Director
Jerome Rufino

Picture Editor
Karen Marston

Publication Committee
Richard Aspinwall, *New York, N.Y.*
Gary Bogard, *New York, N.Y.*
Eugene D. Brody, *Picanet Partners*
Geoffrey Colvin, *Fortune Magazine*
Edward N. Costikyan, *Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison*
John Craig, *The Commonwealth Fund*
Michael J. Fedak, *New York, N.Y.*
Edward W. Hayes, *New York, N.Y.*
H. Dale Hemmerdinger, *The Hemmerdinger Corporation*
Edward R. Hintz, *Hintz, Holman & Hecksher Inc.*
Steven Klinsky, *Mountain Capital*
Marie-Josée Kravis, *Hudson Institute*
Roy Marden, *Philip Morris Companies*
Howard Milstein, *Douglas Elliman-Gibbons & Ives*
Joseph L. Rice III, *Clayton, Dubilier & Rice, Inc.*
Peter D. Salins, *State University of New York*
Joan C. Schwartz, *New York, N.Y.*
Howard Shawn, *New York, N.Y.*
Henry Stern, *NYCivic*
Thomas J. Tisch, *FLF Associates*
Barrie A. Wigmore, *Goldman, Sachs & Company*
Louis Winnick, *Fund for the City of New York*
Kathryn Wylde, *New York City Partnership and Chamber of Commerce*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

Victor Davis Hanson	12	**Do We Want Mexifornia?** The flood of illegal immigration into California raises urgent questions that the whole nation must face.
Heather Mac Donald	24	**The Prep-School PC Plague** Instead of forging a colorblind elite, these privileged schools stress everything that divides their newly diverse student bodies.
Steven Malanga	36	**Minority Business Triumphs in Gotham** Savvy minority entrepreneurs helped create New York's 1990s boom and now account for one out of every nine city jobs. Government should foster, not harass, them.
Myron Magnet	46	**The Monument They Deserve** Our memorial to the victims of the World Trade Center attack should be an affirmation of our values, not just a cry of grief.
Steven Malanga	58	**How to Fix Gotham's Taxi Mess** New York's taxi industry needs a revolution, not a fare increase. Here's what to do.
Heather Mac Donald	63	**The Racial Profiling Myth Debunked** The new numbers prove that there is no systematic police racism.
John H. McWhorter	66	**The Mau-Mauing at Harvard** The fracas between Harvard's new president and its top Afro-American studies profs highlights black academia's fixation on victimhood and double standards.
Richard Brookhiser	74	**The Forgotten Founding Father**
Stefan Kanfer	84	**The Americanization of Irving Berlin**
Robert Adam	96	**How to Build Skyscrapers**
	5	**In Prospect**
	6	**Soundings** Welfare Reform in the Balance . . . and other matters
Theodore Dalrymple	110	**Oh, to be in England** The Man Who Predicted the Race Riots
	115	**Letters**
	119	**Contributors**
Howard Husock	120	**Singapore Diarist**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll let our readers tell you why they never miss an issue.

Rudolph Giuliani

"*City Journal* has provided a forum for some of our city's—and our nation's—most incisive thinkers, whose writings have enriched our public discourse and helped shape public policy. In the pages of *City Journal*, theorists and practitioners meet, and new approaches to governance emerge. I look forward to many more years of informative, provocative reading."

Tom Wolfe

"*City Journal* is the great Fool Killer in the arena of urban policy. It's more than sharp and penetrating. It's a joy to read."

George Will

"*City Journal* is consistently the most stimulating source of reporting and analysis concerning the nation's urban problems."

Bill Moyers

"Even when I disagree with *City Journal*, I dare not ignore it."

Peggy Noonan

"*City Journal* is the best magazine in America."

Order now, at our **subscription price** of $23.00/yr. (four issues)—a 10% **savings** off the newsstand price. **Call (800) 562-1973.**

CITY JOURNAL, SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, P.O. BOX 3000, DENVILLE, NJ 07834

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY, STATE, ZIP

☐ $23.00 for one year (4 quarterly issues) ☐ $42.00 for two years (8 quarterly issues)

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Please bill me

"The journal that saved the city."

—The Public Interest

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Prospect

THE AMERICAN DREAM AND ITS ENEMIES might stand as the headline for this issue of *City Journal*. That dream is very much alive and still comes true, our stories show; but from coast to coast, those who claim to be helping the poor, the minority, and the immigrant are filling them with ideas that will keep them from making that dream a reality.

The good news about the dream is very good indeed, as Steven Malanga shows in "Minority Business Triumphs in Gotham" (page 36). During the 1990s, New York saw an explosion of minority enterprise; minority firms came to account for fully a quarter of the city's businesses and to employ 12 percent of its workers. Not traditional "minority" firms, these are sizable manufacturing companies, design firms, magazine publishers, ad agencies—mainstream businesses with prosperous owners and secure employees. Latino self-employment more than doubled in five years; black self-employment shot up 76 percent, squelching the stereotype that blacks aren't entrepreneurial. This development is as good social news as it is economic: the wished-for melding of minorities into the majority is taking place.

But on the other coast, the news is not so good. Thousands of Mexicans are flooding into California each year in search of the American dream, but, Victor Davis Hanson reports in "Do We Want Mexifornia?" on page 12, they too often don't progress beyond menial jobs, and their children are forming an underclass, with high and growing rates of illegitimacy and criminality. Hanson writes from an unusual perspective: he lives on the family farm where he grew up, at the very heart of this immigration; many family members are married to Mexican immigrants; his deeply valued students at Fresno State are predominantly Mexican. He knows firsthand how indomitable a work ethic the immigrants have; he feels personally the tragedy of their scant success. And he argues persuasively that their failure to learn English, to get their children educated, to assimilate, to become—and to feel themselves—American citizens are the fruits of the multiculti, separatist, welfarist claptrap the race industry showers upon them. Immigration and multiculturalism don't mix, he argues: it is the uniquely *American* dream the immigrants came here to seek, and the multiculti advocates lead them away from achieving it.

Assimilation so complete that it includes even a multiracial, multiethnic elite has been a long-cherished democratic dream, and what better place to make it a reality than in the nation's prep schools. These traditional nurseries for America's leaders have made diversity their watchword—in order, one might hope, to create exactly that colorblind elite that in its confident solidarity could lead us to the promised land beyond race-consciousness. But no. As Heather Mac Donald chronicles in "The Prep-School PC Plague" (page 24), as the great private schools have increasingly recruited minority students, they have also adopted the whole multicultural orthodoxy. Their curricula and their institutional cultures now emphasize everything that divides, rather than unites, their students. And what makes their missed opportunity more tragic is that their students are, by and large, instinctively colorblind and must be taught to see their fellows as Other.

The schools imported their divisive orthodoxy from the universities, of course, and John H. McWhorter's "The Mau-Mauing at Harvard" (page 66) looks in at the sanctum sanctorum of that orthodoxy, Harvard's Afro-American studies department, and considers its recent dustup with Harvard's new president. It's an unedifying sight. Here, at the very center of the national establishment is the flower of the black professorate purveying a vision of the black experience in America as nothing but insult and injury, and implying, in its dispute with Harvard's president, that blacks in academia are to be judged by less stringent standards than whites. This damaging worldview grows all the more destructive when such elite sponsorship augments its divisive authority on campus and beyond.

Finally, on page 110, Theodore Dalrymple tells the story of Ray Honeyford, a British school principal who 15 years ago tried heroically to help his Muslim immigrant students assimilate into the British mainstream, teaching them standard English and British history and culture. Without these tools for success, he believed, they would remain marginalized, a force for social unrest. For his efforts, he was branded a racist and forced out of his job. As for the unrest he foresaw: the town where he taught exploded into brutal race riots last summer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oundings

Welfare Reform in the Balance

New York's new welfare chief sometimes sounds like a Dinkins-era throwback.

Reforming welfare and the welfare culture was one of the Giuliani era's great triumphs. It couldn't have happened without the mayor's constant efforts to change the language we use about dependency. That's why a recent speech by the city's new welfare commissioner, Verna Eggleston, is so worrisome, for in it she started slipping back into the discredited thinking and rhetoric of old.

Among his first and most important welfare initiatives, Mayor Giuliani strengthened welfare eligibility controls. Working New Yorkers shouldn't have to fund a multi-billion-dollar welfare empire, he reasoned, unless the city could assure them that their tax dollars supported only the truly needy. So he instituted electronic fingerprinting for welfare applicants and sent welfare-eligibility specialists to recipients' homes to verify that their application information was correct.

BROWN BROTHERS

The payback was enormous. In 2000 alone, the Giuliani administration uncovered 40,000 cases of welfare fraud and ineligibility; from 1994 to 2001, it found on its welfare rolls 10,000 felons wanted on open warrants, including at least 12 suspected murderers.

The advocates went berserk. They called fingerprinting "stigmatizing." (Of course, if anyone were to suggest that welfare itself is stigmatizing, the advocates would howl "insensitivity.") They objected to the home visits. And, of course, they sued. Fortunately, this was one of the few suits against the Giuliani welfare reforms that the dependency industry lost.

Speaking at the New School in early March, welfare commissioner Eggleston, former head of a homosexual- and transgendered-youth advocacy group, sounded disturbingly like the advocates with whom she has constantly consulted since taking office. As reported by *Newsday*, she criticized the welfare eligibility process on the grounds of "compassion"—the most loaded and contested term of the welfare ideology wars. She called the eligibility reviews "grueling" and questioned the need for fingerprinting. She even objected to the identification cards that the home interviewers wear.

This kind of hypersensitive hand-wringing, remote from commonsense reality, is a specialty of the dependency industry. It shows that the welfare war of ideas is not over. Take the term "compassion." For decades, New York's elites defined compassion as: 1) putting as many people as possible on welfare, and 2) exempting certain preferred victim groups from the rules and responsibilities that others live by.

Giuliani tore into that orthodoxy. Compassion doesn't consist in making people dependent, he argued, but in helping them to become self-sufficient. Compassion doesn't mean winking at welfare cheats on the assumption that they're probably poor anyway, so why bother holding them to the rules? It means respecting someone enough to believe that he can meet obligations like everyone else—and rise above his current predicament.

Just how "grueling" is the welfare application process, anyway? Applicants must go to Brooklyn to verify their eligibility. But people go to Brooklyn for job interviews and jobs all the time, and *they're* not even asking for a possible lifetime of taxpayer support. As for fingerprinting, many states require it for a driver's license, and many employers, including New York City, require it for employment, without causing a self-esteem crisis in the printee. Then there's those threatening "Welfare Investigator" shields that eligibility-verification specialists wear. Last summer, I accompanied two welfare-eligibility checkers—a cheerful and courteous young man and woman—on their rounds in Harlem. We entered apartment buildings where most of the doors were bound to their frames with massive chains and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

padlocks, securing burned-out crack dens. Attack dogs barked furiously behind bolted doors. *Of course* the welfare checkers wear identification badges—no one would let them into their homes otherwise. If the new welfare commissioner sees badges and fingerprinting as uncompassionate, rather than simply good management, she should step across the aisle back into the advocates' camp.

Unfortunately, Eggleston's cavils with the Giuliani regime did not end at the eligibility review process. Judging by the *Newsday* report (her office would not provide a transcript), she delivered much of her speech in code—a code developed by advocates over the years to block welfare reform. The code's advantage is that it often sounds reasonable, until you know what it really signals.

Commissioner Eggleston derided Giuliani's welfare reforms as a "heavy-handed . . . numbers game." Translation: what's the urgency about dependency reduction? But it is ignorant to caricature the Giuliani changes as merely "numbers-driven." Former commissioner Jason Turner transformed the welfare agency from a mindless check-processor into a far more creative institution dedicated to getting people into work. Did people leave the rolls in droves? Yes: because many people decided that if asked to do anything for their welfare check—look for a job, say—they would rather not bother.

Eggleston also repudiated the "cookie-cutter" approach of workfare. Translation: Let's bring back "education and job training," those favored dodges from work responsibilities. Was Giuliani's workfare industrial-strength reform? Sure. When you had over half a million predominantly able-bodied adults collecting government checks for a living, it was unrealistic to demand that every workfare assignment be custom-tailored to each person's inclinations. But no one has to take the deal: if you don't want to give something back to the city for your welfare check, don't take the check.

Commissioner Eggleston vowed not to measure the fight against poverty by the rise or fall in the welfare load. Again, this sounds sensible—of course a small welfare population does not necessarily mean a small poor population. But the welfare rate has been a darn good indicator of the poverty rate: the unprecedented drop in the welfare rolls over the last eight years went in tandem with the biggest drop in poverty on record. And long-term welfare usage is a perfect indicator of dependency and the culture of poverty, which do a lot more harm than low wages. By defining her mission as fighting poverty, rather than increasing self-sufficiency, Eggleston opens the door to a host of new social programs. And indeed, she promised to involve social workers more intimately with her administration—a sure crowd-pleaser with New York's massive advocate lobby, but bad news for taxpayers who want a good return on their dollar and a city with a culture of enterprise.

Testifying before the City Council a week after the New School speech, Commissioner Eggleston sounded far more supportive of reform, pledging, for example, to "ensure that only those who are eligible get assistance" and lauding the new professionalism of the Human Resources Administration. She also stood by her sound decision to require work of food-stamp recipients. This is reassuring. Yet she continued to qualify her support with heavily freighted code words. While she would continue Giuliani's "work first" philosophy, she said, she would bring to it "integrity and compassion."

Maybe this is just Eggleston's way of speaking. Maybe she doesn't really mean to imply that a work-first philosophy is not compassionate, or that it lacks integrity. But she should realize that in New York's war of welfare ideology, neutral territory no longer exists. You are either for reform or against it. And unless Eggleston is willing to seize the moral high ground from the advocates—and that means fighting constantly over who gets to control the language—the far superior forces of New York's advocacy-judicial complex will once again control poverty policy, to the detriment of the poor and the social fabric. —*Heather Mac Donald*

Gotham Bounces Back

Seven months after September 11, New York is on the road to recovery.

Earlier this year, the city's attempts to recover from the terrorist attack seemed stuck in neutral, with the redevelopment of Lower Manhattan mired in political wrangling, the economy sagging, and officials in Washington quarreling over how much aid to give New York. But the second installment of George Bush's $21.5 billion aid package to the city, announced in early March, came

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among a cluster of good news that may mark a turning point in the recovery from the terrorist bombing. While daunting challenges remain, the city's outlook is improving rapidly seven months after September 11.

The new federal aid should give an economic boost to Lower Manhattan and to the rest of the city. The package sensibly directs money into much-needed infrastructure work, including $1.8 billion targeted to help the Port Authority and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority realize their vision of not merely reconstructing downtown's damaged transit system but improving it with a new super transit hub that will link PATH and subway lines. The proposed transit hub could even set the stage for further dramatic improvements, such as bringing the Long Island Rail Road, with its Nassau and Suffolk County commuters, down to Lower Manhattan. The new federal aid also fills in gaps in federal emergency funding, including money to help rebuild Lower Manhattan's damaged telephone and electric grids. Former mayor Giuliani argued that the city badly needed a federal tax cut to stimulate its economy; in the absence of a cut, Bush delivered a consolation prize—$5.5 billion in tax credits and incentives to attract and retain businesses in Lower Manhattan. In effect, these are selective tax cuts.

Other encouraging signs are also starting to appear. The cleanup of the site itself has gone much more quickly than anyone expected, a temporary memorial has debuted, and the reconstruction of the Winter Garden has begun. Governor Pataki has given Mayor Bloomberg representation on the board of the Lower Manhattan Redevelopment Corporation, from which he had been excluded. Most important, all the major players seem to be reaching agreement about some basic elements of a new plan for downtown, especially the notion that the city should restore the street grid to the area and reintegrate the site into the rest of Lower Manhattan, including Battery Park City, as *City Journal* has suggested (see "How to Rebuild New York," Autumn 2001). Developer Larry Silverstein, the leaseholder of the World Trade Center, has moderated his claims and seems willing to reconfigure Seven World Trade Center to allow Greenwich Street to run through it. The Lower Manhattan Redevelopment Corporation has promised a plan for the area by June. "There's a consensus that the area should be redeveloped as a 24-hour neighborhood where people live and work," says chairman John Whitehead.

All of this comes as the nation's economic outlook brightens after a recession that proved much shorter and shallower than expected—which is good news for New York's economy, whose bedrock is the securities industry. Venture capital has been returning to the city, along with tourists: hotel occupancy rates have nearly returned to normal, a stunning turnabout from just a few months ago. Broadway's weekly grosses are running ahead of this time last year, and every theater in the city is booked, with more than a dozen new shows opening over the next six months. Meanwhile, several major office tenants that temporarily decamped to New Jersey after September 11 have already begun to move back into the city. And prices of residential real estate in Manhattan, a sure bellwether of Gotham's economy, have rebounded.

Still, the city has huge obstacles to overcome. Its budget remains out of balance because of excessive spending and declining tax revenues. As the mayor and City Council leaders begin their debate on how to balance the city's books, the mayor needs to keep resisting calls to raise taxes—a move sure to short-circuit any nascent recovery. And he should reconsider his risky plan to borrow heavily to fund the city's operating deficit, a move reminiscent of Gotham's budget gimmicks of the 1970s, when such borrowing helped plunge New York into a fiscal crisis that came within a whisker of bankruptcy.

September 11 marks the most infamous day in New York's history. But the revival that seemed so remote that day is now clearly under way.

—*Steven Malanga*

Develop the Far West Side, Now

Mayor Bloomberg should make transforming this somnolent area his signature project.

Even with the post–September 11 cleanup speeding along faster than expected and new federal money pouring in, the redevelopment of Lower Manhattan remains a challenging long-term project. But New York City needs to get new development under way as soon as possible to replace the office space lost on September

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

11. That's why Mayor Michael Bloomberg should turn his attention to the underutilized Far West Side of Manhattan. A strategic plan for redeveloping this area already exists and merely awaits a strong push from city hall.

At present, the Far West Side, running from 14th Street to 42nd Street, west of Eighth Avenue, is a big wasted opportunity. Despite an abundance of available land only a short walk from bustling midtown, the area has stagnated because of poor transportation and an outdated 40-year-old zoning code that permits only low buildings there. Take a walk through the neighborhood, and you'll see the Javits Convention Center, a few large public facilities, including the Metropolitan Transportation Authority rail yards, a collection of auto-repair shops, storage facilities, and sprawling parking lots—and little else. For much of the 1990s, even as the rest of Manhattan boomed, the Far West Side lost jobs.

The city recognized that it should move ahead with redevelopment of this 59-block area even before September 11. The economic expansion of the late 1990s resulted in a rush of building that used up most of the developable land in midtown Manhattan. Lacking sites, several big financial firms decided to jump across the river to New Jersey. Real-estate observers began to wonder whether the city could find room for future economic expansion. Without new office space, the city's economy would have a hard time breaking out of the nearly 50-year boom-and-bust cycle that has generated lots of job churning but no secular growth. Eyeing the city's economic future, the Giuliani administration cannily looked to transform the Far West Side into Gotham's next major business district and shortly before leaving office came up with a master plan for how to do it. The plan is so good that Bloomberg should make it his signature project.

The basic idea is to rezone the Far West Side to make room for about 40 million square feet of development over the next 20 years in several subdistricts—including a high-density commercial corridor along 34th Street, another commercial district facing the Javits Convention Center, and a Jane Jacobs–style mixed-use residential and commercial neighborhood between Ninth and Tenth Avenues. In addition, the plan recommends extending the Number 7 subway line down from 42nd Street into the district, which a 2001 study estimates would cost only $1.3 billion, since many of the needed tunnels and tracks already exist. Other transportation options—perhaps extending the Long Island Rail Road past its current terminus at Pennsylvania Station to a stop nearer the Javits Center—might also be worth thinking about. Gotham could use incremental gains in property-tax revenues from the improving Far West Side to help finance new transit, the plan says.

A good sign that the blueprint, or some version of it, might become a reality is that Bloomberg's key economic development aide, former investment banker Daniel Doctoroff, understands the Far West Side's vast potential. Bloomberg should get things rolling at once. Not only may the redevelopment of the Far West Side wind up being one of his greatest long-term contributions to Gotham; it might also—by providing a benchmark against which to measure the progress of rebuilding downtown—spur that project along, too. *—Steven Malanga*

How to Trivialize the Holocaust

The Jewish Museum's "Mirroring Evil" is the most offensive show in town.

Early in the twentieth century, the Jewish philanthropist baron Maurice De Hirsch urged Jews to stop striving for excellence. In his view, the very success of his co-religionists had provoked anti-Semitism. "We have too much brains," declared the baron. "All the hatred against us stems from this." Were De Hirsch alive today, one visit to the Jewish Museum's new exhibit would allay his concerns.

"Mirroring Evil" caused a ruckus even before the March 17 opening, when Holocaust survivors got hold of its catalog and learned that among the "artwork" displayed would be a Lego set of a concentration camp; a trick photograph of a well-fed young man holding up a Diet Coke, surrounded by the emaciated Jews of Buchenwald; flattering busts of Josef Mengele, the Nazi doctor who performed notorious medical experiments on the "racially inferior"; and a work entitled "GiftGas Giftset" portraying cans of Xyklon B gas stamped with Chanel and Hermès labels.

When the exhibit finally opened, the response was furious. Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel, a survivor of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, called it "a betrayal."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soundings

Menachem Z. Rosensaft, a lawyer whose family members Mengele murdered, charged: "It gives the imprimatur of the Jewish Museum to this exhibition and thereby legitimizes all future trivializations of the Holocaust by others." The harsh words from these leading Jewish figures (and others) haven't stopped the museum from pasting out-of-context supportive quotations from Wiesel and Rosensaft on its walls, in the same way an unscrupulous film producer takes a reviewer's negative comments ("What might have been intriguing winds up a waste of excellent scenery") and edits them for use in an ad ("Intriguing!" "Excellent!").

Nor has the criticism caused curator Norman Kleeblatt to reconsider the sophomoric pronouncements that adorn the displays. "Nazi criminal Josef Mengele was known to his colleagues for his good looks and charm, and is infamous to us for his unspeakable deeds," says one. "To explore this contradiction Christine Borland gave blurry photographs. . . to six sculptors." Comely people can do monstrous things! Who knew? The artist holding a Coke proves that "Just as much of Europe succumbed to Nazi culture . . . so does our contemporary culture succumb to consumerism." Genocide and shopping are morally equivalent! What a revelation! Artist Tom Sachs, who used a hatbox from the trendy Italian designer Prada to build a pop-up concentration camp, makes a similar "transgressive" point. "I'm using the iconography of the Holocaust to bring attention to fashion," he opines. "Fashion, like fascism, is about a loss of identity."

Sachs's asininity matches that of the preening, self-congratulatory, jargon-saturated academic essays of the show's catalog. "*Mirroring Evil* is a dangerous exhibition," proclaims one. Things have changed, warns another: "Mothers can't guarantee safety, nor can museums. Danger is often unforeseen." In fact, museums *can* guarantee safety—to artists. Cosseted by headline-hungry curators, bankrolled by clueless foundations, they enjoy a liberty and license unparalleled in American—make that world—history. Those who object to their work find themselves castigated as anti-intellectual prudes.

Yet, make no mistake: "Mirroring Evil" may differ in backing and purpose but it's nearly as abhorrent as an art exhibit last year in Nablus, sponsored by the terrorist group Hamas, that portrayed the grisly effects of the suicide bombing of Sbarro, complete with faux body parts strewn about the floor and blood-splattered walls. On his first mission to the Middle East for the Bush administration, envoy General Anthony Zinni helped get the ugly exhibition shuttered. Since we're lucky enough to live in a free society, no one will force this one to close. And perhaps some good can come from the exhibit after all. For it shows that there are plenty of us Jews—artists, curators, trustees—severely lacking in sensitivity, taste, and wit, giving the lie to the notion of an International Jewish Conspiracy of wily Levantines. "Mirroring Evil" at the Jewish Museum is by far the dumbest show in town. —*Stefan Kanfer*

The Awful Truth

A SUNY trustee's sensible criticism of black studies sets off a storm of protest.

Black studies programs, fixtures at most universities since the radical wave of the late 1960s, have been from the beginning ghettos of academic mediocrity and political grievance-mongering. Instead of nurturing genuine academic achievement, they encourage black students to study not history, but black history, not literature, but black literature—promoting a segregated vision of the world that betrays the original ideals of the civil rights movement. In a recent survey, political scientists John H. Bunzel and Anita Susan Grossman found that such programs tend to espouse a "separatist ideology," foster "an adversarial stance toward American life," and subscribe "to various conspiracy theories concerning Western history," such as the claim that "the Greeks 'stole' the achievements of black Egypt." Typical of the pseudo-discipline is a "Black Psychology" class at San Francisco State University that teaches students that "white" psychology is inherently racist, sexist, and elitist, and "supports a white supremacist ideology."

Asked by *Newsday* in February what she thought of courses and programs of this kind, State University of New York trustee Candace de Russy dared to call them an educational disaster. Black studies were usually "therapeutic in nature," she said, aimed at "consciousness raising as opposed to conveying solid scholarship." "[B]lack studies and other area studies," de Russy continued, "should not be so biased as to ig-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nore or negate the very vast positive cultural legacy of the U.S. and the West." She singled out "Africana" studies at SUNY Stony Brook as falling prey to these tendencies, though she didn't go into detail. A quick survey of the department's politicized course offerings, however—everything from "The Politics of Race," unpacking "overt, covert, and reactive racism" to "Legal Processes in Social Structure," a "critical and historical study of the role of the American legal order in constructing and deconstructing social dominion and subordination in the United States"—is enough to lend credibility to de Russy's charges.

The response at SUNY to her remarks was as predictable as it was brutal. Even the pretense of debate immediately went out the window. The 27,000-member faculty-staff union at the university passed a resolution demanding de Russy's dismissal from the board. And William McAdoo, chairman of Stony Brook's Africana department, chimed in with a mindless smear: "Her statements are racist. To say that most black studies programs are un-American smacks of McCarthyism, smacks of the whole fascist kinds of repression that took place in the 1950s in the U.S." You have to admire McAdoo's economy: racism, McCarthyism, fascism—not to mention bad grammar and a large dollop of left-wing hysteria about the 1950s—all in two short sentences.

SUNY's board of trustees faces an important choice. It can either capitulate to the faculty-staff union and activists like McAdoo and fire de Russy for speaking the truth, or it can treat its black faculty and students like full-fledged citizens by holding them to the same standards of accomplishment and deportment to which it holds other students and faculty. Let's hope it has the courage to do the right thing. *—Roger Kimball*

The Education Mayor?

Michael Bloomberg may turn out to be Gotham's biggest school reformer in half a century.

Based on Michael Bloomberg's mayoral campaign, I never would have predicted that he had the potential to become the most serious education reformer to occupy City Hall in half a century. But it's true: not only is our new mayor continuing Rudy Giuliani's crusade against the dysfunctional Board of Education, but he also seems to be taking aim at the "we don't do windows" teachers' contract.

Bloomberg already has accumulated more political leverage to achieve these two objectives than his term-limited predecessor ever enjoyed. The teachers' union's strategy during the last two years of labor negotiations with Mayor Giuliani was a version of—apologies to Clifford Odets—"waiting for lefty." Each of the four Democratic mayoral candidates in the last election was so desperate for the union's endorsement that they promised teachers huge pay raises (Bronx borough president Fernando Ferrer topped the bidding at 30 percent), while demanding little real reform. September 11 and Bloomberg's surprise victory in November neutralized the UFT game plan. Not only was there a new mayor who owed no political debt to the union; the attack on the city had emptied the treasury.

This situation creates a big dilemma for UFT president Randi Weingarten. Her 80,000 teachers have worked without a new contract for 16 months and are understandably restive. Yet she can hardly present her members with the same 9 percent raise over 27 months that Giuliani had offered and that Bloomberg insists is all the city can afford.

So far, Bloomberg has played a spectacular game of political hardball with the union. Dangling in the air is a one-shot offer of $200 million in state aid from Governor Pataki. Bloomberg has made it clear that the only way the union will get this extra money for salary increases above the budgeted 9 percent is if it uses its clout with the Democratic leadership in the State Assembly to give him control over the schools. Assembly Speaker Sheldon Silver has always jumped when the teachers' union said "frog"; now the union leadership must choose if it will say the word for reform or forgo a hefty raise.

Gaining control of the system will be a Pyrrhic victory, though, if Bloomberg doesn't also scrap the current contract's debilitating work rules and its pay scale that gives every teacher the same salary, no matter how much—or little—he or she contributes to student learning. If Bloomberg's media firms had to work under such a deal, they would have gone bankrupt. Encouragingly, the mayor has signaled that he grasps how much the contract obstructs productivity and excellence in the schools. If he keeps up the pressure, the businessman mayor may soon become the education mayor. *—Sol Stern*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do We Want Mexifornia?

The flood of illegal immigration into California raises urgent questions that the whole nation must face.

Victor Davis Hanson

Thousands arrive illegally from Mexico into California each year—and the state is now home to fully 40 percent of America's immigrants, legal and illegal. They come in such numbers because a tacit alliance of Right and Left has created an open-borders policy, aimed at keeping wage labor cheap and social problems ever fresh, so that the ministrations of Chicano studies professors, *La Raza* activists, and all the other self-appointed defenders of group causes will never be unneeded. The tragedy is that though illegal aliens come here hoping to succeed, most get no preparation for California's competitive culture. Instead, their activist shepherds herd them into ethnic enclaves, where inexorably they congeal into an underclass. The concept of multiculturalism is the force-multiplier that produces this result: it transforms a stubborn problem of assimilation into a social calamity.

Given hard feelings over recent ballot initiatives that curtailed not only aid to illegals but also affirmative action and bilingual education, unlawful immigration has become the third rail of California politics. Even to discuss the issue can earn politicians the cheap slander of "racist" or "nativist." Tensions abound even within families. One of my siblings is married to a Mexican-American; another has two stepchildren whose father was an illegal alien from Mexico; I have a prospective son-in-law whose parents crossed the border. Yet we all disagree at different times whether open borders are California's hope or its bane.

And why not? Californians cannot even obtain accurate numbers of how many of the state's more than 10 million Hispanic residents have arrived here from Mexico unlawfully in the last two decades. No one believes the government's old insistence on a mere 6 million illegal residents nationwide; the real figure may be twice that. The U.S. Hispanic population—of which over 70 percent are from Mexico—grew 53 percent during the 1980s, and then rose another 27 percent to a total of 30 million between 1990 and 1996. At present rates of births and immigration, by 2050 there will be 97 million Hispanics, one-quarter of the American population.

Mexican immigrants do hard work that no one else wants to do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

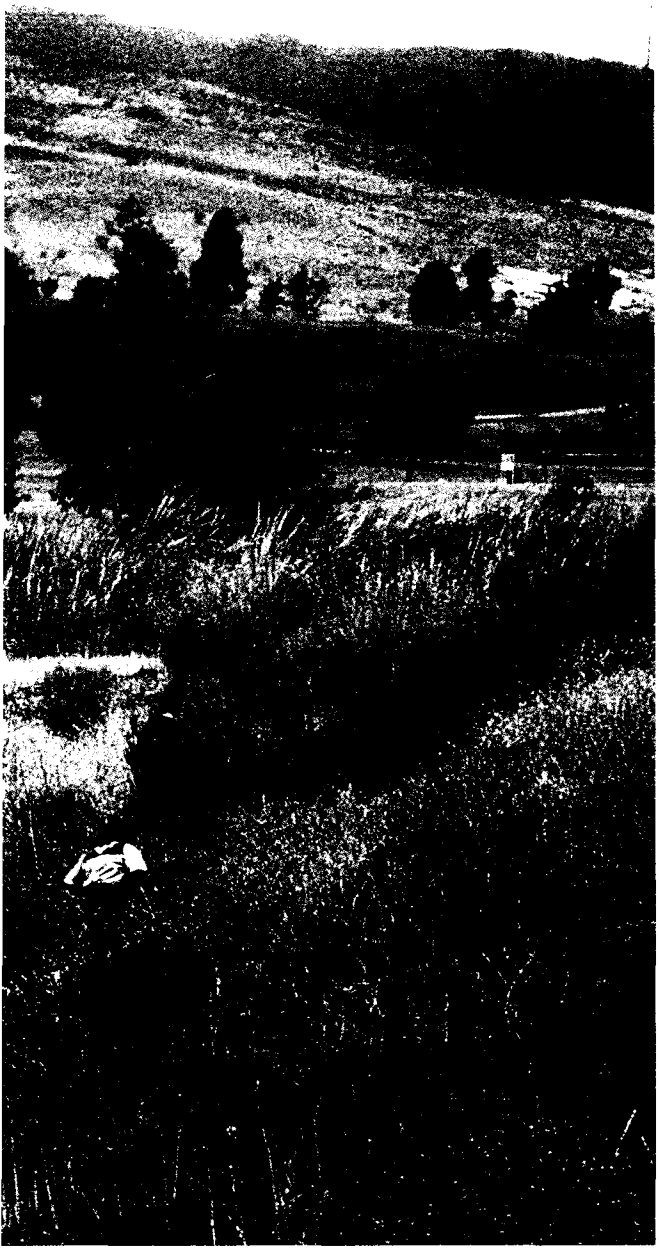
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Each year, a flood of Mexicans pours illegally into California.

Nor is there agreement on the economic effects of the influx. Liberal economists swear that legal immigrants to America bring in $25 billion in net revenue annually. More skeptical statisticians using different models conclude that aliens cost the United States over $40 billion a year, and that here in California each illegal immigrant will take $50,000 in services from the state beyond what he will contribute in taxes during his lifetime. Other studies suggest that the average California household must contribute at least $1,200 each year to subsidize the deficit between what immigrants cost in services and pay in taxes.

The irony, of course, is that the present immigration crisis was not what any Californian had anticipated. Along with the cheap labor that the tax-conscious Right wanted, it got thousands of unassimilated others, who eventually flooded into the state's near-bankrupt entitlement industry and filled its newly built prisons: California is $12 billion in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SUSAN MEISELAS/MAGNUM PHOTOS

red this year and nearly one-quarter of its inmates are aliens from Mexico (while nearly a third of all drug-trafficking arrests involve illegal aliens). The pro-labor Left found that the industrious new arrivals whom it championed eroded the wages of its own domestic low-wage constituencies—the Labor Department attributes 50 percent of real wage declines to the influx of cheap immigrant labor. And while the Democrats think the illegals will eventually turn into liberal voters, the actual Hispanic vote so far remains just a small fraction of the eligible Mexican-American pool: of the 14,173 residents of the central California town of Hanford who identified themselves as Latino (34 percent of the town's population), for example, only 770 are registered to vote.

My sleepy hometown of Selma, California, is in the dead center of all this. The once rural San Joaquin Valley community has grown from 7,000 to nearly 20,000 in a mere two decades, as a result of mostly illegal immigration from Mexico. Selma is now somewhere between 60 and 90 percent Hispanic. How many are U.S. citizens is either not known or not publicly disclosed: but of all those admitted *legally* from Mexico to the United States since 1982, only 20 percent had become citizens by 1997. Some local schools, like the one I went to two miles from our farm, are 90 percent first-generation Mexican immigrants. At the service station a mile away, I rarely hear English spoken; almost every car that pulls in displays a Mexican flag decal pasted somewhere.

To contrast the Selma I live in today with the Selma I grew up in will doubtless seem hopelessly nostalgic. But the point of the contrast is not merely that 40 years ago our community was only 40 or 50 percent Mexican, but rather that the immigrants then were mostly here legally. Crime was far rarer: the hit-and-run accidents, auto theft, drug manufacturing and sale, murders, rapes, and armed robberies that are now customary were then nearly nonexistent. Fights that now end in semi-automatic-weapon fire were settled with knives then.

I used to worry over the theft of a tractor battery. Yet in the last decade, I have run off at gunpoint three gang members trying to force their way into our house at 3 AM. Last year, four patrol cars—accompanied by a helicopter whirling overhead—chased drug dealers in hot pursuit through our driveway. One suspect escaped and turned up two hours later hiding behind a hedge on our lawn, vainly seeking sanctuary from a sure prison term. When a carload of thieves tried to steal oranges from our yard, I soon found myself outmanned and outgunned—and decided that 100 pounds of pilfered fruit is not worth your life.

It is a schizophrenic existence, living at illegal immigration's intersection. Each week I pick up trash,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dirty diapers, even sofas and old beds dumped in our orchard by illegal aliens—only to call a Mexican-American sheriff who empathizes when I show him the evidence of Spanish names and addresses on bills and letters scattered among the trash. So far I have caught more than 15 illegal dumpers, all Mexican, in the act. In the last 20 years, four cars piloted by intoxicated illegal aliens have veered off the road into our vineyard, causing thousands of dollars in unrecompensed damage. The drivers simply limped away and disappeared. The police sighed, "No license, no insurance, no registration" ("the three noes"), and towed out their cars.

Yet I also walk through vineyards at 7 AM in the fog and see whole families from Mexico, hard at work in the cold—while the native-born unemployed of all races will not—and cannot—prune a single vine. By natural selection, we are getting some of the most intelligent and industrious people in the world, people who have the courage to cross the border, the tenacity to stay—and, if not assimilated, the potential to cost the state far, far more than they can contribute.

We know what caused the tidal waves of immigration of the last three decades. While Mexico's economy has been in a state of chronic collapse, California has needed workers of a certain type—muscular, uneducated, and industrious—to cut our lawns, harvest fruit, cook and serve meals, baby-sit kids, build homes, clean offices, and make beds in motels and nursing homes. The poor from Armenia, Japan, China, the Azores, and Oklahoma had all begun their odysseys of success in California doing just these menial tasks, albeit in far smaller numbers. But despite mechanization, California today demands more, not less, stoop work than 30 years ago, because of the state's radically changed attitudes and newly affluent life-style.

Nearly one-quarter of California's prisoners are illegal Mexican immigrants.

ROBERT YAGER/SIPA PRESS

When I was ten in 1963, all suburbanites mowed their own lawns—many with push mowers. Now almost everyone hires the job out. Nannies for toddlers and grannies, unheard-of then, are now ubiquitous from Visalia to Palos Verdes. Rural schools used to begin in mid-September to ensure that we natives could pick grapes to earn our school clothes and shoes. Today not a single student in California would do such hot, dirty work, now considered demeaning. With demand for such workers high and the supply of native-born citizens willing to do it low, Mexico came to the rescue of California.

"Many live hard and toil at menial jobs, earning perhaps $8 an hour, usually paid in cash."

There is a well-known cycle in California immigration. Young people between ages 15 and 30 arrive here illegally and for a while stay single. Over decades, many live hard and toil at menial jobs, earning perhaps $8 an hour, usually paid in cash, which is a bargain for everyone involved. Without state, federal, and payroll taxes, the worker earns the equivalent of a gross $10-an-hour rate, while the employer saves 30 percent in payroll contributions, audits, and paperwork—even as such cash payments force other Americans and legal immigrants to pay steeper taxes, in part to cover those who don't pay. The immigrants work hard until their joints stiffen and their backs give out. By then their families are large. Their English stays perpetually poor; their education is still nonexistent, even as their IDs remain fraudulent.

Now, $8 per hour in California, rather than per week in Mexico, no longer seems such a bonanza, and they use their counterfeit documentation to get onto workers compensation, unemployment insurance, and state assistance to garner what their weary bodies can no longer earn. Meanwhile, they romanticize a distant Mexico while chastising an ever present America. And the second generation has learned how to live, spend, and consume as Americans, but not, like their fathers, to work and save as Mexicans. If rising crime rates, gang activity, and illegitimacy are any indication, many now resent, rather than sacrifice to escape, their poverty. And the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rates are rising fast: for example, while 37 percent of all births to Hispanic immigrants are illegitimate, the illegitimacy rate among American-born Mexican mothers is 48 percent.

Census data show us that median household income by the mid-1990s had risen for a decade for all groups, except for the nation's Hispanics, whose incomes dropped 5.1 percent. Although recent immigrants from Mexico and their U.S.-born children under 18 now officially make up only 4.2 percent of America's population, they represent 10.2 percent of our poor. When you add in longtime residents, Hispanics account for 24 percent of America's impoverished, up 8 percentage points since 1985. The true causes of such checkered progress—continual and massive illegal immigration of cheap labor that drives down wages for working Hispanics here; failure to learn English; the collapse of the once strong Hispanic family due to federal entitlement; soaring birthrates among a demoralized underclass; an intellectual elite that downplays social pathology, claims perpetual racism, and seeks constant government largesse and entitlement; and years of bilingual education that ensure dependency upon a demagogic leadership—are rarely mentioned.

They cannot be mentioned. To do so would be to suggest that the billions of public dollars spent on social redress did more to harm Hispanics than did all the racists in America. Moreover, we wish to maintain cordial relations with Mexico—but in many ways no government in the last 50 years has been more hostile. Mexico's policy for a half-century has been the deliberate and illegal export of millions of its poorest citizens to the United States, which is expected to educate, employ, and protect them in ways not possible at home. Only that way has the chronically corrupt Mexican government avoided a revolution, as its exploited underclass from Oaxaca or the small hamlets of the Sierra Madre Mountains headed north, rather than marching *en masse* on Mexico City. Only that way can billions of earned foreign currency be sent home to prop up a bankrupt economy; only that way for the first time in his life can a poor Mixtec from Michoacan find an advocate for his health and safety from the Mexican consulate—once he is safely ensconced far north of the border.

You can leave Selma and be across the border in about six hours. That proximity in terms of immigration is paradoxical. The richest economy in the world is only a stone's throw from one of the most backward. The illegal alien leaves his pueblo in Yucatán, where cattle starve for adequate fodder, and in a day can be processed through familial connections to begin mowing and bagging fescue grass in the most leisured and affluent suburbs in Los Angeles.

Mexican-Americans never experience the physical or psychological amputation from the mother country that most other immigrants to California found, after thousands of miles of seawater cut the old country clean off and relegated it to the romance of memory. But the Mexican immigrant can easily recross the Rio Grande by a drive over a short bridge. A limited annual visit or a family reunion nourishes enough nostalgia for Mexico to war with the creation of a truly American identity.

For Mexican immigrants, the idea of Mexico has shifted from a liability to an important benchmark of ethnic pride in the last two decades. A visiting Mexican soccer club playing almost any American team will find in our local fans a home-crowd advantage—despite being 1,000 miles from home. Mexicans in California turn out to vote in booths set up in California for local and national candidates in Mexico, who come up to campaign in Fresno every year—and often learn to their dismay that California's Mexicans are among the sternest critics of Mexico City's endemic government corruption.

Instead of growing more distant, a romanticized Mexico stays close to the heart of the new arrival and turns into a roadblock on his journey to becoming an American. Many immigrants die as Mexicans in California, never seeking to become citizens. A columnist for our local paper recently described their suspension between two worlds: "*Pensaban que se iban a ir patria*" ("They thought they would go back"). Aside from our own self-interest in having our residents accept the responsibilities of full citizenship, it is entirely in the material interest of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aliens to integrate and assimilate as quickly as possible into the general culture of California: they will eat better and have nicer houses and more secure futures for their children in California if they become Americans rather than permanent Mexican aliens.

Some sociologists and journalists assure us that retaining this cultural umbilical cord is not injurious. Instead, we are creating a unique regional culture that is neither Mexican nor American, but an amorphous, fluid society that is the dividend on our multicultural investment. This Calexico or Mexifornia will not be a bad thing at all but something, if not advantageous, at least inevitable. So we allow illegal aliens to obtain California driver's licenses—the foundation of all other means of legal identification—and to pay reduced in-state tuition at the University of California, thereby providing several thousand dollars in discounts not available to American citizens from out of state. Whether you break the law to reach California or immigrate legally, it makes little difference in how you drive, send your kids to college, or draw on the public services of the state.

These pundits hope privately, of course—though they do not say so publicly—that this new regional civilization will resemble San Diego more than Tijuana. And in truth, no immigrant, despite his grandiose boasts, wants to return to Mexico or anything like it, to be a Mexican in Mexico rather than in California.

And here we come to the heart of our immigration problem. It is not that our state is too crowded per se: Japan, after all, feeds, clothes, and educates three times as many as we Californians do, without our natural wealth or open spaces. The real problem is that, while it has always been easier for people who emigrate to keep their own culture rather than join the majority, for the first time in our state's (and nation's) history, the majority feels it is easier to let them do it.

"Even the most pro-Mexico Mexican native in America chooses the Western emergency room over the herbalist."

Rarely now do Californians express a confidence in our national culture or a willingness to defend the larger values of Western civilization. The result is that our public schools are either apathetic about, or outright hostile to, the Western paradigm—even as millions from the south risk their lives to enjoy what we so often smugly dismiss. We do not teach immigrant or native-born children that free association, free speech, free inquiry, and the material prosperity that springs from the sanctity of private property and free markets are the essential elements that preserve the dignity of the individual that we enjoy. Our elites do not understand just how rare consensual government is in the history of civilization, and therefore they wrongly think that they can instill confidence by praising the other, less successful, cultures that aliens are escaping from rather than explaining the dynamism and morality of the civilization that they have voted for with their feet.

Our schools, through multiculturalism, cultural relativism, and a therapeutic curriculum, often promote the very tribalism, statism, and group rather than individual interests that our new immigrants are fleeing from. If taken to heart, such ideas lead our new arrivals to abject failure in California. Moreover, if we were to entertain attitudes toward women that exist in Mexico, emulate its approach to religious diversity, copy the Mexican constitution, court system, schools, universities, tax code, bureaucracy, energy industry, or power grid, then millions of Mexicans quite simply would stay put where they are. Indeed, even the most pro-Mexico Mexican native in America *never* chooses to forgo the Western emergency room for the herbalist and exorcist in times of acute sickness or gunshot trauma. He does not complain that the American middle class is too large, the water too clean, the gasoline not adulterated, the food too abundant and noninfectious. Nor does he lament the absence of uniformed machine-gun-carrying soldiers on his block. Illegal aliens clamor for reduced tuition for their offspring at supposedly biased UC campuses, not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will Mexican immigrants become American or stay Mexican?

native fellowships for them to enroll in Mexican universities. I often suggest to teachers who tell aliens that our culture is racist, exploitative, and sexist that they should live in Mexico themselves to fathom why millions are dying to obtain what they so casually dismiss.

The sheer numbers of new immigrants presented a golden opportunity for the demagogue. And sure enough, at times of racial tension, you can see brazen agitators on the street with bullhorns and picket signs. Some are organized by MEChA (*Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlan*)—one of whose mottoes once was: "For our race, everything; for those outside our race, nothing." Sometimes the provocateur shows up at a local school, after a Chicano gang has kicked to near death a (Mexican-American) school guard and consequently been expelled. With megaphone—and with the six

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STEVE MCCURRY/MAGNUM PHOTOS

o'clock news cameras rolling—he screams about "targeting La Raza" and "keeping the brown down." "There is only one gang who murders in Fresno," he announces at his poorly attended press conference, "and they wear police blue."

The brawling provocateur is as old as America itself, and today's California demagogue harks back to the urban ward bosses of old. More than a century too late, he shares their nineteenth-century vision of enormous ethnic blocs, entirely unassimilated, with tough ramrods like himself at their head—but with the added advantage that his Mexican immigrant constituency in the new age of multiculturalism might be permanent rather than destined to assimilate. His chief fear, I think, is that immigration may slow down; that millions may read and write excellent English; that his brother or sister—or he himself—may marry the white or Asian other; that a Mexican middle class might emerge in private enterprise outside of government entitlement and civil service; that the Mexican propensity for duty, family, and self-sacrifice might yet make him obsolete; that we all might integrate and forget about race; that he will not be needed and thus not have to be bargained off.

Other opportunists—for some reason, more often Spanish than native American—are the products of Chicano, Latino, *La Raza* ("The Race"), or Hispanic studies programs at universities. (Could we ever tolerate any other university program or national organization dubbed "The Race"?) They are the well-meaning Latino elites who have suddenly reverted from Alex to Alejandro and have never met an "r" they won't trill. These self-appointed leaders are professed tribalists—who do not wish to live within the tribe. They may make speeches and films about gang violence and teen pregnancy, but they never really tell us why these endemic problems came into being and how they can be prevented. They leave cause and effect unspoken, allege racism and victimization, not a failure to learn English and accept a common culture—and then they go home in SUVs to upscale suburban homes well apart from the unassimilated barrios they claim to represent.

This state, like the country at large, was a raw experiment, a multiracial society united by a common language, culture, and law. But that subjugation of race to culture is forever a fragile creation, not a natural entity. Each day it can erode. A single fool can undo the work of decades and so allow small people to feel one with those of like tongue and skin color, not united by shared ideals and values. Thus, each time a university president, a politician on the make, or a would-be muckraking journalist chooses the easy path of separatism, he, like the white chauvinists of the past, does his own little part in turning us into Rwanda or Kosovo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The wrong message at the top eventually filters down to the newly arrived and helps determine whether they succeed or fail in the no-nonsense arena of America.

How did the old assimilationist model work? Brutally and effectively. In our grammar schools during the 1950s and 1960s, no Spanish was to be spoken on the playground—officially at least. Groups of four and larger were not allowed to congregate at recess. When we were caught fighting, nontraditional kicking instead of the accepted punching earned four, rather than two, spankings. A rather tough Americanism in class was rammed down our throats—biographies of Teddy Roosevelt, stories about Lou Gehrig, a repertory of a dozen or so patriotic songs, recitations from Longfellow, and demonstrations of how to fold the flag. "Manners" and "civics" were taught each week, with weird lessons about not appearing "loud" in public or wearing glittery or showy clothes, and especially not staring down strangers or giving people the "hard look" with the intent of "being unpleasant." Our teachers were at times insufferable in their condescension as they disclosed the formula for "making it in America"—but make it in America the vast majority of these immigrants did.

Apparently, these rather unsophisticated teachers thought that learning to master English and acquire the rudiments of math, American literature, and national culture were more valuable to the immigrant than were racial studies, Chicano dance, and other popular courses now *au courant* and designed to instill ethnic pride. As I can best fathom it some 40 years later, their egalitarian aim was to create a mass of students who would reach high school with equal chances of success. And so they gave us detention for silly things like mispronouncing names and other felonies like chewing gum, handing our papers in without our names written on the upper-right-hand corner, and wearing Frisco baggy pants.

Most of the kids I saw each day then—just as most of the adults I see daily now around the same farm—were from Mexico. Skin color and national origin were quite out in the open. We five Anglos in our class of 40 at our rural elementary school were labeled "white boys" and "gringos"; in turn, we knew the majority as "Mexicans," their parents more respectfully as "Mexican-Americans." Most fights, however, were not racial. We in the white minority fought beside and against Mexican-Americans; the great dividing line of most rumbles was whether you were born in Selma or Fresno. We had our fringe racists, of course: Mr. Martinez, the fourth-grade teacher, told me in 1963 that "whitey was through in California," even as Mrs. Wilson, a Texas native, complimented those in the art class who were "lighter than most from Mexico." There was nothing of the contemporary multicultural model—no bilingual aides, written and spoken communication with parents in Spanish, textbooks highlighting the Aztecs and the theft of northern Mexico, or federally funded counselors to remind students that "the borders crossed us, not we the borders." Excused absences for catechism classes at the Catholic church emptied our classrooms, giving us five Anglo Protestants a much-welcomed three-hour recess. We all suffered fish sticks on Friday, the public school's concession to the vast Catholic majority.

That elementary school is still two miles away, but whereas 40 years ago it turned out educated and confident Americans, its graduates who enter high school now have among the lowest literacy levels and most dismal math skills in the state. The lucky ones who go on to college generally end up in the California State University system's remedial classes. Yet just reaching those remedial programs is a great achievement in itself. In 1996, the high school graduation rate of California's Hispanics—both native and foreign-born—was only 61 percent. And of those still in high school by their senior year, only 50 percent of Hispanic students met "basic" standards of 12th-grade math—compared with 80 percent of whites. A mere 6 percent tested "proficient." That means that, out of every 100 Hispanics who now enter California high schools, 40 will drop out. And of the remaining 60, fewer than four will matriculate prepared for any serious college-level courses in mathematics. Only 7 percent of all Mexican-Americans currently hold a B.A. In short, this is a national tragedy.

Yet few of the Mexican-American friends I grew up with speak fluent Spanish anymore, regardless of whether they finished college. Completing eighth grade then provided a far better education than finishing high school does now. All of them are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well informed and can read, write, compute, and understand the basic tenets of the culture they have helped to build and maintain—and which they most certainly think is far superior to Mexico's. Their children know only a few words of Spanish—by contrast with the present 65 percent of all Hispanic foreign-born in the United States who now speak only "limited English." Most of my generation have become insurance salesmen, mechanics, contractors, teachers, civil servants, occasionally wealthy businessmen and high-government bureaucrats—in other words, the present-day future of California. There are no Mexican flags on their cars, which more likely sport decals like "Proud Parent of a Lincoln School Honors Student" or "*Semper Fi*." About half, it seems to me, are not married to Mexican-Americans.

In our grammar schools during the 1950s and 1960s, no Spanish was to be spoken on the playground.

Most vote as conservative Democrats, are probably anti-abortion, and perhaps even support the death penalty. Some joined and prospered in the Marines; others run the Lions and Kiwanis. They are sensitive to occasional news of ethnic prejudice yet display little affinity for the *La Raza* industry. In their daily lives, they are more worried about gangs and Mexican crime than white racism; most are ambivalent about having thousands of new illegal aliens arrive into their small towns from central Mexico. A few seem to be conscious of race only when the father is Anglo, the mother Mexican: affirmative action, they believe, takes a dimmer view of a Justin Smith who is half-Mexican than a Justin Martinez. Their loss of indigenous culture is sad, perhaps—but no sadder than my own failure to speak Swedish, put cow-horn helmets on my wall, care much about Leif Eriksson, defend Swedish duplicity in World War II, or buy Volvos and Electrolux vacuums out of ethnic pride.

I often think that if I did not particularly like my Mexican-American students (who make up the majority of my classics classes), and if I wanted them to fail, I would not continue to teach them Latin (much less Greek), English composition, or Western history and culture. Nor would I insist on essays free of grammatical error or demand oral reports that employ classical rhetorical tropes.

No, if I did not like them or did not wish to live among thousands of illegal and legal immigrants and wish them married into my family, I would keep them distant by teaching them therapy, letting them speak poor English—or no English at all—and insisting on the superiority of the Mexican culture that they or their parents had fled. If I did not like my students and wished them to remain in the fields—or when they were employed in the office to be snickered at behind closed doors by their white benefactors—I would move from the west side of Selma to an exclusive white suburb in north Fresno, and then as penance teach them during the day about the glory of the Aztecs, the need for government entitlement, and the idea that grammar is but a "construct." I would insist that white racism and capitalist brutality alone explain Mexican-American crime rates, and I would explain why they need someone like me to champion their cause to the wealthy and educated. If I really wished to be distant from my students, I would insist that they attend our university's separate Hispanic graduation assemblies to remind them that they are intrinsically different from, rather than inherently equal to me. I would be more like the sensitive teachers who teach today than the insensitive ones who once taught me.

So I have made my choice on the great question that California must decide: whether we will remain multiracial or become America's first truly multicultural state. For our future, will we all return to an imperfect, insensitive, but honest assimilationist past that nevertheless worked, or stay with the utopian and deceitful multiculturalist present that is clearly failing? Unchecked illegal immigration and multiculturalism are a lethal mix. California—if it is to stay as California—might have coped with one or even the other, but surely not both at once.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Prep-School PC Plague

Instead of forging a colorblind elite, these privileged schools stress everything that divides their newly diverse student bodies.

Heather Mac Donald

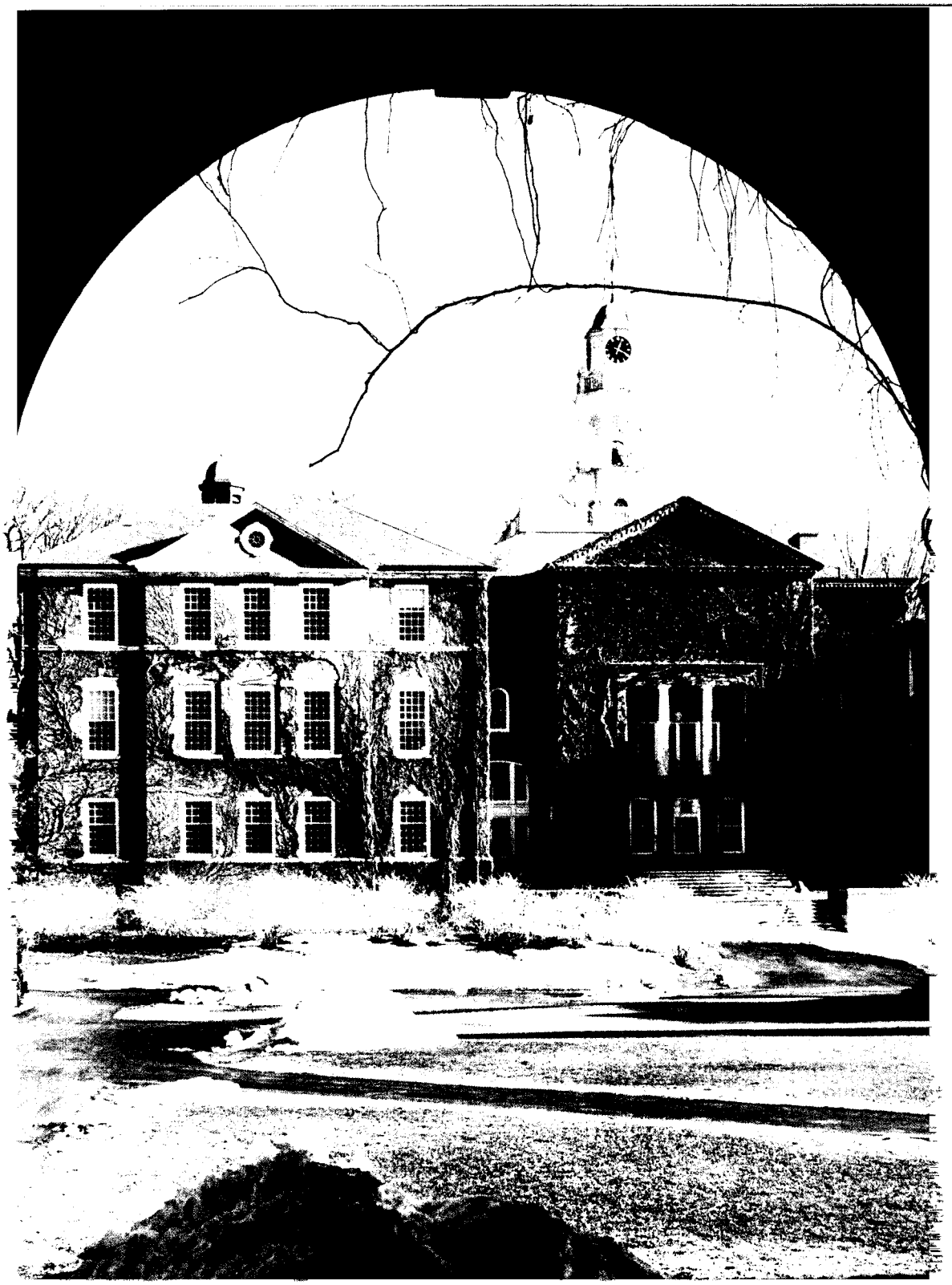
The diversity industry—the profession paid to harangue Americans about racism and sexism—has burrowed deep into the nation's elite prep schools. Where private secondary schools once inculcated American citizenship and patriotism, today they employ diversity professionals to show students their complicity in an unjust society. Schools that strove to mold a homogeneous national elite now have enshrined "difference" as their organizing principle. Aping the fractured curriculum of the university, many prep schools offer courses in "gay voices," the "construction of gender," and "racial identity."

This rush to import all that is divisive from the universities is a grievous missed opportunity to create an integrated, color-indifferent society. By all accounts, many students enter high school blissfully free of divisive race-consciousness. But rather than encouraging their students' instinctive colorblindness, the private-school leadership is determined to snuff it out. Although few environments are less in need of anti-racism chest-beating than elite prep schools, directed as they are by well-meaning baby boomers deeply committed to their minority students' success, many schools have established diversity bureaucracies for multicultural consciousness-raising. Sadly, that often means creating race-consciousness where none exists.

Bobby Edwards, the amiable dean for Community and Multicultural Development at Phillips Academy (also known as Andover) in Massachusetts, the country's oldest boarding school and among its most prestigious, is a case in point. "I do more work than I anticipated around the race issue," he says ruefully. Edwards teaches a tenth-grade required course called "Life Issues," which immerses students in the holy trinity of university multiculturalism: race, class, and gender. Many pupils tell Edwards that race is simply not a

The idyllic environment of the great prep schools like Exeter (right) is perfect for creating a multiracial elite.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

salient feature in their lives. It *will* be once Edwards gets through with them, though. He informs his class: "Unless we work to help you have an understanding of the history around this issue, you won't have a clear understanding of how you really do have a race issue."

Most troubling to a diversity professional: even some "students of color" are skeptical of racism talk. "They say: 'I don't think there's an issue when I go into a store,'" notes Edwards, incredulously. Rather than accepting the students' reported experience, Edwards chides them: "Are you looking at the people following you around in the store?"

Other prep-school diversity bureaucrats report the same resistance to their message of "all racism, all the time." Hugo Mahabir, head of multicultural concerns at the Fieldston Academy in the North Bronx, admits: "Students today think, 'Adults don't get it: we're post–civil rights; we're moving on to something else.'" They see explicit discussions of race, gender, and class as "divisive," confesses Mahabir. Russell Willis, dean of multicultural affairs at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, Andover's younger sibling and archrival, finds it "ironic" that some black students oppose affirmative action, since they benefit from it, he bitterly points out.

In a saner world, these little shoots of colorblindness would be encouraged to spread. A privileged independent school, especially a boarding school, is an ideal hothouse for nurturing them. With their arcadian campuses, rich endowments, and freedom to reject the pedagogical garbage peddled by government, ed schools, and teachers' unions, private schools can create whatever sort of educational utopia they choose. So why not try something really radical: stop yakking about race and gender all the time, and see what happens when gifted young people of all races are encouraged to bond together. It's not as if, when the graduates get to college, they'll be starved for identity politics.

Prep-school difference-mongers set about their task by questioning the mental competence of students who say race is no big deal: such students must be ignorant or duped. The other possible explanation—that the students just don't see much racism anymore—is not within the universe of diversity-think. According to consultant Glen Singleton, when black students claim that they have not experienced racism, that shows the "bias in the education they're getting." "They don't know white privilege when they see it," he huffs. Andover's Bobby Edwards speculates that black color-indifference results from "indoctrination or the defense of assimilating." Students of all races possess a "combination of optimism and naiveté" that leads them—mistakenly—to "attribute the race issue to an older generation," he says.

Diversity monitors employ more hands-on tools as well for teaching guilt and resentment. A favorite is shopping exercises. Lisa Ameisen, a social-science teacher at the Baldwin School, once *the* finishing school for mainline Philadelphians, sends her students to Rite Aid to see what products are available for minorities. "If whites can buy 1,200 different kinds of foundation, how does that make you feel, if *you* can't find any foundation?" she asks them. Ameisen presses her students to think of other consumer experiences that reflect societal inequity. When asked, however, she acknowledges that a store's product line might reflect local demographics, not racism.

Ameisen is a crucial link in the transmission of university-level oppression theory to the prep schools. Her specialty is "critical whiteness studies," a thriving academic field that seeks to expose how whites are unjustly privileged. Ameisen is a board member of the Multicultural Resource Center in Philadelphia, which for the last two years has been providing whiteness studies materials to schools in Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey; this February, she led a seminar in critical whiteness theory at the annual conference of the National Association of Independent Schools, the private schools' main lobbying group. Expect prep-school whiteness classes to burgeon.

Shopping is a big deal for critical whiteness theory, and even faculty members get roped in. In 1997, an Andover administrator gave a faculty presentation on how dominant standards of beauty injure black women's self-esteem; she had assembled several boxes of makeup, pantyhose, and greeting cards targeted to black and Hispanic consumers, from which white audience members had to make selections for their personal use. "It brought up a lot of discussion of what 'nude' means in pantyhose," re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calls presenter Veda Robinson, now a college counselor at the Buckingham, Brown, and Nichols school in Boston.

Andover's students, meanwhile, discuss the dilemma that minority parents face when purchasing a doll for their children. At first, according to dean Bobby Edwards, the students dismissively say, "Oh, this is really old; of course there are Asian dolls!" Edwards challengingly shoots back: "Does it resonate with you at all that if you're black you still have to wonder [whether you'll find a doll of your ethnicity]? So how far have we really come?"

"Prep-school difference-mongers question the mental competence of students who say race is no big deal."

But the racial reeducation has just begun. At this point, diversity trainers like to pull out the separatist tract "*Why Are All the Black Kids Sitting Together in the Cafeteria?*" by Beverly Daniel Tatum. Tatum advocates black self-segregation on campus to defend against pervasive white racism, and announces the stages of black and white "identity development." Hint: the more racially self-conscious and a) angry or b) guilty you are, the more fully realized your identity.

Nadine Nelson, dean of multicultural affairs at the Beaver Country Day School in Boston, uses Tatum's book in her tenth-grade class "Teaching and Learning for Diversity and Social Justice." The goal, Nelson says, is "for students to understand their role in oppression: 'Are you an ally, or are you someone who's oppressing and abusing your privilege?'" I ask if there's any backlash against Tatum's message. "Of course there is," Nelson retorts. "Tatum is provocative, you know—if you're a tenth-grader and never thought you had privilege. Ultimately, the kids always come around," she adds, ominously.

Like shopping exercises, Tatum's message is not just for students. The Exeter faculty studied *Cafeteria* last year as part of their ongoing multiculturalism discussions. Racial-identity-development theory is starting to inform school discipline decisions. André Withers, a middle-school director at the Canterbury School in Fort Wayne, Indiana, argues that "astute schools" will recognize when discipline problems among their black students stem from one of the stages of black identity development, and will presumably adjust their discipline accordingly.

While many private-school curricula reinforce the difference ideology—the Latin School of Chicago, for example, teaches an English course called "Does Race Matter?" and a history course called "Gender at the Crossroads," which asserts that gender is "socially constructed"—few schools mimic university theorese better than the twin colossi of Andover and Exeter. This matters, because where the top New England boarding schools lead, the rest of the country follows.

Both Andover and Exeter highlight diversity-mongering in their mission statements, with Andover's stressing the school's determination to create a "community sensitive to differences of gender, ethnicity, class, and sexual orientation." In this spirit, Andover's history department has mastered the punning preciosity that marks college difference courses, offering "Masculine/Feminine/Human: Issues in Gender Relations" and "America in the 1950s: I Like Ike but I Love Lucy," a course that studies—what else?—gender, race, and class.

Exeter has virtually dissolved the literary canon. Its required English curriculum focuses on writing skills—appropriately enough for a high school. But instead of teaching students to write by analyzing the monuments of Western literature, Exeter focuses on students' own personal narratives—the better for analyzing one's individual differences. Little wonder, as an English teacher volunteered to me, that most Exeter graduates have no idea whether Chaucer preceded Yeats. When an Exeter student reaches his senior year, lacking any literary compass, he may select English elective courses that fracture literary history into identity politics: "Gay Voices and Themes in Literature and Film," "The Voices of Women Writers," "The Zen Mind," "African and Caribbean Writers," as well as such crowd-pleasers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

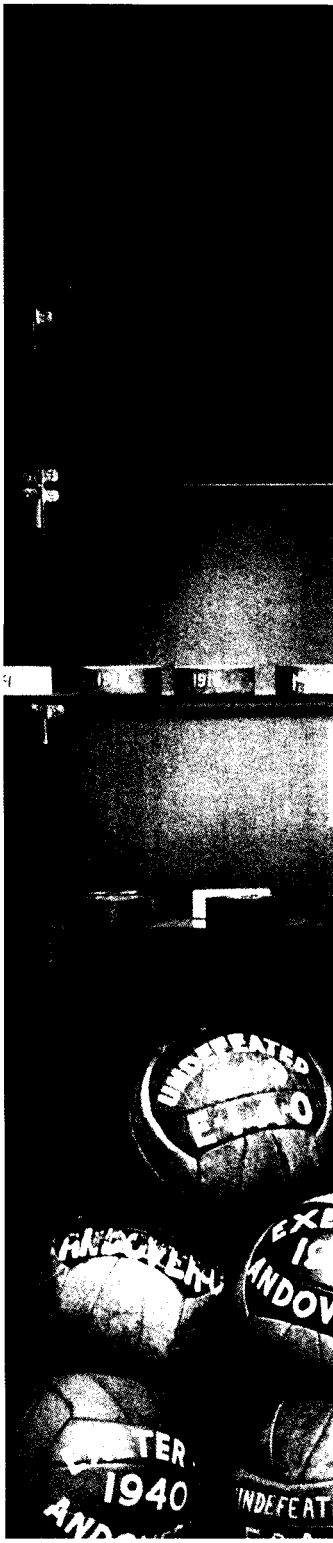
as "Novels into Film." Without coming on top of a solid grounding in literary classics, such specialized courses are mere entertainment.

Minority-only freshmen-orientation programs, as well as school assemblies favoring spokesmen for various privileged identities—gay, female, minority—reinforce the "difference" ideology. At Brearley, a Manhattan girls' day school, every class has a student "diversity monitor" to keep attention focused on "diversity issues." Each year, many schools pack off a delegation of minority students to the "Students of Color" conference sponsored by the National Association of Independent Schools, where they can learn the newest ways to identify racism. The NAIS's annual "People of Color" conference gives adults the same tools.

Backing up these formal supports for race- and gender-consciousness is an informal, but inescapable, ethos. "Diversity is absolutely explicit at Exeter," enthuses Cary Einhaus, a college counselor and dorm advisor. "We talk about it at the dining-room table, at faculty meetings. It's part of our common language here." (Einhaus boasted to the *New York Times* that Exeter's year 2000 decision to allow homosexual couples to serve as dorm masters sent the message that gay life was "normal.")

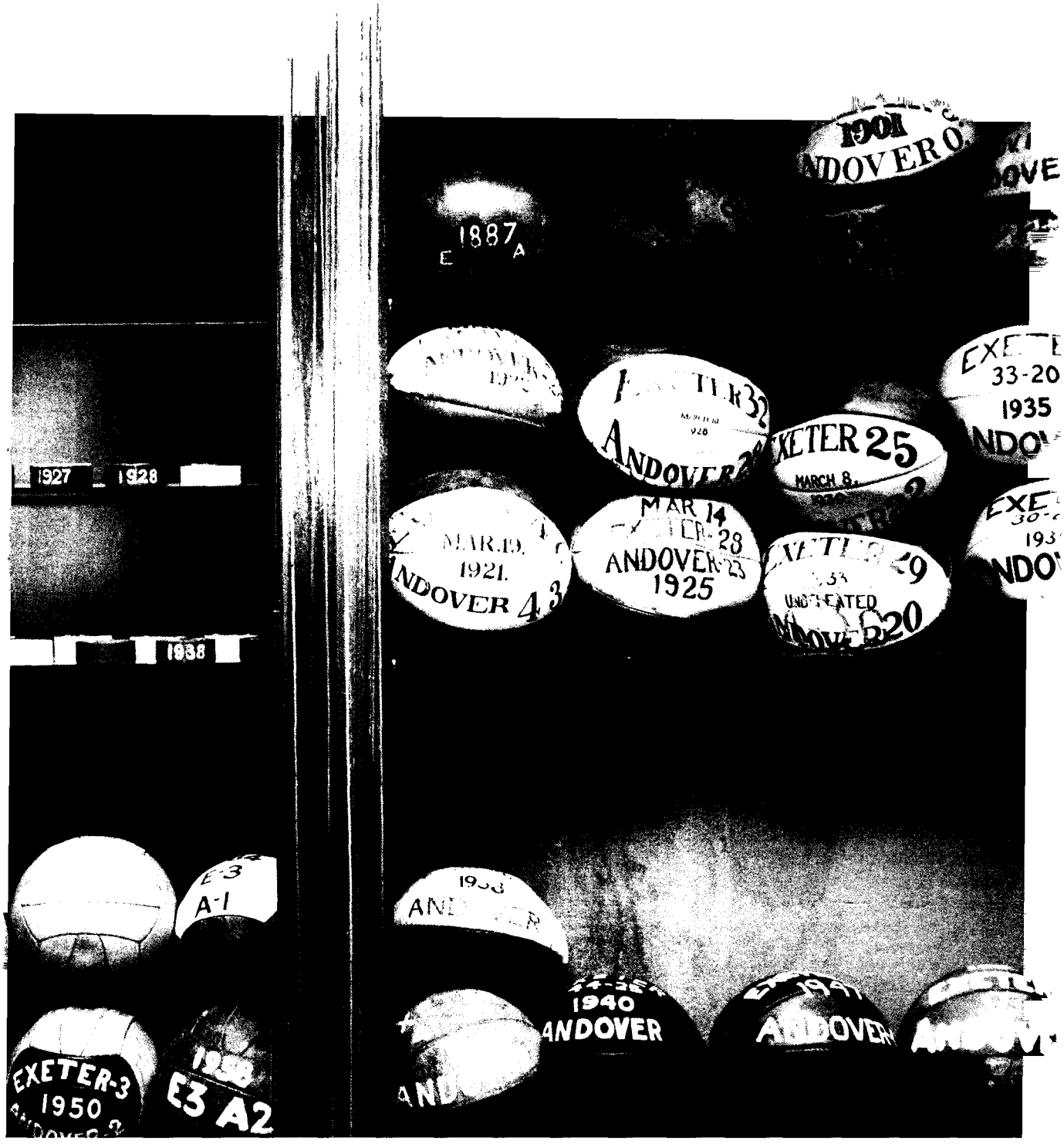
The "common language" of diversity can seem like a Babel to students. Robert Baldi, editor of Exeter's student newspaper, the *Exonian*, struggles to convey the school's diversity-consciousness: "It's overwhelming, sort of. I don't know how to describe it. We're hit with it almost every day." John Stern, a recent Exeter graduate, reports that as a result of the obsessive focus on diversity, "there was a tremendous amount of division. Everyone [who wasn't white and male] had some sort of 'identity' separate form everyone else. Black folks had one, so did females, Latinos, younger students, gays, [and] poorer students."

Young people quickly learn that their teachers see an awareness of difference, not commonality, as the highest civic good. "I have never felt more Indian than when I came to Phillips Academy," wrote Tara Gadgil in the *Phillipian*, Andover's student newspaper, last year. Gadgil contrasted the atmosphere at Andover with her school back home in Texas. There, she says, "I was never made to feel that I was any different [from the white students] and the kids . . . never found the need or desire to speak about race relations." At Andover, by contrast, students "tend to classify the community into its various racial groups." "We are very aware of racial differences," she says proudly.



Gadgil believes she is complimenting Andover by this depressing indictment, having flawlessly absorbed the school's value system. At its most innocuous, that value system can simply look silly. At Brearley this year, when senior girls posted photos of their current heartthrobs—Brad Pitt and Britain's Prince William—under the signs "The Wall of Brad Pitt" and "The Wall of the United Kingdom," black seniors saw a racial subtext. They claimed a separate wall, called "The Cocoa Lounge," for black sex symbols. When someone put a picture of a white man on The Cocoa Lounge—apparently in the spirit of "Tear down this wall"—screaming and crying matches erupted over charges of racial disrespect and separatism. The solution? Distinct ghettos for idols from different identity groups: The Jew Crew, Asian Haven, The UK, and The Cocoa Lounge. A "White Wall" has been threatened but not yet established.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Andover-Exeter rivalry in excellence has given way to a rivalry in the latest fashions of political correctness.

The adult version of the diversity value system is merely pathetic. In 1999, an admissions officer at Oberlin College, Paul Marthers, published an account of his experience advising students in Andover's summer minority math institute. His article is the anatomy of a nervous breakdown, the perfect expression of heightened diversity-consciousness: "There was fear of inadvertently saying something offensive. Of course I did—using the expression 'low man on the totem pole.' . . . There was the fear of acting too white. There was the fear that I would mistake normal adolescent opposition to authority

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for race-based resentment. There was the fear that colorblindness was inappropriate. There was the fear that I might seem to be favoring Latino and Native American students because they looked whiter. There was the fear of guilt-induced over-compensatory niceness to the students of color. . . . Should I address racism? Should I avoid it? What could I do to not appear defensive or insensitive? . . . I discovered that I had to confront the Caucasian tendency to stress the melting pot and assimilation into the dominant culture. For students of color, maintaining their own ethnic identities is as essential as breathing."

Marthers's neuroses are exactly where such diversity tutorials as "*Why Are All the Black Kids Sitting Together in the Cafeteria?*" lead. And his students played their part to the hilt as well, treating him—a man as full of liberal good intentions as you can cram into one midwestern college administrator—with icy contempt and sensing racial subterfuges everywhere.

The epidemic of prep-school racism must be pretty serious to justify such crippling cures, right? Wrong. Even school diversity professionals can't come up with persuasive reasons why a formal diversity program is necessary. Christine Savini, diversity director at Milton Academy outside of Boston, claims that race issues arise as the inevitable by-product of students living together; the official diversity program only formalizes what is already occurring. An example of a spontaneously occurring racial incident? "If a white student says, 'Let's go to the swimming pool!' the black student may not want to go because of her hair," Savini explains. "The white student may not know how long black hair preparation takes, and the black student doesn't want to explain again and again."

Not only is this example trivial; there are many ways to interpret this exchange without deeming it racial. After all, not so long ago, shamefully, a white girl might never have sought the companionship of a black girl at the swimming pool. Our racial-insensitivity alarm has become jittery indeed if an invitation to the pool now sets it off. Furthermore, black students as well as white students might commit the *faux pas* of asking unwilling black students to swim, and surely the unwilling student could convey the demands of her hairdo quickly, without resentment, and without encountering insurmountable incomprehension.

Further oft-cited evidence of racism is any student's mention of racial preferences in college admissions. It turns out that students are universally aware of double standards in admissions, despite college administrators' years-long cover-up. Now that even the proponents of preferences, such as Derek Bok and William Bowen, acknowledge their existence, only prep-school administrators seem still to be in denial about the practice. "When college admissions rolls around, you'll hear from these very talented, PC-trained kids—to the one: 'You probably got in because you're black,'" rues the Baldwin School's Lisa Ameisen. Does race-based admission ever happen? I inquire. "I'm not sure," Ameisen replies. Most of the time, she believes, allegations of racial preference are an "emotional response" resulting from "white privilege."

Russell Willis, Exeter's multiculturalism dean, is even more adamant about the nonexistence of preferences. He says Exeter's "students of color" get really upset when they hear the sentiment: "Oh, you don't have to worry about college, because you're black—even if your grades are lower." Such an assumption is "utterly false," Willis asserts heatedly. Exeter's black students don't share his certainty that preferences don't exist, even if they resent anyone bringing up the subject. *Exonian* editor Robert Baldi's black friends tell him: "It's OK, I'll get into MIT, because I'm black, even if my grades aren't as good as yours."

Undoubtedly, many high-achieving black students are unjustly suspected of benefiting from preferences. But the unjust suspicion is the result of the preference system itself, as author Shelby Steele has observed, not of racism. Preference advocates cannot set up a system where, every year, black and Hispanic pupils with lower grades and SATs are admitted to colleges that have rejected their higher-scoring white and Asian peers and expect students not to notice what is going on. To deny the obvious, as diversity deans do, and accuse students of racism for noticing the obvious, creates a totalitarian demand for bad faith.

Black prep-school students often cry racism when white students cast them as the class experts on the black experience. "I was never a slave and I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't live through segregation, so don't expect me to know everything about it," complained Angelica Alton in the *Exonian* recently. Fair enough. But the rationale for race-conscious "diversity" admissions is that skin color equates with point of view and life experience. Advocates of color-conscious policies in prep-school admissions shouldn't be surprised when people respond to this argument accordingly.

The diversity industry also cites the recurring debate over voluntary segregation on campus as a further example of student insensitivity. Every year, someone publishes an op-ed in a student newspaper bemoaning the clustering together of blacks in dining halls and classrooms. A February essay in the *Exonian* lamenting the lack of integration on campus set off a mostly angry response. Says Exeter's Willis: "The tone offended a lot of students, who felt as though the writer didn't even think about how students of color feel every day when they walk into a dorm and there are no students of color." Why is it racist when the author yearns for integration? I asked. "The issue is, why didn't she question the other side of the coin: 'We are black students in a white environment,'" Willis responded.

"Even school diversity professionals can't come up with persuasive reasons why a formal diversity program is necessary."

However ineptly phrased, the offending essay was nevertheless a *cri du coeur* for racial mixing. If that now constitutes racial intolerance, then the definition of racial injustice has been distorted beyond recognition. Prep-school authority figures are starting to apply a double standard for defining racial torts. In Exeter's course "The Black Experience in White America," students recently were debating the acceptability of interracial dating—not whether it's okay for a white teen to date a black, of course, but whether it's okay for blacks to date whites. When a black girl announced that blacks should only date other blacks, a white girl burst into tears and asked: "But wasn't this part of the civil rights struggle—to get to the point where people are just people?" The teacher, Russell Weatherspoon, says it was "poignant" that the white girl was so stunned by this expression of black separatism, but he did not intervene on the side of colorblindness. Had a *white* student argued against diluting white racial solidarity, of course, the whole school would have risen up in protest.

Questions about hair, observations about racial preferences, pleas for racial integration—this sum of alleged student insensitivity hardly supports the need for racial reeducation in prep schools. A poll of Andover's senior class last year found overwhelming rejection of the claim that Andover subjected students to racial or gender bias. But nothing so offends a diversity bureaucrat as the suggestion that his institution is ready for colorblindness—and asserting one's own colorblindness is rapidly gaining status as a form of hate speech. Diversity consultant Glen Singleton warns that the "belief in being colorblind is a big negative for students of color. It means: 'I'm not willing to notice how much white privilege there is in this environment.'" Lewis Bryant, the director of multicultural programs at the Buckingham, Brown, and Nichols school, objects that "you're asking everyone to be the same; they're not the same." Even tolerance is getting a bad name. "I bristle at the word 'tolerance,'" remarks Andover's Bobby Edwards. "I don't know anyone who wants to be 'tolerated.'"

Without diversity programs, why, students could . . . die! Asked why their schools can't just shut up about race, diversity bureaucrats infallibly refer to *Best Intentions*, the story of Exeter graduate Eddie Perry, who was fatally shot while mugging an undercover police officer in 1985. But for us, the diversocrats imply, more students could meet Perry's fate!

But far from exposing Exeter's "institutional racism" in the benighted days before formal multicultural programs, *Best Intentions* unwittingly paints a portrait of the school just as it is today: warmly welcoming to all students and determined to help

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everyone succeed. It was in fact Exeter's paternalistic attitudes toward black students as the victims of racism that facilitated Eddie Perry's crack-up, just before he was to enter Stanford on full scholarship. Perry had become consumed with racial hatred during his four years at Exeter. Rather than trying to intervene, some of his teachers defended his hostile behavior as "legitimate black rage" and part of black identity. The school was busily inflating black students' grades, having already admitted them with far lower test scores in a quest for diversity. Work that would earn a white student an F got a black student a C minus. "My position is very simple: We brought them here, and we have an obligation to get them through here," explained an Exeter teacher quoted in the book.

Had Exeter not viewed militancy as the normal condition for black students, it might have broken through Perry's fury before he and his brother viciously attacked a white guy in Harlem (one who happened to be armed).

The diversity-mongers also cite *Black Ice*, Lorene Cary's account of her experience at St. Paul's School in New Hampshire in the 1970s, as evidence of their own indispensability. But the best that diversity consultant Randolph Carter could come up with to show St. Paul's racial insensitivity is a passage in which Cary complains that the bubbly white girls who gaily troop through her room didn't feel "guilty" about the ecological and social resources that their education was "sucking up." But surely it is ludicrous to assert that most black students would be made uncomfortable by alleged white indifference to the environment. Cary's discomfort comes from class anxiety in the face of her classmates' easy sense of belonging to a privileged world; nothing useful comes of racializing her insecurity.

Nor is anything to be gained by racializing another unacknowledged source of stress for minority students: academic under-preparedness. Black and Hispanic scores on the national private-school admission test run about a standard deviation below those of white and Asian students; at the most competitive schools, the spread can reach two standard deviations. A history teacher from Massachusetts's Groton School expresses a universal fact about prep-school admissions: "To get minority representation, we need to take greater risks." Independent schools struggle to retain under-prepared minority students and blame themselves when they lose them. More multicultural programming is not the answer: a student who is failing trigonometry will be helped by tutoring and hard work, not by reading Beverly Tatum on racial identity.

Where the race industry has been, you can usually count on the gender industry muscling in, and the prep schools are no exception. In the area of gender-consciousness-raising, Andover is miles ahead of anyone else, but the competition is desperately trying to catch up. In 1996, Andover created the Brace Center for Gender Studies, a baby sister of the college feminist research outfits. Its director, Diane Moore, speaks the melodramatic dialect of college feminists: the purpose of the center, she told the *Phillipian* last year, is "to create 'gender safe' spaces for boys and girls to flourish." The Brace Center provides research fellowships for students and faculty to explore "gender issues" (the only campus money available for students to do historical research, notes an American history teacher wistfully). Past and present projects include a study of gender and multiculturalism in the Bible through the lens of feminist and third-world liberation theology; the triumph of women rock musicians in a man's world; and gendered images and advertising. The center brings speakers to campus—including, recently, the author of *Strong Women, Deep Closets: Lesbians and Homophobia in Sports*—and it sponsors "community forums" on such topics as "the relationship between the presumption of heterosexuality and the development of gender roles."

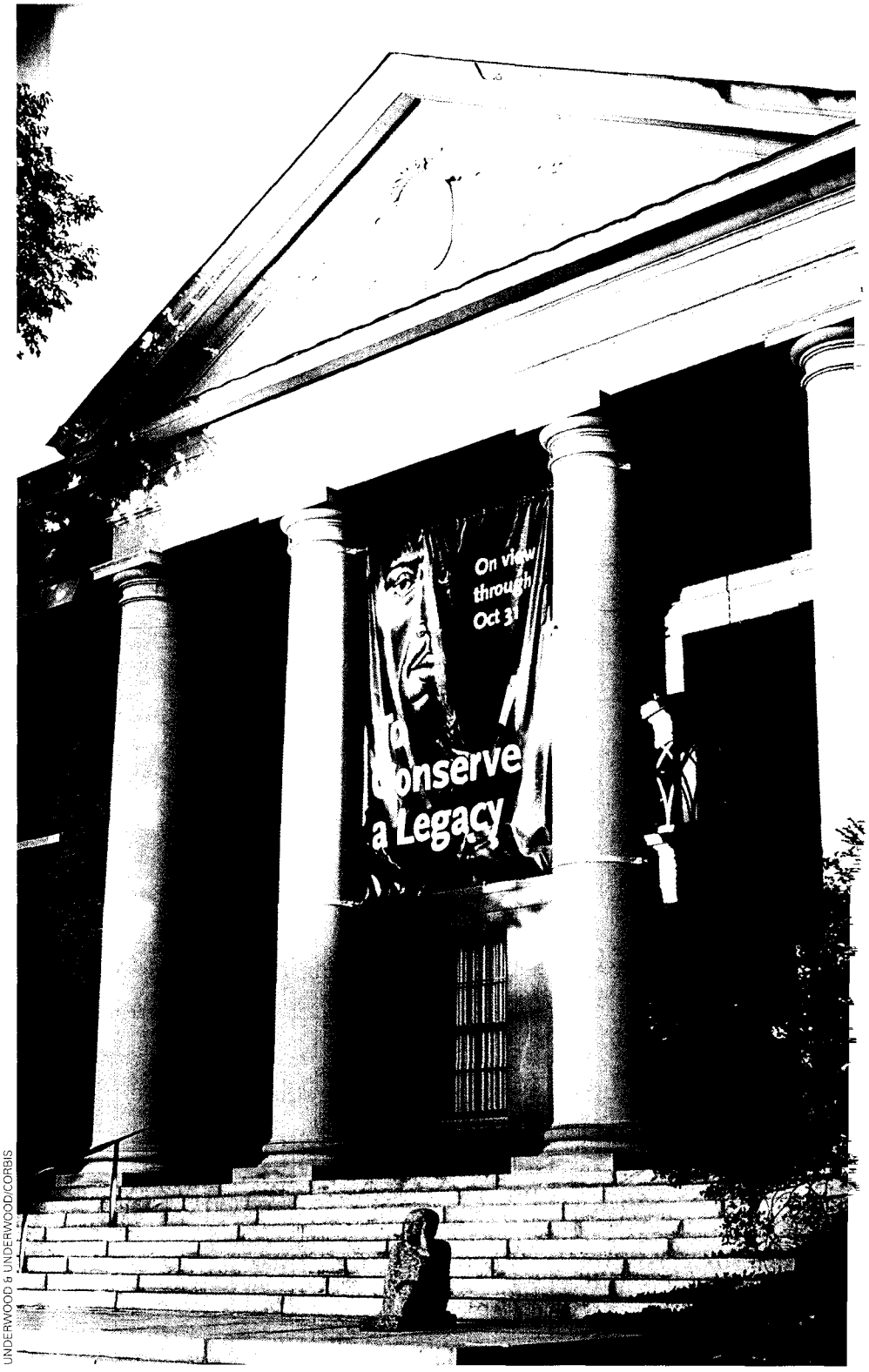
Women's studies tends to welcome all sorts of victimhoods: the Brace Center sponsored a faculty research project on male "African-American identity" as defined by "confinement, bondage, and resistance," for instance, and a student research project on the barriers faced by the disabled. The resultant message: come into the big tent to protect yourself from able-bodied, heterosexual white males.

The charming Moore epitomizes the young, theory-saturated faculty who are initiating prep-school students into the anti-Western dogmas of the academy. Her major influences, she says, are Karl Marx and Michel Foucault, a French theorist who saw Western history as one long saga of veiled repression.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moore also cites as influences Judith Butler, a queer theorist and advocate of cross-dressing, famous for her impenetrable, jargon-ridden prose; Cornel West, Harvard's resident rapper and Al Sharpton advisor (see "The Mau-Mauing at Harvard," page 66), and bell hooks, a black lesbian theorist of the intersections of racism and sexism.

What about the criticism that Marx has been discredited everywhere but the academy? I asked Moore. Oh, she laughed, "that whole 'end-of-history' analysis is challenged by Marx himself. To say 'Marxism has been discredited' implies its exclusive association with the Soviet Union. But as an intellectual framework, it is still a powerful critique," Moore explained. Of what? Of the "assumptions about a global increase in democracy and capitalism," Moore offered. "The Marxist critical studies approach gives students an alternative framework with which to consider whether our current practices are something we want to promote."



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD/CORBIS

Even Andover's art gallery (above) has jumped on the race-consciousness bandwagon.

Maybe this mindset helps explain why the Brace Center has misdiagnosed gender relations at Andover about as spectacularly as Marx misjudged Western democracies. In a 2001 poll, six times as many Andover girls "strongly disagreed" that they "have personally experienced gender bias in the classroom" as "strongly agreed"; and three times as many girls "strongly agreed" as "strongly disagreed" that "their school administration equally supports/provides for athletics for both genders."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is only the Andover administration and faculty, by now thoroughly "sensitized to gender-related issues," in the words of the dean of students, who see Andover as a "gender-dangerous space." That is why the administration, egged on by the New England Association of Schools and Colleges, strong-armed the student council last spring into requiring equal gender representation on the council. Explained faculty advisor Albert Cauz: "There's been a perception that women were not getting equal access to this part of education at the school, and [that] caused a lot of pain on campus."

Maybe the faculty were "pained," but the students clearly were not. Student polls showed little support for gender gerrymandering. Student editorialists pointed out that girls held some of the school's most prestigious positions, such as the editorship of the school newspaper. Ultimately, in a resounding rejection of female victimology and a triumph for democracy, the wider student body threw out the council quota system, presumably leaving the faculty gender-mongers to gnash their teeth in frustration.

The inability of girls to "get" the gender issue is a source of despair across the private-school universe. Diversity practitioners have an explanation for it: girls' brains aren't sophisticated enough yet. "Feminism is hard for adolescents to grasp," sighs Ellie Griffin, head of counseling at Milton Academy. "It doesn't take hold till college. It may be a question of cognitive development." Diversocrats cite the "immature brain theory" to explain students' lack of interest in race and racism, as well.

Yet maybe adolescents' brains have all the cognitive capacity they need to recognize inequality, but what they see around them is equality. It must be challenging to convince an intellectually honest female prep-school student, surrounded by lavish opportunities and adults cheering on her every accomplishment, that she is a victim of the patriarchy. Even assuming that gross sexual injustice infects the workplace or married life (a dubious proposition), a 14-year-old girl has experienced none of it, so why burden her prematurely? Why not fill her brain with the beauties of poetry, painting, and physics?

There is no holding back the surge of feminist theory, however, into the secondary-school arena. Even boys' schools have been overrun. The International Boys School Coalition has invited to its annual conference in June gender psychologist Carol Gilligan, whose work fueled the spurious claim that schools were destroying girls' self-esteem, and Anna Quindlen, former *New York Times* chronicler of America's growing list of victims. Rounding out the roster of speakers are representatives of the homosexual community: the director of the Gay, Lesbian and Straight Education Network, which works in "K-12" schools—that's "K" as in "Kindergarten"—to "ensure equal opportunity for lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender students," and the Rev. Peter J. Gomes, the Harvard minister who challenges fundamentalist claims that the Bible condemns homosexuality. Finally, psychologist Michael Thompson will decry the "tyranny of toughness" with which boys are socialized. TR or Boy Scout founder Lord Baden-Powell would not feel at home at the Boys School Coalition.

The one service that the women's studies industry could provide in these schools is a strong voice for chastity. That no one wishes to do. Milton's Ellie Griffin rightly worries that parents are not setting limits for their children, but Milton will not itself say "'sexual intimacy will not be tolerated,'" she acknowledges. Andover teaches its girls how to perform fellatio without a condom (the key: Saran Wrap). What about telling girls not to engage in sex in high school, period? "We're not promoting any given response to sexual activity," explains Diane Moore. The Bronx's Fieldston School has distributed condoms to seventh-graders, and demonstrated how to apply spermicide before inserting the condom-sheathed relevant part into a female or male body.

This solicitude for the sexual freedoms of their students derives from the sexual revolution and the feminist rejection of "patriarchal" sexual mores. It is also consistent with the growing prominence of gay and lesbian activism on campus. Given the importance of free sex in the homosexual life-style (a salience so pronounced as to have demolished long-standing public health protocols regarding sexually transmitted diseases), advocacy of traditional sexual morality could appear anti-gay. Thus, condoms, not monogamy or chastity, have become

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the officially sanctioned defense against AIDS.

And with the gay issue, we round out the trilogy of "identity politics" that prep schools have absorbed from university academic culture. Homosexuality is not tolerated at prep schools today (remember, "tolerance" is not a virtue)—it is celebrated. National Coming Out Day triggers weekend festivities in some places; throughout the year, prep schools invite speakers whose primary qualification is their sexual orientation.

Independent schools rival colleges in devising new ways to weave homosexuality into the curriculum. *The Concord Review*, a journal of high school history essays, recently received a senior essay from the Sidwell Friends School in Washington on Walt Whitman's warped sexuality. The problem was not that Whitman was homosexual, argued the author, but that his writing ignored lesbianism.

"Phillips Academy teaches its girls how to perform fellatio without a condom (the key: Saran Wrap)."

All schools should punish the harassment of homosexuals and demand that students treat everyone with respect. But neither homosexuality nor heterosexuality is an accomplishment. Schools should reserve their celebrations for academic achievement. If schools want to highlight homosexuality, they should at least tell the whole story about the gay life-style, including the violent, often drug-induced, promiscuity that bred the AIDS crisis.

The prep-school diversity agenda could not be more destructive. Emphasizing the alleged injustices facing blacks today is a recipe for academic failure: students who believe that external factors (like discrimination) determine academic outcomes work less hard, and are more easily discouraged, than students who believe success results from effort and ability. Achieving students, several studies have found, are optimists who subscribe to the work ethic. Those who complain loudest about inadequate multiculturalism in their classes are the underachievers.

As the diversity bureaucrats admit, many minority students reach high school believing in equal opportunity. It makes no sense to convince them otherwise. As for those students already convinced that the world is stacked against them, reinforcing that sense only provides an excuse for not trying.

The best way to prepare students for success is to fill them with real knowledge and send them forth in such a headlong trajectory of accomplishment that, should they encounter some cretin spouting racial slurs, they will merely brush it off as beneath contempt. The likelihood that minority prep-school graduates will encounter career-threatening racism in the world that lies before them is slim. Most professions today are frantically searching for well-credentialed minorities. Elite law firms in New York City, for example, annually agonize over how to recruit, retain, and promote more blacks; they are desperate for candidates for the partner track.

Besides being self-defeating, exercises in racism-spotting are a waste of time. Students from the most prestigious prep schools are far from oversaturated with European and American history, Greek tragedy, or Enlightenment philosophy, however much they may know about women's cosmetics choices. Nor is there much chance that the graduates will make up their knowledge gaps in colleges equally stupefied by identity-based theorizing.

Such intellectual powerhouses as Andover and Exeter once saw themselves as factories for a national elite. They searched for talented "youth from every quarter"—from all classes and all parts of the nation—whom they could fashion into a cadre of informed, public-spirited leaders. Today, elite private schools face an unprecedented opportunity: to create an integrated ruling class that will carry us beyond our self-lacerating obsessions with race. To do so, they need merely remove their artificial inducements to race-consciousness, educate their students diligently, and then let them loose to unleash colorblindness onto the world. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minority Business Triumphs in Gotham

Savvy minority entrepreneurs helped create New York's 1990s boom and now account for one out of every nine city jobs. Government should foster, not harass, them.

Steven Malanga

In College Point, Queens, immigrant Thomas Chen, a former apartment-building superintendent with little formal education, has built a $40 million-a-year window-manufacturing business in less than ten years. In the South Bronx, Philson Warner, a Trinidadian immigrant, is using technology he developed as a researcher at Cornell University to run a commercial fish farm in the basement of an industrial building. In midtown Manhattan, Lloyd Grant, an ex-programmer at PaineWebber, has scored success with a new business magazine aimed at the growing ranks of middle-class blacks not being served by traditional ethnic newspapers.

These three entrepreneurs, and thousands upon thousands like them from Flushing to Harlem, from Crow Hill to the South Bronx, from the Lower East Side to midtown, are part of the remarkable success story of minority business in New York City during the 1990s economic boom. By the end of 1997, according to the latest government five-year economic census, the city's 40,000 or so minority firms accounted for fully a quarter of all businesses in the city—employing more than 200,000 workers. Asians owned 24,000 of these businesses, Hispanics headed more than 9,100, and blacks ran nearly 5,700.

As part of this tidal wave of enterprise, another 197,000 minorities were self-employed sole proprietors. Sweeping away a stereotype that blacks are not entrepreneurial, the ranks of Gotham's black sole proprietors increased by 76 percent from 1993 to 1997—compared with just 26 percent nationally. Local Latino entrepreneurs grew by 120 percent, compared with a 50 percent gain nationally. Today, after the record-breaking economic years of 1999 and 2000, the size of the minority business community is no doubt larger still.

The 400,000 jobs created by minority firms and sole proprietors accounted for 12 percent of New York's job base in 1997—which means that minorities didn't just benefit from the nineties boom but helped to create it. Never before have minority businesses played so significant a role in Gotham or had such a stake in its future.

Photographs by Harvey Wang

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philson Warner produces 2,000 pounds of fish a week in his Bronx basement fish farm.

Now, as New York faces another period of economic contraction in the aftermath of September 11, policymakers must recall what spurred this upsurge of enterprise and must resist the temptation to solve city and state problems through measures that squelch the vitality of small business. Any return to the governing philosophy of the early 1990s, in which the city and state taxed and fined small firms mercilessly to close budget gaps, will prove disastrous social policy as well as econor for it will let the air out of the city's buoyant minority business community, v cess has been one of the most hopefu ments in recent memory

ith its rich and varied culture, New has long had successful, and visible, minority busi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like many minority entrepreneurs, restaurant designer Nancy Mah transcends the minority-business label.

nesses. But until recently, minority entrepreneurs confined themselves to a few predictable industries: Chinese restaurants and garment factories, for instance, or Korean greengroceries or Latino-owned bodegas. As omnipresent as these businesses have seemed, their impact on the local economy was limited. Two decades ago, the federal government's economic census of minority firms counted just 4,500 black, Latino, and Asian businesses in New York City, employing only about 18,000 people—a mere 9 percent of 1997's total. Added to that were another 36,000 self-employed minorities. These 54,000 workers accounted for only 2.5 percent of the city's job base.

Since then, a revolution has taken place in the city's small-business community. Today's new minority entrepreneurs are not just more numerous but also more sophisticated than their predecessors. They are more likely to be in a cutting-edge, high-technology business or in a mainstream industry

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that draws on Gotham's strength as a center of finance, business services, and media. Mobilizing their now-considerable experience as managers in the corporate world, the city's black, Latino, and Asian entrepreneurs have leaped beyond traditional minority industries and are opening ad agencies, consulting firms, graphic and design shops, and publishing ventures—to name just a few. They are also taking their expertise out beyond Manhattan's main business districts, capitalizing on their corporate know-how and the city's newfound prosperity to tap into new markets.

The time is rapidly passing when many of these firms might even be considered "ethnic" or "minority" enterprises, as government statistics classify them. Many are solidly part of the major industries that drive the New York economy. And more are certainly on the way, as the growing number of minorities who work in professional and managerial jobs enriches the talent pool of potential entrepreneurs. If the Holy Grail of social policy has been fully to integrate urban minorities into the economic and social mainstream, the fact that so many of these businesses are not "black businesses" or "Asian businesses" but just New York businesses is evidence that something momentous and deeply hopeful has happened in the past decade in Gotham, where the American dream has been coming true.

"Today's new minority entrepreneurs are more numerous and more sophisticated than their predecessors."

One of the city's hottest restaurant designers, Nancy Mah, a second-generation Chinese-American, typifies the new corporate-bred minority entrepreneur. Mah gained valuable design experience working for Ark Restaurants, a publicly held Manhattan company, then later joined the prestigious Rockwell Group, where she helped fashion such restaurants as Michael Jordan's Steakhouse and Ruby Foo's in Times Square. In 1999, Mah, then 37, decided to capitalize on her growing reputation and open her own Manhattan-based shop. "In big companies, there can be a lot of layers that inhibit the creative process," she says, explaining her decision to strike out on her own.

A Tennessee native who studied design in Italy, Mah hardly fits the stereotype of the ethnic small-business owner. Although she was drawn to New York because of its large Chinese population, Mah is cultivating a reputation as a designer with a New York style, rather than as an Asian-American designer. Her latest work, for instance, includes a chain of small cafés in Japan dubbed Gramercy New York. "A lot of people have wanted to typecast me as an Asian-inspired designer, but that alone doesn't really define what I do," she says. And the fact that it seems silly and irrelevant to think of her company as a "minority" business is evidence of the magnitude of the success of so many minority entrepreneurs like her.

Some of Gotham's pioneering urban entrepreneurs are not only part of this new generation of upscale minority executives but are prospering by offering that generation a product it wants. Lloyd Grant and Cynthia Franklin, a husband-and-wife team who publish *The Kip Business Report* out of offices in Columbus Circle, typify this trend. They decided to transform the small resumé-writing business that Franklin, a former AOL Time Warner exec, had started in grad school into a publishing venture aimed at the New York area's fast-proliferating black corporate managers. The result was *Kip's*, a four-year-old glossy publication with a circulation of 12,000 and a readership of 40,000. "We felt that the local ethnic media have not kept pace as our market has moved into the middle class," says Grant, noting that blacks now head such top New York companies as Merrill Lynch, AOL Time Warner, and American Express. "Accountants, bankers, and so forth were being ignored, so we aimed *Kip's* for them," he says.

To tap this market, *Kip's* staff of four full-timers and ten freelancers serves up investment advice and profiles of new black entrepreneurs—like a recent one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of former New York Knick Charles Smith, now head of a local technology firm—as well as in-depth stories about local black-owned businesses, including a recent long, close look at Harlem's troubled Carver Bank. "There's a new level of sophistication among urban entrepreneurs that has to be recognized," says Grant. "Many are corporate refugees, but even mom-and-pop shops are more sophisticated these days."

These savvier urban entrepreneurs are reaching out beyond Gotham's main business districts, too. The migration of minority corporate refugees out of Manhattan has helped bolster the small-business revival that has brought renewed economic vitality to the city's outer-borough neighborhoods. The last government economic census counted nearly 3,000 minority firms in the Bronx, 7,400 in Brooklyn, and nearly 11,000 in Queens.

Sheila McQueen is part of this revival. She gained valuable managerial experience as an account supervisor at a big Manhattan telemarketing firm but got fed up with the long hours and extensive travel. "I figured if I had to work this hard, I could work for myself," she says. Looking for an opportunity, she remembered how her mother had gotten jobs for her cleaning medical offices when she was a kid, as a way of helping her learn responsibility. McQueen, then in her thirties, set up a commercial cleaning enterprise, operating out of her mother's South Bronx basement. After building the business, called Scrub Clean, for two and a half years, she recently moved it into its own offices in a Bronx commercial building. Her staff of 14 largely consists of workers she's found in her neighborhood, including several former welfare recipients encouraged by welfare reform to find jobs. "As long as someone is willing to work, I'm willing to train them," says McQueen. "When people can support themselves, it changes them." So among other successes, these entrepreneurs are helping to transform the culture of minority neighborhoods.

Joe Rivera is another of those who gained experience in Manhattan but started his own business closer to home. While working as a supervisor at a big textile manufacturing firm and living in Manhattan, Rivera began looking for business opportunities for himself. He zeroed in on the large number of medical facilities in the New York area, including in his native Bronx, where health care is the Number One employer. The result was Pipette Technologies, a company that Rivera started to calibrate the devices that deliver or extract extremely small amounts of liquid for precise medical testing. He moved back to the Bronx and opened the business in his home. Now, five years later, he has moved the company into commercial office space, and, as a major expansion, he is distributing a line of pipettes under his own brand name. Echoing McQueen, Rivera says of his decision to leave the corporate world: "If I'm going to be working 60 hours a week, it might as well be for myself."

Entrepreneurs like McQueen and Rivera have benefited from changes in the culture of big companies and big institutions like hospitals, which now increasingly outsource crucial work to small firms. In today's hotly competitive environment, most of these big outfits are colorblind in picking vendors. "Race isn't a factor any more when companies go looking for small-business partners," says Neil Pariser, senior vice president of the South Bronx Overall Economic Development Corporation. "Now, rather, the question is: 'What can your business do for me? What can your product do for me?' Corporations want results."

While sophisticated new urban entrepreneurs are helping transform Gotham's business community, traditional forces—including immigration—have also reshaped the landscape. In the 1990s, for the first time in three decades, the city's population grew, as the proportion of foreign-born New Yorkers increased to about 35 percent. That spurred enterprising immigrants to find ways to serve burgeoning ethnic populations with money to spend. Flushing Avenue in and around Bushwick in Brooklyn became known in the 1990s as the Tortilla Triangle because of its bakeries and food-processing plants, which now produce about 10 million tortillas a week for local consumption. Indians helped boost shopping districts in Astoria and Long Island City, where they opened 150 restaurants and stores in the second half of the 1990s alone. Guyanese entrepreneurs, meanwhile, started as many as 500 retail businesses and restaurants to serve the growing Caribbean community in and around the Richmond Hill section of Queens—an

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheila McQueen's Bronx cleaning-contracting firm is part of the outer boroughs' economic revival.

area that in the early 1990s was dotted with empty storefronts.

The new breed of savvy, well-trained minority entrepreneur has been quick to recognize business opportunities that might otherwise go unnoticed in these increasingly vibrant ethnic neighborhoods. Nothing illustrates that better than Philson Warner's fish farm in a South Bronx basement—a farm that supplies the growing demand for tilapia fish from local Asian and Caribbean restaurants. Warner had spent 22 years as a researcher at Cornell University, applying the principles of modern, high-tech agriculture to urban settings. Drawing on his experience raising tilapia on fish farms in South America years ago, Warner embarked on an effort to farm the breed in big indoor tanks. Three years ago he signed a licensing agreement with Cornell, allowing him to use his research commercially; then he invested $300,000 in an elaborate system of tanks and water filtration. His company, Inner City Oceans, is already

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Chen, who hated working in a Chinese restaurant, now employs 250 at his Queens factory.

producing about 2,000 pounds a week of tilapia, also known as St. Peter's Fish, because it once abounded in the Sea of Galilee.

"This is the future of agriculture," says Warner, who next wants to move beyond the ethnic marketplace into the mainstream by raising striped bass and then opening a processing plant in the Bronx to go along with his farm. "About 80 percent of the world's food is produced in and around cities," he observes.

Few businesses have done a better job capitalizing on opportunities presented by the city's changing population than VP Music, run by a family of Jamaican immigrants who created a powerhouse music business largely by serving the Caribbean community's taste for reggae. The business, which employs 50 people in its Queens facilities, is an offshoot of a record store that Vincent and Patricia Chin started in downtown Kingston, Jamaica, in 1958. In the late 1970s, the family—immigrants to Jamaica from China a generation earlier—became worried about the island's political turmoil, so they came to New York to open an outlet. Slowly, that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

record store on Jamaica Avenue, Queens, evolved into a distribution center, then a record label. Today, VP produces 50 to 60 albums a year, serving reggae fans in New York and around the country, and it has become legendary as an independent in a world of big, corporate players. In 1999, *Billboard* magazine voted VP the top reggae label. "If you want to be in this business, you need to be in New York," says Randy Chin, 39, an engineer by training who joined the family business six years ago and is now vice president of marketing. "It keeps you close to the pulse of the market being so close to the community."

"Minority employers transfer skills to their neighborhoods that would otherwise disappear in New York."

Minority businesses have contributed to these neighborhood revivals by providing jobs for the newest New Yorkers. They often employ workers from their own group, and some of the most successful minority-owned businesses are also among the biggest employers in minority communities. Such employers often transfer skills they've spent years learning to their neighborhoods—skills that would otherwise disappear in New York.

Mose Chest, for instance, spent 40 years in New York's leather business, rising all the way to general manager of a big Manhattan leather-apparel manufacturer. When the business was sold, he struck out on his own, opening a manufacturing plant two years ago in the South Bronx to make leather components for hats and caps. He staffed his factory with people from local job-training courses, including some welfare-to-work programs, and he taught them the fine art of leather making. "You can't find people who know how to do this already; everyone has to be trained," says Chest. "I hire people who want to work and are willing to learn," he explains, voicing a sentiment that countless employers express—a sentiment that the most successful job-training programs have made their credo. Chest's company, C&S Leather Products, is part of the answer to the question of where the welfare clients will find jobs. Such companies help create the virtuous circle of neighborhood economic, social, and cultural renewal that is under way in New York.

Indeed, many of these entrepreneurs feel that they are helping to transmit the American dream from themselves to others in their communities. Thomas Chen, the founder of Crystal Door and Window in College Point, Queens, came to America and got a job as an apartment-building superintendent when he found he couldn't stand working in a Chinese restaurant. He started making and installing window bars and gates during the late 1980s, when crime in the city was spiraling out of control. Soon he had a thriving side business, and then, in 1990, he opened Crystal with just a handful of employees. Today, the firm employs 250 production workers in a 210,000-square-foot facility in Queens and is well known in the local Chinese community as a reliable employer. Many of the plant's workers have moved into neighboring Flushing to be near the factory. "Most of our workers are immigrants, and many have been with us almost from the beginning," says Chen. "They are extremely loyal."

Though this 1990s entrepreneurial boom is a pure product of the free market, government policies nevertheless permitted it to take off, just as they aborted it in the 1980s—and the contrast between the two eras is an instructive one for policymakers to consider right now. Back in the devastating recession of the late 1980s, when small neighborhood establishments were already struggling, government hikes in business taxes and fees to close budget gaps sent firms of all types reeling, and the Dinkins administration further crushed small businesses by burying them under a mountain of tickets for commercial violations. Spurred on by high quotas, inspectors from the sanitation, consumer affairs, and fire departments blitzed neighborhood businesses, collecting an additional $20 million in fines and fees in fiscal 1992 alone.

These tickets added a sometimes crushing price to the cost of doing business, especially for neighbor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood retailers. For instance, every sanitation violation for an empty bottle of Night Train Express dropped by a passing derelict in front of a store brought a $50 fine, and after a dozen violations, the fine quadrupled to $200. At one point, the Small Business Congress, a lobbying group formed to protest the blitz, counted more than 100 Korean grocers paying $200 per ticket. This shakedown sparked bitterness among stores struggling to survive; storeowners wondered if the city even wanted them.

The overall effect on small business was devastating. In 1991 alone, evictions of small firms for nonpayment of rent doubled. Not surprisingly, minority business growth slowed appreciably. From 1987 to 1992, the number of minority firms in Gotham grew by just 20 percent, less than half the national gain—and much of New York's paltry increase came from new Asian businesses serving the city's growing Chinese and Korean communities. By contrast, the city's tiny black-owned business community—just 2,371 firms employing 8,779 people—actually shrank under Dinkins, even though the city's first black mayor provided special support to them in the form of micro-loans, special grants, and set-aside programs that gave minority firms a 10 percent price advantage when bidding for city contracts.

The Giuliani administration took a far different approach, focusing on broader policies that support the overall economy, like tax cuts and public safety, rather than relying on programs aimed at particular groups. Mayor Giuliani reversed the city's course on taxes—cutting key levies, including some crucial to small business, like the unincorporated business tax, the sales tax on clothing, and the tax on commercial rents, which reduced rents by 4.25 percent everywhere except Manhattan's main business districts.

Giuliani had proclaimed that his most important economic tool would be to lower crime in the city, a policy crucial to the economic revival in the outer boroughs, where the drug trade had ravaged retail strips, and theft, muggings, and vandalism had drained the life out of manufacturing zones. A 1989 study found that 83 percent of the city's small firms reported being victimized by crime in the preceding three years and that one in five were considering leaving the city as a result, while 11 percent said they had scrapped expansion plans.

Today, the story is dramatically different, as the revival of a two-mile strip of Franklin Avenue in Crown Heights shows. Drug dealers had taken over much of the Brooklyn strip by the early 1990s, driving away stores and frightening residents. But by the end of 1996, crime had fallen 45 percent, and hopeful local residents and community groups began to visit owners of boarded-up storefronts and encourage them to try to lease their properties again. Slowly, stores started coming back to life.

"In our first 16 months we attracted 22 new stores," says Evangeline Porter, head of the community association in the mostly black neighborhood. Many of these stores belonged to local residents who liked what they saw happening around them. Ann Marie Fraser, an accountant who had lived in the neighborhood for 20 years but operated a storefront tax service elsewhere in Brooklyn, decided to relocate to Franklin Avenue in 1999. "I could see the changes in the neighborhood, like the new residents—white, Asian, Latino. We hadn't seen anything like that in years," she says now. Fraser was the first new business on a block with four boarded-up stores. Now, all the other shops have been rented too. "I'm hoping for 500 new clients this tax season," Fraser says.

Despite these enormous success stories, the city's business community now faces a reversal of fortune that will test not only its resources but also the soundness of city and state leaders' policies. Since September 11, more than 100,000 jobs have disappeared from Gotham, and big corporations that bought goods and services from smaller firms are leaving the city or cutting their spending. Small firms are feeling the repercussions throughout the five boroughs: a survey by the South Bronx Overall Economic Development Corporation found that businesses in its area had eliminated about 600 jobs after the Twin Towers bombing.

How will policymakers react? Facing a several-billion-dollar budget deficit, the City Council in December took a step ominously reminiscent of the bad old days when it canceled the Giuliani administration's plan to scrap a surcharge on the city's personal income tax. Now the new City Council pres-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ident has even suggested that Gotham consider an income-tax hike. Such a policy would be catastrophic for small businesses, not only because high personal tax rates dampen overall economic activity, but because the profits of many small firms are taxed not at the corporate rate but as if they were the personal income of the owner. New York's high income-tax rates thus make it literally less profitable to be a small-business owner here, and they also make it harder for individuals to accumulate the savings to start a new business in the first place. Mayor Bloomberg should not only hold the line on taxes but should be eyeing cuts in the city's personal income tax, a tax almost no other city imposes.

Mayor Bloomberg should also resist recent calls for a return to the Dinkins administration's minority set-aside programs for city contracts. Though Mayor Giuliani ended the city's minority contracting program in 1994, minority businesses in New York spectacularly outperformed those in cities with minority contracting quotas and preferences. In Houston, for instance, a city that has emphasized set-aside programs for 17 years, the ranks of minority entrepreneurs increased a wan 11 percent between 1993 and 1997, compared with the 80 percent gain in New York. In Atlanta, two decades of set-aside programs have benefited only the small group of privileged vendors who land plum government contracts. Atlanta's minority businesses and sole proprietors increased at only half the pace of New York's gain in the last economic census.

"New York's high income-tax rates make it literally less profitable to be a small-business owner here."

In addition to a tax cut, two further reforms would help. Next to high taxes, the high cost of health insurance in the Empire State is small business's biggest problem—and the biggest disincentive to start a new venture. State taxes and surcharges—such as a $350-a-year tax on policies written in New York City to subsidize medical education—drive up the cost of private insurance policies, and state-imposed mandates forcing private insurance policies to cover everything from chiropractic care to prostate screening drive premiums higher still. With health insurance so costly, a quarter of the state's small firms go without it—one reason why New York State has the country's highest number of uninsured workers. All these state mandates and surcharges can increase the cost of health insurance by 15 to 20 percent—a huge cost when premiums can range from $6,000 to $9,000 a year. Moreover, mandates and surcharges make it hard for insurers to offer the kind of no-frills coverage, with high deductibles and low premiums, that small businesses and sole proprietors typically buy elsewhere. Such policies, which protect against catastrophic medical costs, are virtually unheard of in New York.

Finally, the state's fast-and-loose tort laws impose a further burden on small businesses by driving up the cost of liability insurance and of mandated workers-compensation insurance. Despite some minor reforms four years ago, the workers-comp system is still among the priciest in the nation. One problem: unlike in most states, New York employees who are partially disabled can collect benefits indefinitely, even after they return to work. Eliminating that provision and bringing New York's laws in line with the rest of the country's would save the system nearly $1 billion.

It is unclear whether policymakers even notice the auspicious blossoming of the local minority business community that has occurred, much less understand what fostered it—and how crucial it is to the city in so many ways. To keep nurturing these entrepreneurs, lawmakers must first of all do no harm to them. Then they should hack away at taxes and regulations to make New York an easier, more profitable place to do business. Never have minority entrepreneurs—and the city they enrich—had so much to gain, or to lose, from what city and state leaders do next.

Research for this article was supported by the Brunie Fund for New York Journalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Monument They Deserve

Our memorial to the victims of the World Trade Center attack should be an affirmation of our values, not just a cry of grief.

Myron Magnet

The attacks of September 11 made us sadder but also wiser: as a nation we grasp more fully at a deep emotional level the value of the civilization that the terrorists sought to destroy. Now we are struggling to find again the voice and language to describe what we so strongly feel to be the unique preciousness of our way of life. Designing a monument to the 3,000 who died that day is part of our endeavor to translate such powerful feeling into articulate expression; and as officials and committees ponder what kind of memorial we should build, they need to be sure that whatever rises at the hub of the World Trade Center site is an eloquent, unembarrassed declaration of the profound, shared, but still inchoate sense of the grief, patriotism, resolve, and rededication that the city and nation feel together.

How then to put our feelings into words, before transmuting them into an affirmation in bronze or stone? The one thing we all know, to begin with, is that the monument must convey our sorrow at the overwhelming loss of so many of our colleagues and neighbors, friends and relatives. Our shared lament over the destruction of so many innocent lives should reverberate down the endless vistas of the future. We are building a shrine to commemorate those who will have no other gravestone but this.

Yet those who died lost their lives not only as private individuals but as representatives of our American civilization and the world order it has created; and with our lament should go no less clearly an affirmation of the high worth of that civilization, with the unparalleled liberty and opportunity it has engendered for so many millions here on our shores and, more recently, with the prosperity it has nurtured for so many additional millions around the globe, through the efforts of people like those lost when the towers fell.

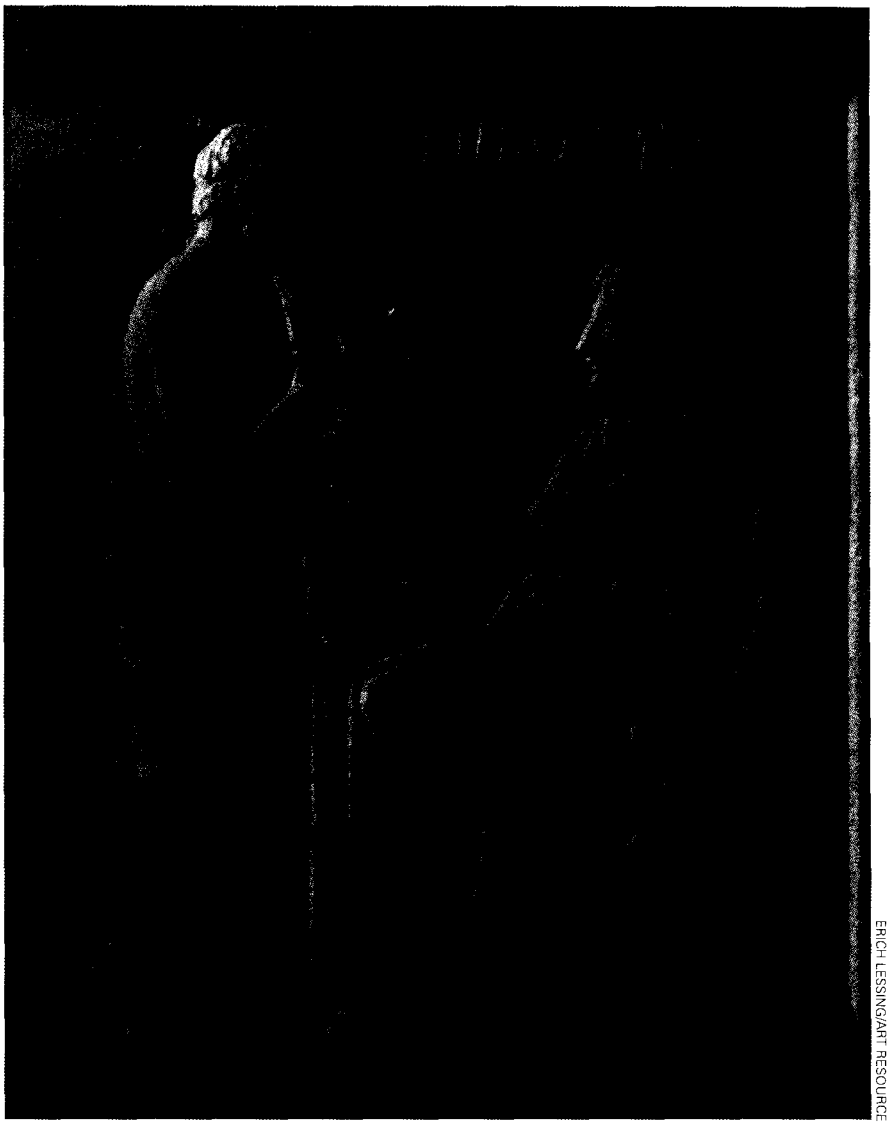
One out of every nine who died was a fireman, policeman, or emergency worker; and the memorial needs specially to record and honor their heroism, almost certainly in a separate monument. The virtues they displayed that morning—courage, duty, loyalty, selflessness—emphatically prove that the chivalric code Burke

***Grief*, by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, memorializes Marian Adams.**

JERRY L. THOMPSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feared had died two centuries ago still lives even in the new millennium and still inspires in its acceptance that, yes, there are things worth dying for. The WTC attack was the deadliest-ever foreign act of war on our soil, and the rescuers, uniformed officers in our city's service, embodied all the martial virtues as they managed to save more people than at first seemed possible. In giving the last full measure of devotion, in Lincoln's luminous phrase, the rescuers showed that our civilization still nurtures ordinary men with moral qualities capable of amazing the world.



ERICH LESSING/ART RESOURCE

Saying farewell to the departed on a 4th century B.C. Greek memorial stele.

Ideas like these are what our monument needs to sum up, as eloquently and movingly as our culture can. But if most citizens share a broad sense of the emotional charge they want the memorial to carry, the elite committeemen who will make the final choice of design may not be the ideal translators of that common feeling into concrete form, given the mindset of today's elites. For example, a famed elite institution recently balked in horror at the idea of accepting a figurative sculpture for its facility, because its officers didn't want to commit to any definite meaning, certainly not with such self-confidence as to cast it in bronze or carve it in stone. They reluctantly acceded to a sculpture only after stipulating that it not signify . . . anything. Their fear, one imagines, is that in a world of multiple perspectives and equally valid values, to fix on *one* value, thus suggesting its preeminence, would be to transgress the whole multiculti decalogue, from hegemony to phallocentrism. If you can't say anything relativistic, don't say anything at all.

To avoid affirming any value beyond an indiscriminate tolerance and compassion, the tendency of today's elite culture is to drop into noncommittal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vagueness. But in the face of September 11, our monument can't limit itself to the abstract gesture of a trickle of water weeping out of a polished stone or a ribbon of rusted steel contorted in agony. As sculptor Nathan Rapoport once put it, it is not adequate to make a Warsaw Ghetto memorial by drilling a hole in a stone and saying, "*Voilà*, the heroism of the Jewish people." The reality calls for something more profound and direct.

Yet indirection is (at least in my view) a key defect of one idea for a Twin Towers memorial that has sparked much interest—the proposal by the Metropolitan Museum's subtle and cultivated director Philippe de Montebello that we re-erect a twisted chunk of the North Tower that remained standing after the rest of the two buildings fell. Like those gutted churches whose shells some European cities have preserved as reminders of the bombing they suffered during World War II, the WTC fragment would in one sense make a quite literal and direct statement, of course: Look at the destruction wrought upon us; look at the destructiveness of which man is capable. But is this the affirmation we wish to make? Is this a fitting memorial to the human reality of the events of September 11? Moreover, as sculptor Alexander Stoddart puts it, "*Whom* shall we allow to design our monuments?" The terrorists?

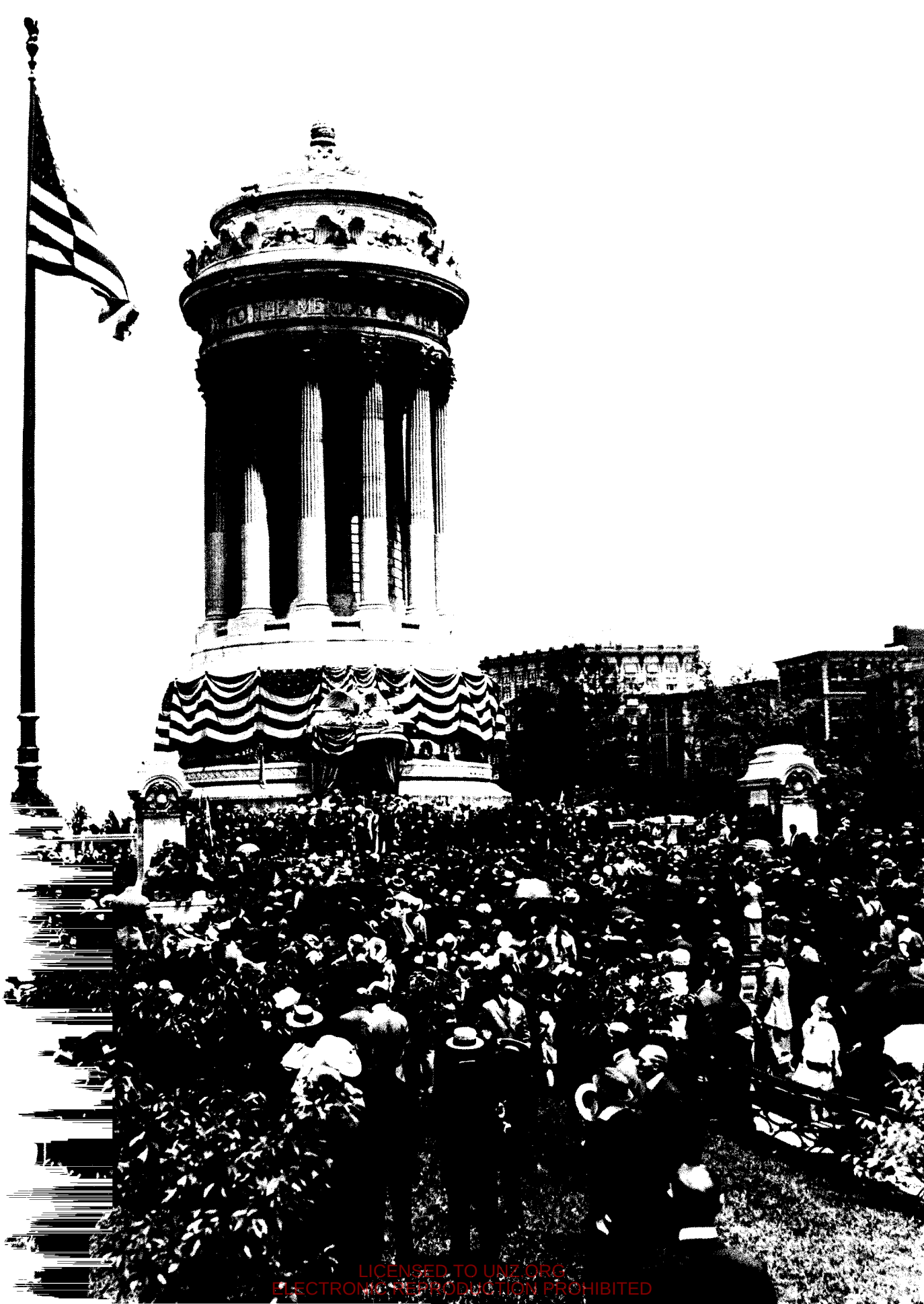
Still more important, though, de Montebello's idea attracts support because of the associations that surround this piece of the ruined building. Not only is the tortured steel structure reminiscent of abstract sculpture—it is a fragment, testifying to our supposed inability to be whole or to see whole in the modern world; it is a "found object," the product as much of chance as of design—but also this seven-story-high remnant of Minoru Yamasaki's building, cut off just above the arches that formed the structure's base, resembles a ruined cathedral. So to many who like this scheme, it is as if, out of all the carnage, comes without human design a religious message of divine consolation, which you can take or leave, as you like, since it is all in the eye of the beholder. The equivocation of its affirmation—if affirmation it be—is first among the defects that ought to disqualify this proposal. This is not the faith that looks through death.

It shouldn't be surprising that our culture should need some time to find the right artistic idiom for the WTC monument. It's not just that we've endured half a century of abstraction in sculpture and both modernism and postmodernism in architecture, dead ends from which we have to find our way back. In addition, the last time our country faced a task like this was in building the Vietnam War memorial; and the decorous tact of Maya Lin's low-key design has understandably left many with the view that a wall of names is what a memorial should be. Monument committees, like generals, seem always to be fighting the last war. But what made Maya Lin's minimalist design so appropriate was that it was commemorating the dead of a war that many Americans opposed and that we lost. What large affirmation could we make? Only the grievous roll call of the slain, acknowledging the magnitude of the loss, was fitting.

"The rescuers showed that our civilization still nurtures ordinary men with moral qualities capable of amazing the world."

So no wonder some of the schemes that have been suggested strike the wrong note. Take the idea that Larry Silverstein, leaseholder of the original Twin Towers, reports receiving in a letter from a well-intentioned woman in New England. Why not, the woman writes, gather up a pair of shoes belonging to each of those who died, cast them in bronze, and arrange the 3,000 pairs in rows on the World Trade Center site? However good-hearted, this suggestion, reminiscent of bronzed baby shoes, will strike many as an excruciating plunge into kitschy sentimentality, far removed from (for example) the closely observed, deeply meditated sympathy of Van Gogh's famous painting of a pair of shabby work boots, summing up a lifetime of honest, ill-remunerated toil that wore down the worker along with his shoes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But beyond that, we mourn these dead not merely in their private existence as sons and fathers and husbands and mothers and sisters, whose shoes will never be worn again and whose individual places at the family hearth, the convivial dinner table, and the marriage bed will be achingly empty forever. We mourn them also as fellow citizens, killed because they belong to the greater whole to which we also all belong. We are not raising a monument only to private grief, of which there are many moving and beautiful examples, from Roman grave steles to Augustus Saint-Gaudens's sorrowful memorial to Henry Adams's wife, Marian, in Washington's Rock Creek cemetery to Manhattan's bronze nymph gazing pensively over a calm expanse of water in memory of Isidor and Ida Straus, lost with the *Titanic*. These would have provided worthy models for the monument memorializing the victims of the Oklahoma City bombing: they remind us that, among other requirements, memorials should be *art*, testifying to the human ability to transfigure the raw materials of nature into something beautiful and ideal, just as we long to transmute the brute facts of pain and loss and mortality into something transcendent and redemptive. A memorial should strive to comfort, even as it laments. And part of the comfort is that the meaning of life is not death.

COURTESY OF GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MILITARY PARK

If we are to commemorate the dead not just as individuals but as fellow citizens, however, we must do so without even the slightest hint of denying or downplaying their individual particularity, as one much-publicized proposal did, to universal and deserved condemnation. Fire Department officials and developer Bruce Ratner proposed to model a bronze statue on the well-known photograph from the *Bergen Record* of firefighters Billy Eisengrein, George Johnson, and Dan McWilliams raising the American flag as the recovery effort began at Ground Zero—with this emendation: that the heads of two of the firemen be replaced with one black head and one Hispanic head. To these monument makers, it seemed not to matter who the firemen were who actually did this deed—and by extension it seemed not to matter who the heroic firemen who died in the tragedy actually were. All must proceed according to quota; the only value is a lax inclusiveness before which the individual facts of virtue and accomplishment are as nothing. This monument's readiness to falsify gives an especially bleak and revealing glimpse into the cynical mendacity that is political correctness, always ready to elevate ideology over ideals. In the face of the outcry that hooted down the proposal, the Fire Department prudently scrapped the project.

Our memorial isn't meant to be primarily the personal expression of its creator but rather the collective statement of the city, the nation, and the civilized world. Iconoclasm and novelty are not virtues in such a project, which calls instead for a deep understanding of the artistic traditions that are the *lingua franca* of the culture for which our monument speaks and whose values it invokes. The monument is about making links, not breaks, in time; it is an assertion of continuity, a promise that, just as we honor the values and conventions of our past that gave us the civilization the terrorists attacked, so will our city honor these dead by keeping their memory alive even beyond our own lives.

Two Civil War variations on a *tholos*: the confidently imperial *Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument* on Manhattan's Riverside Drive (left), and the humbler monument to New York's Excelsior Brigade at the Gettysburg battlefield (above)

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD/CORBIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO LINZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have a rich tradition to consult, the elements of whose emotional power are not hard to catalog in a very brief list of examples that can serve us as touchstones and inspiration. The earliest and simplest of famous Western war monuments, raised in memory of the 300 Spartans who fought to the last man in 480 B.C. defending the pass at Thermopylae against Xerxes' army of some 200,000 invading Persians, was, Herodotus tells us, merely an inscription, starkly unequivocal: "Go and tell the Spartans, stranger passing by, That here, obedient to their laws, we lie." Even though the stone no longer exists, that inscription, and the heroism and fidelity it recorded, live on in our collective memory as extraordinary and inspiring two and a half millennia later.

'Go and tell the Spartans, stranger passing by, That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.'

An inscription also forms the emotional heart of the evocative tomb of the unknown soldier of the American Revolution in Philadelphia's Washington Square. The monument's backdrop, a marble wall bearing a bronze copy of Houdon's statue of our first president, is inscribed with an account of how "In unmarked graves within this square lie thousands of unknown soldiers of Washington's Army who died of wounds and sickness during the Revolutionary War." But the tomb's truly moving element is a simple marble sarcophagus, resembling an altar, before which burns an everlasting flame and on whose lid is inscribed: "Beneath this stone rests a soldier of Washington's army who died to give you liberty." In this inscription, the past reaches out and touches us directly, electrifyingly, personally; yes, we owe the blessings we enjoy to the deeds and sacrifices of real individuals who came before us, whose actual but unnamed remains lie all around us.

We can draw inspiration, too, from a rich inheritance of purely architectural monuments. Take for instance two eloquent Civil War memorials, one a gigantic and one a diminutive tempietto, both commemorating New York servicemen. The huge example—the 100-foot-high white marble *Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument* designed by the Stoughton brothers on Manhattan's Riverside Drive—takes the breath away not just with its overpowering scale and superb esplanade setting overlooking the Hudson but also with the utter confidence of its classical detail and the American eagles that triumphantly crown its architrave. The inscription around the monument's top honoring these servicemen for saving the union finds architectural dramatization in the grand Corinthian columns that unite to support the structure. The imperial magnificence and swagger of the monument, its imposing dignity that casts an ennobling aura over all who catch a glimpse of it, establish beyond question that the dead it commemorates did not die in vain but preserved by their sacrifice something of the highest worth. They preserved, the monument declares, those fundamental Western values of individual liberty, rationality, democratic government, and the ideal of equality that we inherited from Greece along with its architecture.

That the memorial is a *tholos*—a circular Greek temple—hallows and consecrates their sacrifice and entrusts the dead to the care of a mighty, if slightly chilly and remote, deity. In this respect, a pint-size relative of this monument at the Gettysburg battlefield, commemorating New York State's Excelsior Brigade, is in its modest way no less moving. Precisely the incorrectness of its classical detail and proportions, its endearingly earnest awkwardness, the wonderful eagle soaring off its top like the handle on a sugar bowl—all these attributes, testifying to the designer's pious wish to invoke the sacred, really do create a homely sense of the numinous and the holiness of the dead and their cause.

Both these monuments burst into sculpture at the top, and arguably sculpture is the most expressive and dramatic way to memorialize the dead. Another monument to fallen Civil War soldiers and

LOUIS GISONE

Ruckstull's Civil War memorial, *Angel of Peace*, in Queens, expresses charity for all.

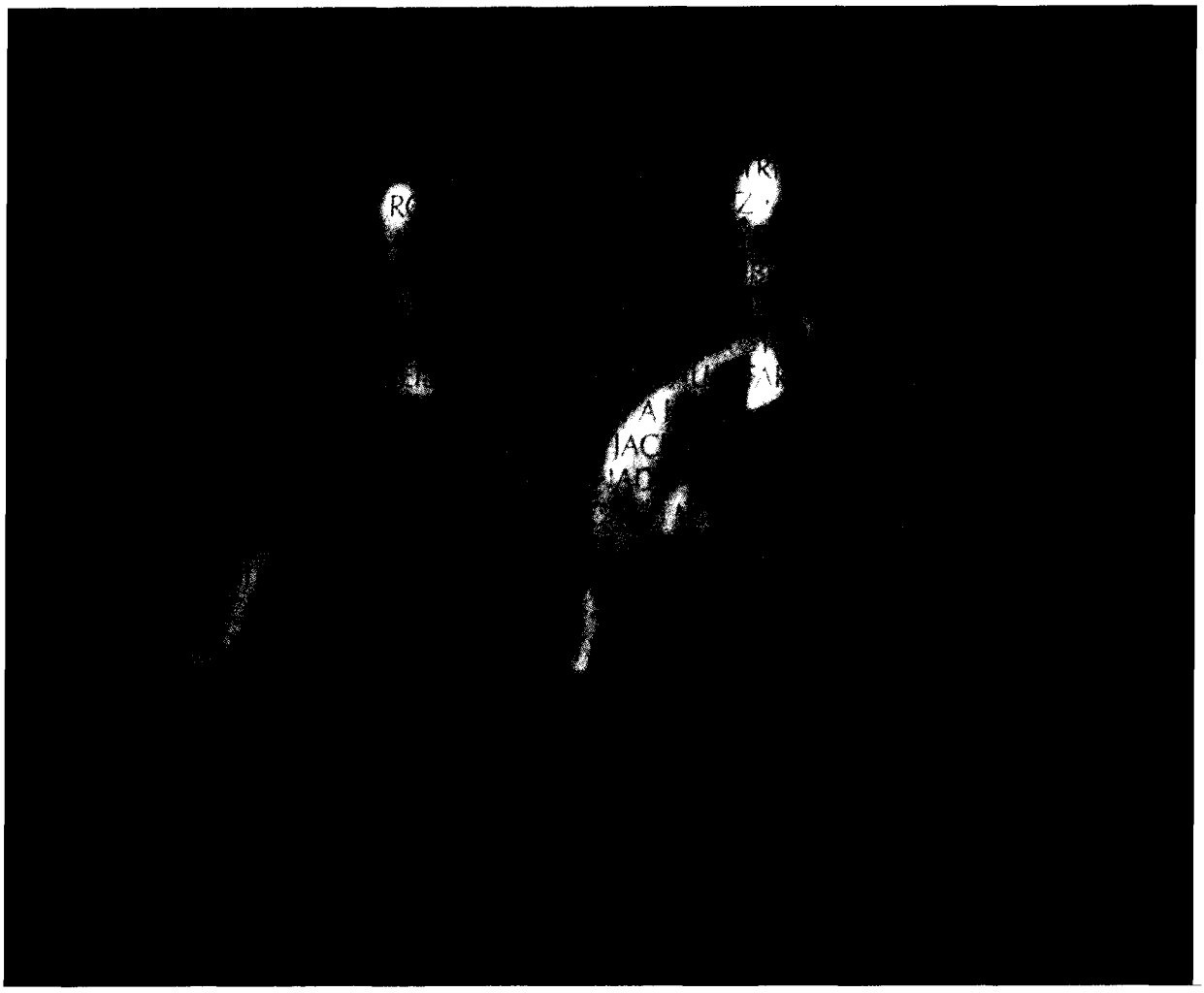
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the Marine Corps monument stresses the grit of our servicemen at Iwo Jima . . .

sailors, Frederic Ruckstull's 10-foot-tall bronze *Angel of Peace*, is a transcendent case in point, shedding benignity and comfort from where she graciously stands on her 10-foot-high granite pedestal at Hillside Avenue in Queens. With her calm, sober, and understanding face, her strong uplifted wings, and her outstretched arms holding out the palm and the laurel wreath of victory, her healing message of binding up the nation's wounds with charity for all is unmistakable and transfiguring.

Very different, but no less affecting in its violent activity and dramatic realism, is Karl Illava's World War I monument to the 107th U.S. Infantry that stands on the edge of Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 67th Street. The seven doughboys at the very moment of charging into battle, bayonets fixed, with one soldier just wounded, truly convey, as Illava intended, "the hell of war"—and in so doing they also convey the courage it takes to face such danger so vividly as to make the heroism that the statue honors concrete and immediate. In the same way, the most famous of U.S. war memorials, Felix de Weldon's Arlington, Virginia, statue of five marines and a sailor raising the flag at Iwo Jima, is an icon that has indelibly impressed on the national psyche the selfless grit and patriotic determination it took to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



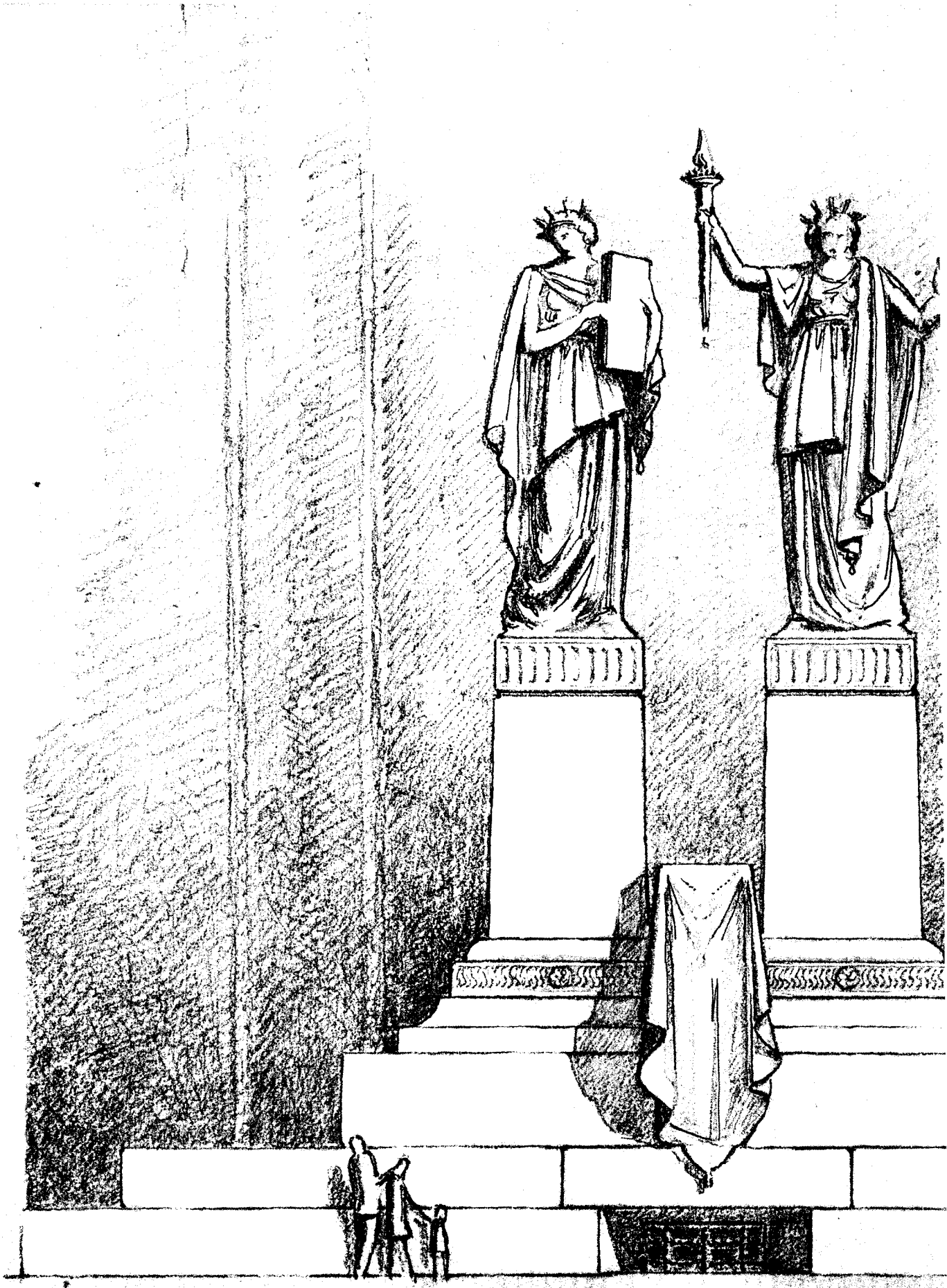
. . . Maya Lin's minimalist Vietnam War memorial stresses the magnitude of their loss.

win World War II. De Weldon based his statue, cast in Brooklyn and the world's largest bronze, on an Associated Press photo; and if our memorial to the heroic firemen who died downtown on September 11 were to be modeled on the *Bergen Record* flag-raising photo, the fact that it would be following the tradition of de Weldon's Marine Corps memorial, emphasizing determination and patriotism and defiance, would be a plus, not a minus, in my view.

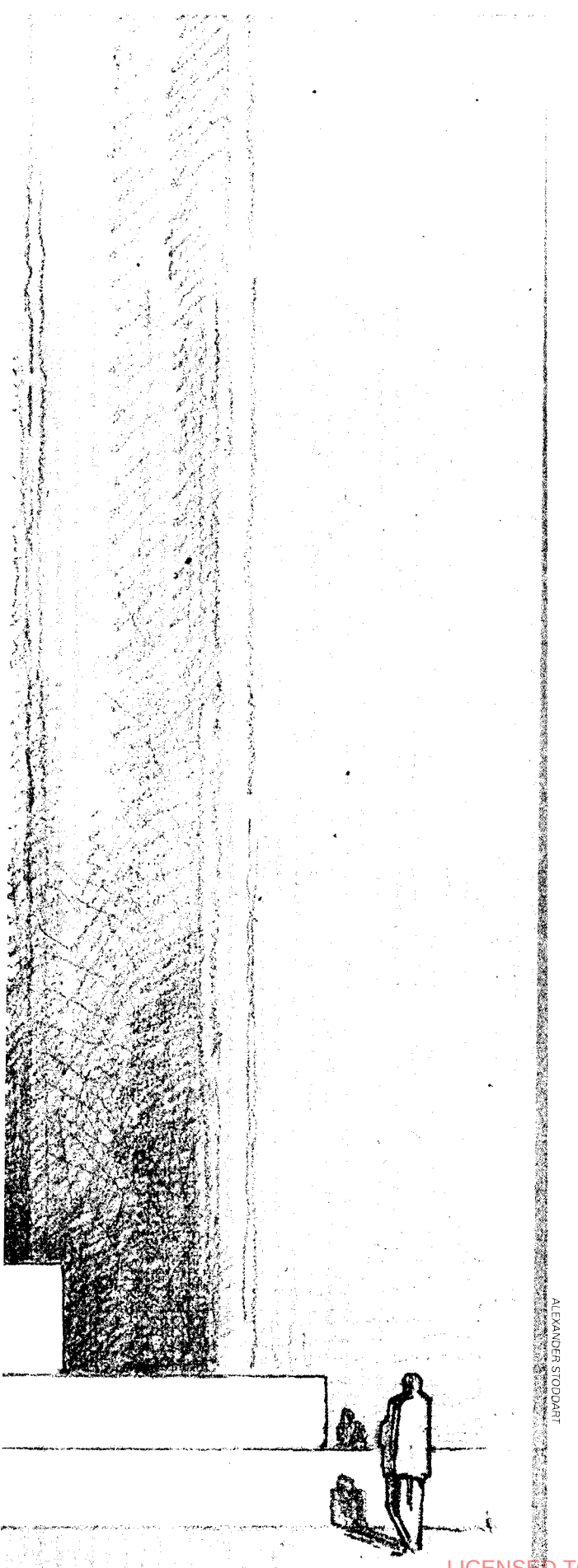
The cover of our Autumn issue presented what we considered a brilliant design by sculptor Alexander Stoddart for a deeply moving monument that emanates from this long artistic tradition and speaks to our most cherished virtues, and we believe that this remarkable work, which catches exactly the right note, is the memorial that should rise downtown. Stoddart envisions two bronze figures, personifying the muses of memory and history, atop two massive stone plinths that evoke the vanished Twin Towers. Each of the thrice-life-size figures—little sisters (as Stoddart calls them) of the nation's and the city's greatest and most iconic sculpture, the Statue of Liberty—holds out one of Liberty's attributes: Memory holds up her

OWEN FRANKEN/CORBIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALEXANDER STODDART

torch, and History holds out her tablet to catch the light the torch sheds. Between the bases of the two figures, directly below the torch, lies a heavily draped bronze catafalque, the only grave many of the dead will have. The beautifully shaped distance between the two figures, emphasized by the void Stoddart places at the center of the monument's base, evokes the absence we mourn; the sorrowful expression on the averted faces of the figures expresses the grief we feel for those we'll never forget; the evocation of the Statue of Liberty affirms our civilization's and our city's claim to be a lamp unto the nations in the freedom and inclusiveness it embodies.

Stoddart, it has been objected, is a Scot; and only an American should design our statue. But Stoddart is fast becoming recognized as one of the world's most gifted figurative sculptors, with Buckingham Palace, Oxford University's new library, and Princeton University as his latest commissions. Would we turn down Michelangelo or Bernini, if we could have them, because they were not American? Do we think that because Frédéric Bartholdi was a Frenchman, his Statue of Liberty is any less *the* American symbol? If an American sculptor can surpass Stoddart's design, steeped in the Beaux Arts tradition that is New York's prevailing artistic idiom, then of course he should win the commission; but until then, Stoddart's monument should remain the benchmark, the one to beat.

Whatever monument we finally choose, it should rise in a square amid a rebuilt center of business, not in the midst of a 16-acre necropolis. Even though emotions are raw, we have to keep in mind that we are building for the ages. Fifty years from now, the best memorial to those who died in the attack will be that their monument adorns what is still the world trade center. They believed in the ceaseless activity of commerce and finance that extends prosperity and freedom around the globe. They wanted to be where the action is. And future generations should remember them in the midst of the energetic, ever-striving, optimistic world that they helped to create, that their murderers sought to annihilate, and that we will keep forever alive.

***City Journal* favors this design by Alexander Stoddart to memorialize the September 11 dead.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Fix Gotham's Taxi Mess

Steven Malanga

Recently New York's new mayor got a lesson in the strange politics and even stranger economics of the city's taxi industry when cabdrivers panned his proposal to raise taxi fares. The drivers knew what Mayor Bloomberg probably has yet to figure out: there is something wrong with the city's taxi system that has nothing to do with low fares. The system is fundamentally flawed—so much so that Mayor Bloomberg needs to junk it and create something new. True, past reform efforts have gotten nowhere, killed by fierce political opposition from the powerful owners of taxi medallions—the license that transforms a car into a yellow cab that can operate in Manhattan and at the airports. But this mayor is in an unprecedentedly strong position actually to bring about the fundamental transformation that Gotham's cab industry has needed for years.

When the current system came into existence during the Depression, it contained a fatal flaw, which has become only more pronounced as the city's economy has grown and changed. In the mid-1920s, New York licensed as many as 21,000 cabdrivers, and those who did the actual driving held the permits. But during the Depression, many drivers simply let their licenses lapse, so that by 1937 only about 12,000 were active. That year, under pressure from drivers, the city passed a law limiting medallions, a limit that eventually settled at 11,787. But the law went one crucial step further: it granted current medallion holders their licenses permanently, and it permitted them to sell the medallions. Later, the

New York's taxi industry needs a revolution, not a fare increase. Here's what to do.

ROBERT LANDAU/CORBIS

It takes $200,000 to make a car a taxi.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

city allowed individuals to accumulate more than one medallion and to lease them to others.

The city, in other words, created a protected oligopoly in the right to provide cab service to an ever growing city. Just like the favored nobles and merchants to whom European monarchs of old gave a monopoly on precious commodities like salt, the fixed number of medallion holders, without ever lifting a finger, were certain to coin money out of the public's need for the service they controlled, a service whose supply became increasingly less likely to meet demand fully as the city's economy expanded.

As is often the case when government restricts competition, the new system sparked a sharp rise in the price of medallions as the city's economy recovered from the Depression and grew. A medallion that originally sold for only $10 most recently changed hands for about $200,000, after declining from a pre-recession high of $275,000. Moreover, buying and selling these licenses has become an industry unto itself, encompassing medallion brokers, taxi consultants, and specialized lenders. The fares that New York riders pay have supported this entire industry for years, in addition to providing the medallion owners with a return on investment high enough to justify a $200,000 medallion price. In other words, taxi fares in New York are not too low; they are unnecessarily high. Eliminate the *rentier* class, and cabdrivers could support themselves for years on the current fare structure.

While the system has proved a boon to the privileged medallion owners and those businesses that serve them, it has been an increasingly bad deal for drivers and taxi riders. In years past, medallion holders owned fleets of cabs and hired drivers to operate them at a salary, even providing drivers with health insurance. But around 1979, the leasing system replaced the old arrangement. Now, drivers would pay the medallion holder a fee to use the cab for a 12-hour shift. As a flood of new immigrants created a limitless supply of prospective drivers willing to work for very low pay, around $10 an hour, lease fees rose to some $100 a day or $30,000 a year—increasing the return on medallions and raising their price. The industry's stable, lower-middle-class force of drivers gave way to a class of inexperienced cabbies, among whom turnover was high. Regulators charged with protecting the public interest sat by and watched as New Yorkers complained that this new class of drivers didn't know the city well, spoke limited English, and often drove dangerously.

The system became an even worse deal for these low-wage drivers after the attacks of September 11 deepened the recession that was already under way, keeping tourists and business travelers out of the city and depressing taxi ridership for the first time in years. Drivers could no longer earn a living, some days actually losing money, when fares didn't cover the $100 lease fee and the additional $20 cost of gas. Many stopped showing up for work, and cabs sat idle in their garages. In response, medallion owners began pressing for a fare increase, which they claimed would bring the drivers back, and in February Mayor Bloomberg announced his support for a hike. But almost immediately, drivers themselves balked. In the past, they pointed out, owners have simply raised leasing rates every time the city increased fares—claiming most of the fare increases for themselves.

"New York City has more taxi passengers than any city in the country, but drivers can't make a living because of the leasing rates," says Bhairavi Desai, founder of the New York Taxi Workers Alliance. She points out, moreover, that in the current recession, many owners have been willing to let their cars sit idle rather than lower their lease rates, in order to increase pressure on the mayor. She might have added that raising prices to make up for falling demand makes zero economic sense, since the fare hike will only cut demand further.

Although this system is transparently bad, the powerful medallion owners, especially the 20-odd owners of big fleets, and the brokers and lenders who support the industry are among the biggest political givers in mayoral and City Council races and so have thwarted past reform efforts. Over the years, in fact, some of New York's most influential politicians have defended the owners' interests, from Bronx Democratic boss Stanley Friedman in the 1980s to Noach Dear, head of the City Council's transportation committee and a big recipient of the industry's campaign contributions, today. The industry poured more than $40,000 into Dear's unsuccessful 1998 congressional campaign.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rudy Giuliani was the first mayor to challenge the industry, albeit mildly. Refusing to bow to political pressure, in 1995 he successfully won City Council legislation that increased the number of medallions by 400—the first change in 58 years. Later, responding to the rising tide of taxi accidents, he initiated a whole host of safety measures and forced fleet owners to increase their inadequate liability coverage to less risible levels. But his actions did little to solve the basic problem with the medallion system and its market-distorting influences.

Although most people over the years have acknowledged that the system is broke, few have understood how to fix it, because government cannot simply expropriate the current medallions from owners who have purchased them. The medallions may be a species of private property wholly invented by the government out of nothing, but they are private property nonetheless, which some current medallion holders have paid up to $275,000 to own.

"Mayor Bloomberg, who financed his own election bid, owes nothing to the medallion owners."

But there is a way to end the system that would not involve expropriation and would dramatically lower the cost of operating in the taxi business. At the heart of a new system would be a new set of licenses granted by the city only to the actual drivers of cabs. Such licenses, which would replace medallions, would be renewed every year, and when drivers gave them up, the licenses would revert back to the city instead of being sold in the aftermarket at exorbitant prices. They would not constitute property.

To institute this new system, the city would have to buy back all its current medallions, at least at the price that medallion owners paid for them, which varies from the $275,000 peak to only $35,000 for many medallions purchased years ago. Such a buyback would cost hundreds of millions of dollars, perhaps more than $1 billion, but the city could raise the needed funds without taxing the municipal treasury by using the fees that the new licensing system would generate.

Here's how the deal could work: under the new system, New York would charge taxi drivers a significant licensing fee, between $5,000 and $10,000 a year. While the price seems steep, it is much less than the $30,000 or so a year that drivers must currently pay in leasing fees to medallion owners. The city would also raise the number of taxi licenses, awarded by lottery to qualified applicants, to about 25,000, to account for the fact that corporate medallions currently are leased to two shifts of drivers a day. This licensing system would raise between $125 million and $250 million a year. Then the city would float a bond offering backed by these dedicated licensing revenues to finance the buyback of medallions. Eventually, when the city paid off the bonds, the money from the licensing fees would accrue to the city, which currently gets no annual benefit from its taxi licenses.

Such a move is certainly a better idea than merely raising fares again and passing the next fare increase on to the medallion owners. Indeed, under a new system that eliminated the medallion holders—whose cut of the industry's $1.3 billion in fares annually amounts to $750 million—the city would not need to raise fares again for at least a decade.

Medallion owners would fight this reform fiercely, both in the courts and in the City Council. But what makes this moment a unique opportunity for change is that the owners are more vulnerable than they have ever been. Term limits have brought into the City Council a host of new members who are not traditional supporters of the taxi owners and owe them little. At the same time, billionaire Mayor Bloomberg, who financed his own election bid, owes nothing to the medallion owners, who have for years bought their influence over other politicians with campaign contributions.

No matter how hard the owners fought, a determined Bloomberg would realize that he holds the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uh, oh. New York City's taxi industry needs a major overhaul.

high cards in this battle. He could—and should—stop granting fare increases to owners, since in effect they simply contribute to further speculation in the medallion market. The mayor and City Council could also issue new medallions, diluting the value of the current medallions, until the owners realized that they had no choice but to accept a city buyout.

Some reformers argue that the city should go further and completely deregulate the market, allowing anyone with a car to pick up passengers. But there are advantages to having some limits on, and control over, taxis. For one thing, prior to the medallion system, the streets of Manhattan often became jammed with taxis, and there is little enthusiasm for further congestion. Moreover, regulated fares spare riders from having to negotiate the price of every ride.

But there are market reforms that the city could introduce into this new system. One, proposed by Edward Rogoff, a professor of management at Baruch College who has long advocated ending the medallion system, would be to have the city's regulated fares be the maximum allowable but permit drivers to charge less and advertise what they charge. In effect, that is similar to the system New York has today, with its 30,000 licensed livery cars that serve the areas of the city outside the central business districts and the airports. In addition, New York supplements the 12,000 yellow cabs that operate in its central business districts with 8,000 so-called black cars, vehicles offering premium service for higher prices (see "New York's Unsung Taxi Triumph," Autumn 1999).

nding the old system should prove a boon to everyone except medallion owners and the hangers-on who support themselves off this government-created market. Taxi drivers will face a much smaller financial burden, allowing them a decent living at current fares. As in London, drivers would become middle-class small-businessmen, like today's livery drivers, rather than virtual peons, exploited and disposable. More stability among drivers will mean a more knowledgeable and safer cabbie corps. At the same time, the city will be able to demand more of these drivers in the way of safer, more comfortable cabs, fuller insurance coverage, and more driver training. Right now, because of their razor-thin or nonexistent profits, drivers understandably meet every call for new safety measures or other regulation with cries of harassment.

The taxi industry is one of the few businesses where regulation makes some sense. But the regulation must benefit the public—not, as it does today, the oligarchs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Racial Profiling Myth Debunked

New numbers prove that there is no systematic police racism.

Heather Mac Donald

The anti–racial profiling juggernaut has finally met its nemesis: the truth. According to a new study, black drivers on the New Jersey Turnpike are twice as likely to speed as white drivers, and are even more dominant among drivers breaking 90 miles per hour. This finding demolishes the myth of racial profiling. Precisely for that reason, the Bush Justice Department tried to bury the report so the profiling juggernaut could continue its destructive campaign against law enforcement. What happens next will show whether the politics of racial victimization now trump all other national concerns.

Until now, the anti-police crusade that travels under the banner of "ending racial profiling" has traded on ignorance. Its spokesmen went around the country charging that the police were stopping "too many" minorities for traffic infractions or more serious violations. The reason, explained the anti-cop crowd, was that the police were racist.

They can argue that no more. The new turnpike study, commissioned by the New Jersey attorney general, solves one of the most vexing problems in racial profiling analysis: establishing a violator benchmark. To show that the police are stopping "too many" members of a group, you need to know, at a minimum, the rate of lawbreaking among that group—the so-called violator benchmark. Only if the rate of stops or arrests greatly exceeds the rate of criminal behavior should our suspicions be raised (see "The Myth of Racial Profiling," Spring 2001). But most of the studies that the ACLU and defense attorneys have proffered to show biased behavior by the police only used crude population measures as the benchmark for comparing police activity—arguing, say, that if 24 percent of speeding stops on a particular stretch of highway were of black drivers, in a city or state where blacks make up 19 percent of the population, the police are over-stopping blacks.

Such an analysis is clearly specious, since it fails to say what percentage of *speeders* are black, but the data required to rebut it were not available. Matthew Zingraff, a criminologist at North Carolina State University, explains why: "Everybody was terrified. Good statisticians were throwing up their hands and saying, 'This is one battle you'll never win. I don't want to be called a racist.'" Even to suggest studying the driving behavior of different racial groups was to demonstrate one's bigotry, as Zingraff himself discovered when he proposed such research in North Carolina and promptly came under attack. Such investigations violate the reigning fiction in anti–racial profiling rhetoric: that all groups commit crime and other infractions at equal rates. It follows from this central fiction that any differences in the rate at which the police interact with certain citizens result only from police bias, not from differences in citizen behavior.

Despite the glaring flaws in every racial profiling study heretofore available, the press and the politicians jumped on the anti-profiling bandwagon. How could they lose? They showed their racial sensitivity, and, as for defaming the police without evidence, well, you don't have to worry that the *New York Times* will be on your case if you do.

No institution made more destructive use of racial profiling junk science than the Clinton Justice Department. Armed with the shoddy studies, it slapped costly consent decrees on police departments across the country, requiring them to monitor their officers' every interaction with minorities, among other managerial intrusions.

No consent decree was more precious to the anti-police agenda than the one slapped on New Jersey. In 1999, then-governor Christine Todd Whitman had declared her state's highway troopers guilty of racial profiling, based on a study of consent searches that would earn an F in a freshmen statistics class. (In a highway consent search, an officer asks a driver for permission to search his car, usually for drugs or

SPENCER PLATT/GETTY IMAGES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weapons.) The study, executed by the New Jersey attorney general, lacked crucial swathes of data on stops, searches, and arrests, and compensated for the lack by mixing data from wildly different time periods. Most fatally, the attorney general's study lacked any benchmark of the rate at which different racial groups transport illegal drugs on the turnpike. Its conclusion that the New Jersey state troopers were searching "too many" blacks for drugs was therefore meaningless.

Hey, no problem! exclaimed the Clinton Justice Department. *Here's your consent decree and high-priced federal monitor; we'll expect a lengthy report every three months on your progress in combating your officers' bigotry.*

Universally decried as racists, New Jersey's troopers started shunning discretionary law-enforcement activity. Consent searches on the turnpike, which totaled 440 in 1999, the year that the anti–racial profiling campaign got in full swing, dropped to an astoundingly low 11 in the six months that ended October 31, 2001. At the height of the drug war in 1988, the troopers filed 7,400 drug charges from the turnpike, most of those from consent searches; in 2000, they filed 370 drug charges, a number that doubtless has been steadily dropping since then. It is unlikely that drug trafficking has dropped on New Jersey's main highway by anything like these percentages.

"There's a tremendous demoralizing effect of being guilty until proven innocent," explains trooper union vice president Dave Jones. "Anyone you interact with can claim you've made a race-based stop, and you spend years defending yourself." Arrests by state troopers have also been plummeting since the Whitman–Justice Department racial profiling declaration. Not surprisingly, murder jumped 65 percent in Newark, a major destination of drug traffickers, between 2000 and 2001. In an eerie replay of the eighties' drug battles, Camden is considering inviting the state police back to fight its homicidal drug gangs.

But one thing did not change after the much-publicized consent decree: the proportion of blacks stopped on the turnpike for speeding continued to exceed their proportion in the driving population. *Man, those troopers must be either really dumb or really racist!* thought most observers, including the New Jersey attorney general, who accused the troopers of persistent profiling.

Faced with constant calumny for their stop rates, the New Jersey troopers asked the attorney general to do the unthinkable: study speeding behavior on the turnpike. If it turned out that all groups drive the same, as the reigning racial profiling myths hold, then the troopers would accept the consequences.

Well, we now know that the troopers were neither dumb nor racist; they were merely doing their jobs. According to the study commissioned by the New Jersey attorney general and leaked first to the *New York Times* and then to the Web, blacks make up 16 percent of the drivers on the turnpike, and 25 percent of the speeders in the 65-mile-per-hour zones, where profiling complaints are most common. (The study counted only those going more than 15 miles per hour over the speed limit as speeders.) Black drivers speed twice as much as white drivers, and speed at reckless levels even more. Blacks are actually stopped less than their speeding behavior would predict—they are 23 percent of those stopped.

The devastation wrought by this study to the anti-police agenda is catastrophic. The medieval Vatican could not have been more threatened had Galileo offered photographic proof of the solar system. It turns out that the police stop blacks more for speeding because they speed more. Race has nothing to do with it.

This is not a politically acceptable result. And the researchers who conducted the study knew it. Anticipating a huge backlash should they go public with their findings, they checked and rechecked their data. But the results always came out the same.

Being scientists, not politicians, they prepared to publish their study this past January, come what may. *Not so fast!* commanded the now-Bush Justice Department. *We have a few questions for you.* And the Bush DOJ, manned by the same attorneys who had so eagerly snapped up the laughable New Jersey racial profiling report in 1999, proceeded to pelt the speeding researchers with a series of increasingly desperate objections.

The elegant study, designed by the Public Service Research Institute in Maryland, had taken photos with high-speed camera equipment and a radar gun of nearly 40,000 drivers on the turnpike. The researchers then showed the photos to a team of three evaluators, who identified the race of the driver. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evaluators had no idea if the drivers in the photos had been speeding. The photos were then correlated with speeds.

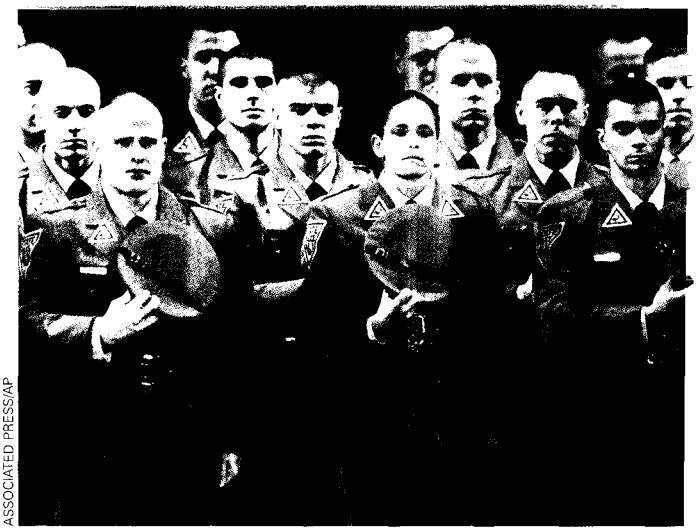
The driver identifications are not reliable! whined the Justice Department. The researchers had established a driver's race by agreement among two of the three evaluators. So in response to DOJ's complaint, the researchers reran their analysis, using only photos about which the evaluators had reached unanimous agreement. The speeding ratios came out identically to before.

The data are incomplete! shouted the Justice Department next. About one third of the photos had been unreadable, because of windshield glare that interfered with the camera, or the driver's position. *Aha!* said the federal attorneys. *Those unused photos would change your results!* But that is a strained argument. The only way that the 12,000 or so unreadable photos would change the study's results would be if windshield glare or a seating position that obstructed the camera disproportionately affected one racial group. Clearly, they do not.

Nevertheless, DOJ tried to block the release of the report until its objections were answered. "Based on the questions we have identified, it may well be that the results reported in the draft report are wrong or unreliable," portentously wrote Mark Posner, a Justice lawyer held over from the Clinton era.

DOJ's newfound zeal for pseudo-scientific nitpicking is remarkable, given its laissez-faire attitude toward earlier slovenly reports that purported to show racial profiling. Where it gets its new social-science expertise is also a mystery, since according to North Carolina criminologist Matthew Zingraff, "there's not a DOJ attorney who knows a thing about statistical methods and analysis." Equally surprising is Justice's sudden unhappiness with the Public Service Research Institute, since it approved the selection of the institute for an earlier demographic study of the turnpike.

The institute proposed a solution to the impasse: Let us submit the study to a peer-reviewed journal or a neutral body like the National Academy of Sciences. If a panel of our scientific peers determines the research to be sound, release the study then. *No go,* said the Justice Department. *That study ain't seeing the light of day.*



ASSOCIATED PRESS/AP

Unfairly accused: New Jersey State Troopers

Robert Voas, the study's co-author, is amazed by Justice's intransigence. "I think it's very unfortunate that the politics have gotten in the way of science," he says, choosing his words carefully. "The scientific system has not been allowed to move as it should have in this situation."

As DOJ and the New Jersey attorney general stalled, *The Record* of Bergen posted the report on the Web, forcing the state attorney general to release it officially. Now the damage control begins in earnest. Everyone with a stake in the racial profiling myth, from the state attorney general to the ACLU to defense attorneys who have been getting drug dealers out of jail and back on the streets by charging police racism, is trying to minimize the significance of the findings. But they are fighting a rear-guard battle. Waiting in the wings are other racial profiling studies by statisticians who actually understand the benchmark problem: Matthew Zingraff's pioneering traffic research in North Carolina, due out in April, as well as sound studies in Pennsylvania, New York, and Miami. Expect many of the results to support the turnpike data, since circumstantial evidence from traffic fatalities and drunk-driving tests have long suggested different driving behaviors among different racial groups. While racist cops undoubtedly do exist, and undoubtedly they are responsible for isolated instances of racial profiling, the evidence shows that systematic racial profiling by police does not exist.

The Bush administration, however desperate to earn racial sensitivity points, should realize that far more than politics is at stake in the poisonous anti–racial profiling agenda. It has strained police-community relations and made it more difficult for the police to protect law-abiding citizens in inner-city neighborhoods. The sooner the truth about policing gets out, the more lives will be saved, and the more communities will be allowed to flourish freed from the yoke of crime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mau-Mauing at Harvard

The fracas between Harvard's new president and its top Afro-American studies profs highlights black academia's fixation on victimhood and double standards.

John H. McWhorter

"Dignity is all a black person in America has," Harvard professor Cornel West solemnly told listeners during the kick-off episode of black pundit Tavis Smiley's new NPR radio show. Just then, West was feeling bereft of his dignity, after a much-publicized meeting with new Harvard president Lawrence Summers. West's new boss had questioned the worth of some of his celebrity prof's recent career moves—writing and editing several lightweight non-academic books, recording a rap CD, and assisting Al Sharpton on his presidential bid. Perhaps, Summers suggested, it might be time to get back to serious scholarly work.

West quickly ran to the press, complaining that Summers had "disrespected" and "dishonored" him, and threatening to bolt to Princeton, which had made a generous offer. West's high-powered Afro-American studies department colleagues Kwame Anthony Appiah, Henry Louis Gates, Jr., and William Julius Wilson immediately chimed in that if he went, they'd follow—Princeton having courted them, too. So far, Appiah is the only one of the four to leave, but the word is that West will go soon, despite Summers's public apology.

The dustup between Summers and Harvard's black superstars provoked a flurry of articles and op-eds earlier this year, but most of the coverage missed its true import. In how it played out, the controversy cast a cold light on how today's black academic experience—for students and teachers alike—remains faithful to two destructive orthodoxies: that for blacks, victimhood is a moral duty; and that, because of their history of oppression, blacks should get an exemption from the standards that apply to others. If Summers really intends to stand down these truly disrespectful and insulting notions, he's Doing the Right Thing.

Illustrations by Arnold Roth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To see what the Harvard imbroglio reveals about black intellectual life in 2002, take a close look at the substance of Summers's criticisms. What's clear is that West had no grounds to feel "dissed"—unless, that is, black professors shouldn't have to do, or can't be expected to do, what the university requires of its other scholars.

Consider Summers's advice that West do real academic work. Some West supporters, such as Harvard Medical School associate dean Alvin F. Poussaint, argued that the black prof had conclusively "established" his scholarly reputation. But while West has written several academic volumes in philosophy, it has been more than a decade since the last one appeared. His recent books have been edited anthologies, collections of pieces written for the press, and co-authored mass-market efforts. Serious universities expect scholars to produce a steady stream of substantial academic work. A compilation of mini-profiles of black Americans like West and Gates's recent *Our African-American Century*, researched by student assistants, doesn't meet this standard.

West's advocates retort that such books represent an alternative, engaged form of scholarship, and champion the author as both "brilliant" and "on the ground," as novelist Toni Morrison describes him. But to pretend that West's puff pieces and coffee-table books are real scholarship is not only disingenuous, it verges on reviving racist stereotypes. After all, no one would argue that Stephen Ambrose's pop histories qualify him as a leading academic historian. Why then do West's pop books make him a scholar? The implication is that, for blacks, motivational musings qualify as deep thought. Surely this isn't what West's patron saint, W. E. B. Du Bois, had in mind in elevating his ideal of an "activist-scholar."

Isn't it a good thing that West can reach a big audience? "I think universities would prefer that people were able to do high-level specialized scholarship while also speaking to a broader audience," Washington University's Gerald Early says in West's defense. "Very few people can do that." True enough. But many other academics switch-hit successfully between the scholarly and the popular. West's biologist colleague Stephen Jay Gould, for example, writes breezy scientific bestsellers and op-eds attacking scientific illiteracy, but he also continues his academic research on snails and has just produced a massive summa, *The Structure of Evolutionary Theory*, which few will be taking to the beach. Yet West feels insulted that Summers asked him to follow a similar career trajectory.

Not all academics are up to this kind of balancing act, of course. But West holds one of only 20 prestigious "university professor" appointments at Harvard—a high honor indeed. To assume that members of this elite group don't have to engage in serious academic debate if they're black is, well, racist.

Then there's the notorious rap CD, *Sketches of My Culture*. In itself, it's no big deal that West made the recording—not a high-decibel screed but a collection of homiletic appeals to black "consciousness" in free verse, set to rhythm tracks. The problem is that West seems to think that such endeavors are, as he implied in the NPR interview, a "more robust, wide-ranging inquiry" and a "visionary," "ennobling" alternative to old-fashioned scholarship—and he praised Princeton provost Amy Guttman for endorsing this view. However you square it, though, rap is not Heidegger, and to give West a pass on this is to come dangerously close to affirming the old canard that blacks are, above all, entertainers and can't really be serious thinkers. Summers was right to raise an eyebrow.

As for advising Sharpton in his presidential bid, West apparently sees nothing amiss in a university professor at Harvard lending support to a mendacious charlatan and racial demagogue, and he even implies that to question this action is a "silencing of dissidence." Yet isn't a scholar supposed to seek the truth? By hooking up with Rev. Al, West lends Harvard's imprimatur to the dangerous notion that blacks, because of their tragic past and imperfect present, shouldn't be constrained by the same moral strictures that apply to everybody else, including the responsibility to tell the truth. It's sadly fitting that Sharpton in turn jumped into the Harvard mess, threatening to sue Summers for jeopardizing his presidential chances by criticizing his prized academic consultant. Summers was correct here, too, in asking whether West might not find better uses for his talents.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The "disrespect" shown West wasn't the only thing troubling the professor and his colleagues in Afro-American studies about Summers. The new president also seemed insufficiently gung ho about "diversity"—i.e., racial preferences. And for most of today's black intellectuals, there can be only one legitimate stance on racial preferences: unqualified support, now and forever. Reportedly, a group of black professors met with Summers and asked him twice about his stance on affirmative action in recruiting black students and faculty. They found his answers "unclear."

What may first have raised the antennae of the university's black professors was Summers's inaugural address as Harvard's president. On the face of it, the talk included a ringing endorsement of racial equality. "A century ago this was an institution where New England gentlemen taught other New England gentlemen," Summers intoned. "Today, Harvard is open to men and women of all faiths, all races, all classes, all states, all nations. As a result we offer a better education to better students who make us a better university." Summers urged that the university offer full scholarships to all students who needed them, as opposed to the more selective current policy—a change that would help many black students.

But Summers committed a big no-no in the eyes of diversity fans: he strongly defended the ideal of educational excellence. "We will also need to assure that we do not compromise our high standards," Summers said. "Our goal will be to extend excellence without ever diluting it." According to the diversity paradigm, any such talk of standards and excellence is elitist—and thus anti-black. The tacit belief underlying the racial preferences regime is that blacks just can't compete, regardless of class or circumstances.

Some of the university's black stars began to grouse that Summers—and by extension Harvard University itself, since it appointed him—must have an animus against the entire Afro-American studies department. West got downright conspiratorial in his NPR interview, insinuating that Harvard's "old-boy network," acting through Summers, had decided to embarrass him and the department because it feared that "the Negroes are taking over."

Utter nonsense. Summers's meeting with West was one of many he scheduled with professors throughout the university, and pointed questions were common. He queried Richard Chait of the Graduate School of Education as to whether he thought his school was even necessary, and he asked the Kennedy School of Government what it offered that the law and business schools do not.

What's more, West's "old-boy network" was responsible, little more than a decade ago, for transforming Harvard's Afro-American studies program from a tiny operation, housed over a drugstore and with just a single tenured professor (who was white), into today's lavishly funded enterprise, which boasts a fat $40 million endowment and more than a dozen professors, some of them, like Gates and West, remunerated as well as any academics in the country. These days, the department's home is in Harvard's Barker Center, a magnificent building designed by Stanford White, located on the humanities quad. The folks worried about "Negroes taking over" moved the department into the fancy digs after spending $25 million on renovations. Harvard has showered this largesse on a department with a mere 26 undergraduate majors, out of a campus-wide total of 4,800 or so undergrads with majors. Summers did say he was going to be less free with the money than his predecessors Neil Rudenstine and Derek Bok (co-author of the most comprehensive brief for affirmative action ever written), but nobody is talking about putting the department on a diet.

Since the notion that Afro-American studies labors under a permanent racist threat is obviously absurd, what were West and his colleagues really up to in crying "disrespect" and threatening to quit? Simple: making Summers do the "I'm not a racist" shuffle not only serves to deflect criticism and ensure that there's no backtracking on racial preferences; it also scares the university into keeping up its generous level of support for Af-Am studies or even increasing it. And who knows, maybe it'll get Princeton officials to come up with an even better deal if they think we're really serious about quitting Harvard.

Because real racist bigotry is vanishingly rare on campuses, where the race police are out in almost

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

totalitarian force, black academics have become talented at manufacturing racist insult out of encounters innocent of racism. Nervous white administrators usually play along. When Yale president Richard Levin recently joshed at a dinner honoring Gates that he was jealous of Harvard's Afro-American studies department, Hazel Carby, chair of Yale's Afro-American studies program, resigned, saying that she felt—you guessed it—"disrespected." One week later, she was back on board, with Yale in the meantime elevating her program to full department status. At Berkeley, where I teach, African-American studies department chair Percy Hintzen has repeatedly claimed a racist "lack of support" from university officials for, among other things, "allowing" two of his professors to transfer to other departments. As one of those professors (I once had a half-time appointment), I find the idea laughable that my disenchantment with the African-American studies department was a moral lapse that my administration bosses should have prevented. But Hintzen's racial grandstanding over the years has resulted in his department getting a graduate program, despite low undergraduate enrollments and long-standing indications of a lack of scholarly gravitas.

"According to the diversity paradigm, any talk of standards and excellence is elitist—and thus anti-black."

The campus race game has largely prevented any sustained investigation into what—if anything—Afro-American studies programs actually accomplish academically. The assumption in the mainstream press during the West-Summers contretemps was that the intellectual quality of Harvard's Afro-American studies was unassailable.

Unfortunately, that's far from true. Survey the department's undergraduate curriculum, and you find that most of the courses express the pernicious belief that victimhood defines what it means to be African-American—that to be black in America has always been a story of betrayal, disappointment, passivity, and tragedy, and that when things seem to be improving, it's only an illusion.

It's not that students receive an unalloyed diet of anti-establishment rage; some of the course offerings are worthy. Werner Sollors, for example, is currently teaching a subtle course on biracialism, a useful topic in a society where blacks and whites intermarry in increasing numbers. Ingrid Monson's lectures on jazz illuminate one of blacks' most complex and vibrant contributions to American culture—and happily, she's not taking the line that whites' adoption of jazz was cultural theft. Susan O'Donovan's "African Americans in the Civil War Era" keys in on blacks' contributions to abolitionism and their self-help efforts at the time.

Even Gates and West have offered sensible courses in recent years. Gates's overview of black literature is entirely sober, with no evident bias toward "protest" literature. And West's "Introduction to African-American Studies" straightforwardly presents the best that has been thought and written by black Americans through the centuries—Du Bois, Paula Giddings's magisterial survey of black women in history *When and Where I Enter*, Ellison, Baldwin, William Julius Wilson's *The Declining Significance of Race*, and so on.

But if some of the department's courses are fine, most of them are victimology in its Sunday best; some even verge on fantasy. Tommie Shelby's "Marxist Theories of Racism" unpacks "the role of capitalist development and expansion in perpetuating racial inequality" and boasts a reading list that can serve as a primer on how to rage (articulately) against the machine: *Caste, Class, and Race; Sexism, Power and Ideology*; and, simply, *Racism*. Lawrence Bobo's "Race, Segregation and Inequality" obsesses over racial inequality, too. Bobo teaches his students that African Americans' problems are permanent, short of a revolutionary rending of the national fabric. Other courses mine the history of cinema, language, and hip-hop music, mainly to stoke eternal indignation at the Man. Note that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hip-hop survey has 74 students, while O'Donovan's abolitionism course has just two.

One course—Karen McCarthy Brown's "Haiti and Haitian Vodou"—descends into the fantastic. You might think that a Harvard class on Haitian voodoo would simply instruct students about a common cultural trait of African-descended peoples, but McCarthy Brown recruits the topic to counsel blacks to reject Western Enlightenment rationalism as corrupt and to embrace voodoo spirits as real. "What is known," the course syllabus reads, "is that the Vodou spirits have been active in Haitian politics" and, it goes on to say, "have even been sighted in cyberspace."

Notably missing from any of this spring's 13 departmental offerings is a single text by a black conservative. Thomas Sowell has written important academic books and countless substantial essays on race over the past three decades, and Shelby Steele's work is unquestionably weighty enough to merit the attention of young black minds, but Harvard's Afro-American studies program ignores such thinkers, as if the invalidity of their ideas were self-evident (under a paradigm that assumes that indignation against the Man is the only legitimate way to be black, it probably is). Voodoo god Legba, yes; Sowell, no.

The fixation on victimhood evident throughout the Afro-American studies program contrasts markedly with what goes at Harvard's Center for Jewish Studies. No one can deny that Jews have suffered merciless oppression during their history. Yet one searches the offerings of the Center for Jewish Studies in vain for any emphasis on victimhood as a permanent condition. This difference is not accidental. Jews in America have long had an orientation toward their history that stresses the positive, even in the greatest suffering, and that highlights strength, not fragility.

Such an approach characterized African-American culture too until the 1960s, when black leaders and thinkers got caught in the groundswell of anti-establishment ideology and, bruised by centuries of degradation, drank in the new message. The result was the illusion that to claim injury, even to seek it where few would find it, represents wisdom and strength.

A group for whom permanent grievance has come to be a defining trait naturally feels any criticism to be wounding. That's why someone like West, whom Harvard is rumored to pay over $300,000 a year, can feel stripped of dignity by Summers's entirely reasonable advice. That's why his colleagues threaten to quit when a new president doesn't play the race game in exactly the accustomed way. And that's why West is still considering leaving for Princeton even though Summers (wrongly) apologized: to engage in constructive reconciliation would be to stray from the scripted indignation.

"A group for whom permanent grievance has come to be a defining trait feels any criticism to be wounding."

Nothing better illustrates this mindset of perpetual grievance than the fact that, according to Harvard law professor Charles Ogletree, West's spokesperson during the controversy, West is indeed working on three academic books. Why didn't he tell Summers? Why didn't he mention this to the papers he talked to or in his interview with "Brother" Tavis? Clearly, he felt that airing his sense of insult at Summers's responsible managerial prodding was a more urgent message to get out than announcing that he was already doing what the new president was asking of him. Playing victim trumped all. Du Bois must be turning in his grave.

"I weep for Harvard," West told Smiley. But in truth, we could only weep for a Harvard that subjected other departments to serious supervision while condescendingly accepting that, for black academics alone, "taking it to the streets" is serious thought. Harvard's "old-boy network" deserves kudos for installing a president who operates on the assumption that black students and faculty are capable of competing on the same level as everyone else. The person exempted from serious evaluation, after all, is someone considered incapable of significant achievement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Forgotten Founding Father

Richard Brookhiser

Gouverneur Morris, author of the Constitution and the most famous forgotten man in New York, is buried on a remnant of the 1,900-acre estate his family once owned in what is now the South Bronx. When the Number Six train stops at Brook Avenue and 138th Street, it leaves you on a poor but bustling main drag, dotted with fast-food restaurants and cheap clothing and furniture stores. If you walk a block east and three blocks north, you come to St. Ann's, an old Episcopal church, built by Gouverneur Morris II in 1841 in honor of his mother. In the yard behind a fence stands a tablet erected by the State of New York in honor of Gouverneur Morris, listing his dates (1752–1816) and his accomplishments: his hand in two constitutions (New York's and the United States's), George Washington's minister to France, projector of the Erie Canal. Before I visited, I had called the rector to tell her that I was a biographer, and she kindly showed me the stained glass, the list on the sanctuary wall of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Morrises, and Gouverneur's mausoleum, whose half-sunken entrance is sheltered by a huge elm, the shape of a golf umbrella. There is nothing else to see.

The congregation, like the neighborhood, is almost entirely Hispanic, and I cannot imagine that they give much thought to the father of their church's founder. In this they are not alone. Only the most comprehensive guides to the city mention Morris's grave. Morris himself has been the subject of only nine books (two of them in French). Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, probably gets nine books written about him every five years. Amazingly, there are now three biographies of Morris in the works, including one by me, so his ship may be coming in at last. But for almost 200 years, he has been off the map of our minds.

One small but important barrier to appreciation is surely his first name, which was his mother's maiden name. Those exotic u's give no clue to their pronunciation. If we attempt French vowels, we sound clumsy or pretentious. If we Americanize the name, people will ask what state he was governor of. Abigail Adams, who spelled phonetically, wrote him down as "Governeer." That will have to do for an answer—it is the best clue we are likely to find.

Another barrier to Morris's reputation is the curse of New York. If the author of the Constitution had been born in Boston or Virginia, his grave would be on walking tours and heritage trails. There would be a statue by Houdon, and docents in ruffled shirts and mobcaps. New York, which produced great Founding Fathers—Alexander Hamilton and John Jay, along with Morris—counts its daily returns and moves on.

Yet there is a deeper reason for Morris's obscurity. He does not fit the template of what we think a Founding Father should be.

Morris was a funny man. The Founders mostly were not, and we would not wish them to have been otherwise, for they had serious work to do. Franklin could be funny when he chose to be, and John Adams was funny when he couldn't help it, usually when he was enumerating the vices of some enemy. But Washington leading his troops, Jefferson and Madison contemplating their theories, and Hamilton balancing the books were all earnest men, not to be distracted from their duties.

A good joke always distracted Morris. The one story about him that everyone knows is about a humorous bet. At the Constitutional Convention, Alexander Hamilton, a fellow delegate, offered to buy Morris dinner if he would go up to George Washington, president of the Convention, hero of the Revolution, and father of his country, slap him on the shoulder, and say, "My dear General, I am glad to see you looking so well." Morris slapped his slap and won his dinner, but said afterward that the look Washington gave him had been the worst moment of his life. The story is probably not true—when it first appears, years after the fact, it is already in two versions, one of them not set at the Convention. There is yet a third version, in which

New York native Gouverneur Morris liked a joke but understood human suffering.

THE FRANCES COLLECTION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Morris slaps the back of Baron von Steuben. Like many an apocryphal tale involving Churchill or Lincoln, this is a play in search of characters. The story does, however, tell a truth about Morris—he is cast as the backslapper because his contemporaries expected impudence and a light heart from him. For years the sober-minded called him "fickle" and "inconstant," while those who were bored or oppressed with overwork appreciated his good humor. "Mr. Morris," wrote one Philadelphia belle, "kept us in a perpetual smile."

Another way in which Morris stands out from his peers is not evident to us, though it was to him, and that is his background—all those forefathers listed on the wall of St. Ann's. Most of the Founders were men of wealth or at least middling means. Several of them had been involved in colonial politics before the imperial system began showing its pre-revolutionary strains in the mid-1760s. But Morrises had belonged to the governing elite of three colonies. Gouverneur's grandfather, Lewis Morris, was the leader of one of the two factions that divided the New York colonial assembly between them (broadly speaking, the lineup pitted merchants and Anglicans vs. landowners and other Protestants). In this role, Grandfather Morris tormented colonial governors of New York so successfully that London had to buy him off by making him governor of New Jersey. Gouverneur's uncle, Robert Hunter Morris, became governor of Pennsylvania. When he took his job he asked a leading politician, Benjamin Franklin, how he would get along with the colony's legislators. Franklin told him he would get along well, so long as he did not quarrel with them. "You know I love disputing," the new governor answered. "It is one of my great pleasures." For Gouverneur Morris, power lacked the charm of unfamiliarity. It was something he could always take or leave, because his family had taken so much of it.

A third distinguishing characteristic of Gouverneur Morris can only be called affliction. Morris was handsome, intelligent, rich, and successful. But he also lived through more than his share of troubles, two of them especially painful and disfiguring. When he was home from school at age 14, he upset a kettle of boiling water on his right side, burning his arm so badly that the doctor feared gangrene. The arm was saved, but one man who saw it, or heard of it, described the limb as "fleshless."

As if to emphasize some point about the frailty of the flesh, fate next deprived Morris of a leg. When he was 28 years old, he was mounting a carriage in haste when the horses started up. His left foot was caught in the spokes of the wheel, and the ankle was mangled. The doctors who attended him—his own was out of town—removed the leg below the knee. When his own doctor returned, he opined that the leg could have been saved.

Morris never complained, except when he occasionally slipped on muddy cobblestones. His injuries never slowed him down—he danced, rode, and sailed all his life, and pursued other sports to which we shall turn—and his arm at least could be concealed. But every day when he looked at himself, he saw what he lacked. The Founders who fought in the Revolution saw death and destruction, but that is what soldiers expect. Franklin and Hamilton rose from poverty, and Hamilton from shame, but they could imagine that they had put it all behind them. Morris bore the inescapable mark of two heavy blows. Perhaps as a result, he believed even less than his realistic colleagues that all problems could be fixed by human ingenuity.

He was certainly unusually sympathetic to fellow sufferers. In the stress of the American Revolution, one of Morris's friends, by no means a die-hard Tory but unwilling to become an active rebel, felt obliged to move to England. "I would to God," Morris wrote him, "that every tear could be wiped from every eye. But so long as there are men, so long it will and must happen that they will minister to the miseries of each other. . . . It is your misfortune to be one out of the many who have suffered. In your philosophy, in yourself, in the consciousness of acting as you think right, you are to seek consolation." To his aged mother, at a time when public business kept them apart, he offered a measure of grave hope. "There is enough of sorrow in this world, without looking into futurity for it. Hope the best. If it happens, well; if not, it will then be time enough to be afflicted, and at any

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rate the intermediate space will be well filled."

When the Constitutional Convention met in 1787, Morris had been living in Philadelphia, first as a congressman and assistant superintendent of finance, then as a lawyer and businessman, for nine years; he was chosen to serve as a delegate from Pennsylvania rather than his native New York. He had not sought the appointment, which took him by surprise, but he threw himself into the Convention's work, giving more speeches than any other delegate, even though he missed a month of meetings, and serving on the Committee of Style, which gave him the job of putting all the resolutions into words. Unlike Jefferson when he wrote the Declaration, Morris mostly worked up preexisting material, though he did it very well. "The finish given to the style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belongs to the pen of Mr. Morris," said James Madison. "A better choice could not have been made." The preamble, however, was altogether Morris's own. The draft supplied by the Committee of Detail simply began: "We the people of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts . . . " and so on, through Georgia. Morris transformed this into a little essay on the ends of government, whose authority he derived from "the people of the United States," as citizens of the whole, not of its parts.

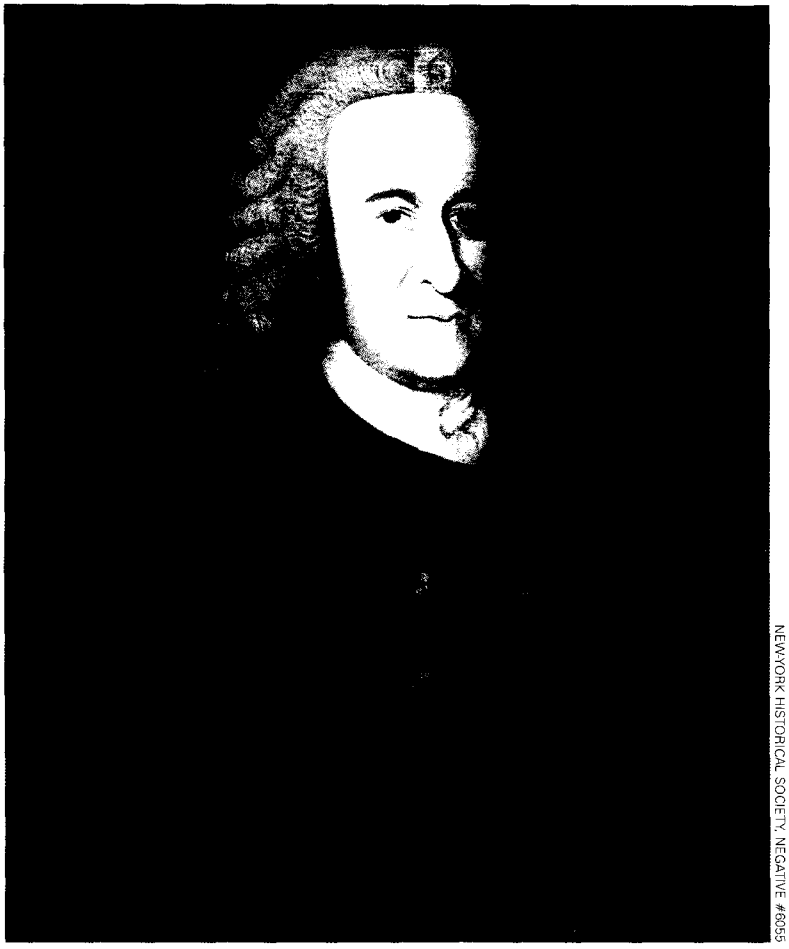
His first experience of constitution writing had come in 1777, when he was a member of the New York Provincial Congress that had the task of writing the state's first post-independence constitution in Kingston, New York. (The Provincial Congress had fled New York City, White Plains, and Fishkill steps ahead of British armies and would flee Kingston for the tiny villages of Marble Town and Hurley.) At 25, Morris was one of the youngest members, but he and his good friends John Jay and Robert Livingston took leading roles in the deliberations.

At neither the state nor the national convention—nor at any time in his career—was Morris a democrat. His first political letter, written when he was 22, described a turbulent New York City meeting in 1774 to discuss British iniquities. Young Morris, observing the scene from a balcony, wrote this haughty description. "The mob being to think and reason. Poor reptiles! It is with them a vernal morning, they are struggling to cast off their winter's slough, they bask in the sunshine, and ere noon they will bite." He never changed these views. In Kingston in 1777, he moved to raise the property qualifications for voting in Assembly elections to £20, or about $780. In Philadelphia in 1787, he argued that the few and the many were inevitable rivals, and that each be given a house of the legislature to dominate, to prevent their contentions from rending the state.

In Philadelphia, Morris gave his anti-reptilian politics an additional twist, arguing that enfranchising the poor would empower the rich. "Give the votes to people who have no property, and they will sell them to the rich who will be able to buy them." Anyone who would dismiss this argument out of hand should be required to explain what the endless battles over campaign finance reform are about, if not the fear that rich contributors will buy lawmakers. And how do they buy them? Seldom by outright bribery: generally by footing the bills for their campaigns—campaigns that have swollen in cost in the effort to woo the mass of often indifferent voters. Today reformers attack the demand side, proposing to restrict spending. Morris looked at the supply side and proposed to restrict voting. But it is the same problem.

Though he doubted the efficacy of the franchise, Morris was a dogged defender of rights. Even though the Morris family had owned slaves for generations, Morris unsuccessfully moved that the New York constitution condemn slavery and he gave a blazing anti-slavery speech at the Constitutional Convention, attacking his home state, among others. "Travel through the whole continent and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of slavery. The moment you leave the eastern states [New England] and enter New York, the effects of the institution become visible; passing through the Jerseys and entering Pennsylvania [which forbade slavery] every criterion of superior improvement witnesses the change. Proceed southwardly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, NEGATIVE #6055

Morris's aristocratic forebears included Lewis Morris, Jr., his father . . .

and every step you take through the great region of slaves presents a desert increasing with the increasing proportion of these wretched beings."

Morris was ahead of his time in these views. He had more luck in Kingston defending the rights of Roman Catholics. John Jay's grandfather had been a Huguenot refugee from the anti-Protestant persecutions of Louis XIV, and Jay vowed to "erect a wall of brass" against Catholicism in New York, tirelessly advancing restrictive measures. Morris just as tirelessly shot them down, not out of sympathy for Catholicism—when he lived among European Catholics in the 1790s, he found the clergy corrupt and the laity superstitious and stupid—but out of a conviction that men should be allowed to believe what they would. "[M]atters of conscience and faith, whether political or religious, are as much out of the province, as they are beyond the ken of human legislatures."

Morris defended rights because he believed his social position obliged him to. In 1775, James Rivington, a Loyalist printer in New York City, drew the hostile attention of the Sons of Liberty, who sicced both the law and the mob on him. Morris intervened with powerful friends on Rivington's behalf, ending one letter with this credo: "I plead the cause of humanity to a gentleman." Here the Enlightenment and the class system both speak at their best. As a political thinker, Morris believed that humanity had rights; as the descendant of governors, he believed that a gentleman should defend the rights of others, even of those whom in other contexts he called "reptiles."

The Rivington episode highlights a truth about the American Revolution that we have forgotten, but that the participants knew well—that both the war and the politics had their dark side. Morris knew it better than many revolutionaries, since New York, thanks to multiple British invasions and a divided populace, had the bitterest wartime experience of any northern state. In October 1777, the British burned Kingston, then New York's third-largest town, for no military reason except to terrorize a place where the state legislature had sat. Morris and his fellow lawmakers escaped a few days ahead of the British force, and Morris wrote a letter describing the local Dutch families weeping as they loaded their possessions on wagons. Morris's own family was politically split: one elder half-brother signed the Declaration of Independence; an-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other was a general in the British army. Morris's mother was a Loyalist throughout the war; two of his sisters married Loyalists; a third sister married a patriot, but her father-in-law turned Loyalist. Morris kept in touch with his family members on the other side throughout the Revolution, even though his political enemies, who included a crazy brother of John Jay, questioned his loyalty for doing so.

For all the destruction of war and the pain of divided loyalty, Morris never doubted the justice of the American cause or its eventual triumph. In the darkest days of the Valley Forge winter, he wrote Robert Livingston: "This is the seed time of glory as of freedom."

Morris saw revolutionary politics at its worst when he lived in Paris from March 1789 to October 1794. He first went to Paris as a businessman, and in 1791, Washington appointed him minister to succeed Thomas Jefferson. Morris kept a detailed diary, which French and American historians have quarried ever since portions of it were first published in 1832.

Morris knew the liberal aristocrats who led the Revolution in its early phase, some of whom, like the Marquis de Lafayette, he had met when they served in the American Revolution. He found them intelligent, well-read about politics, and pleasant company. But he never thought that they had the slightest chance of successfully reforming, or even running, the state. His savage estimate of Lafayette—"there is no

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART/CENTAL PHOTO ARCHIVE

. . . and his grandfather, New Jersey governor Lewis Morris.

drawing the sound of a trumpet from a whistle"—is typical.

The French Revolution would fail, Morris believed, because the French elites lacked political experience. Versailles had sucked all initiative to itself, and there were no tried and tested Frenchmen—no Morrises—to rule in its stead. Ten days before the fall of the Bastille, he wrote an American friend that "our American example has done [the French good]; but like all novelties, liberty runs away with their discretion, if they have any. They want an American constitution . . . without reflecting that they have not American citizens to support that constitution." Morris predicted the revolution would end in despotism, either through a royalist reaction or revolutionary tyranny. In time, France would get both.

The first taste in Morris's diary of what is to come occurs on July 22, 1789. After a day of business, Morris has dinner and coffee at his club. "After dinner

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walk a little under the arcade of the Palais Royal waiting for my carriage. In this period the head and body of M. de Foulon [an unpopular government minister] are introduced in triumph. The head on a pike, the body dragged naked on the earth. Afterwards this horrible exhibition is carried through the different streets. . . . Gracious God what a People!" The next entry goes back to business, as normality seemingly returns. But the horrible outbreaks recur, more and more rapidly, until they are the norm. By December 1793, Morris is writing: "Some days ago a man applied to the [government] for damages done to his quarry. . . . The damage done to him was by the number of dead bodies thrown into his pit and which choked it up so that he could not get men to work at it." Morris's diary is like the Berlin novels of Christopher Isherwood, on a higher social plane, but with the same sense of descending into a political and social whirlpool.

Like Isherwood's novels, Morris's diary is also full of sex. Morris's father had been 54 when Morris was born, and the age gap must have imprinted him, for he would not marry until he was 57. Until then, he pursued a series of love affairs. His friends Livingston and Jay teased him about his frequent "oblations to Venus," and Jay even wrote, after he lost his leg, that it might have been better if he had lost "something else." Morris was tall and handsome, which helped him cut a swath; in a perverse way, the peg leg apparently helped too. But the real key to his success with women was that he liked them, and he listened to them. (When I told a male friend this, he urged me not to reveal it, lest such behavior set the bar too high.) Morris's preferred lovers were married women with dull or vicious husbands. One of his American conquests, Sarah Apthorp Morton, was a wealthy poet and novelist, painted by Gilbert Stuart. Her life was not unclouded, however, for in 1788 her husband, Perez Morton, had seduced her sister, Frances, who then killed herself. Fifteen years later, Morris heard all this from Mrs. Morton as he was seducing her. Morris describes one dinner *à trois* with his lover and her brutish husband: "Monsieur was cordial all things considered."

Morris's mistress, the Comtesse de Flahaut, wanted him to marry her and take her back to America. The father of her child was reportedly another lover, Talleyrand, not her husband, the count.

But his most thoroughly documented affair is his relationship with another novelist, Adélaide de Flahaut. Her husband was a count, 30 years older than she. He held a no-show royal job, whose perks included two apartments in the Louvre, one for him and one for Adélaide and her many visitors.

Adélaide's lover when Morris first met her, and the father of her child, was Talleyrand, at that point in his career the bishop of Autun and a novice politician. Morris freely gave his rival political and constitutional advice, which caused Adélaide to say, "*Enfin, mon Ami, vous et moi nous gouvernerons la France*" (Well, my friend, you and I will govern France). "The kingdom is actually in much worse hands," he noted dryly in his diary.

Adélaide told Morris she wanted to leave her husband, marry him, and move to America. Morris refused, and also refused to see her only as a friend. So they kept snatching intimate moments—in her apartment, in the halls of the Louvre, in carriages, and in the convent where Adélaide's old governess lived.

The count was finally guillotined (he nobly turned himself in when the revolutionaries made a hostage of his lawyer). Adélaide fled the country, and Morris, the only diplomat to stay in Paris through the Terror, was asked to leave after the United States demanded the recall of the bumptious Citizen Genêt, the French diplomat who insulted George Washington and meddled in American politics. Morris never took his lover to America, and she finally married a Portuguese diplomat, who treated her well.

The reason for studying this affair, apart from its novelistic and prurient interest, is that sexual politics intersected with actual politics in the early stages of the French Revolution. The Revolution was an uprising of manly virtue against a corrupt and effeminate old regime, its court dominated by royal mistresses. Even the liberal wing of the aristocracy took its tone from the salons of bluestockings. The power and prominence of

BIBLIOTÈQUE NATIONALE PARIS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

women seemed part and parcel of a decadent system. Rousseau had set the misogynistic tone in his *Letter to D'Alembert*. "Follow the hints of Nature, consult the good of society, and we will find that the two sexes must meet occasionally, but live apart." The chief victim of such talk would be Marie Antoinette, who became the subject of a flood of revolutionary pornography, in which the kindest epithet bestowed on her was "*L'Autrichienne*," or the Austrian bitch (she was by birth a Hapsburg). This political gynophobia culminated in her trial in 1793, when she and her sister were accused—fantastically—of molesting her son.

Morris thought little enough of Louis XVI and his queen as political actors, but this campaign of vilification revolted him. As early as May 1789, at the opening of the Estates-General, he wrote of the first signs of public disrespect that "I cannot help feeling the mortification which the poor Queen meets with for I see only the woman and it seems unmanly to break a woman with unkindness." Two and a half years later, when things are very far gone, Morris sees her at another public function. This time, like the hero of a Hitchcock movie, caught in an indifferent crowd, he tries to show her sympathy and support. "I sit directly over her head and somebody I suppose tells her so, for she looks up at me. . . . My air, if I can know it myself, was that of calm benevolence with a little sensibility." In his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, Edmund Burke, no stranger to sensibility, noted that the revolutionaries regarded Marie Antoinette as a mere woman—and thus an animal "and an animal not of the highest order." For Morris, women were valued equals, and in the awful atmosphere of revolutionary Paris, his erotic life, however chaotic, made a political statement.

Morris stayed in Europe until 1799, earning the money that would enable him to buy the Morris estate from his half-brothers. He returned to the United States in time to witness the demise of the Federalists, his political party. When Jefferson and the victorious Republicans attacked the judiciary, the last Federalist bastion, by cutting down the number of federal judges and impeaching a Federalist justice of the Supreme Court, Morris became alarmed. When they launched the War of 1812, he despaired. He felt contempt for President Madison, whom he called a sexless drunkard; he thought the war was immoral and unwinnable, and when die-hard Federalists in New England began to plot secession, he cheered them on. The man who wrote the Constitution judged it to be a failure and was willing to scrap it—the one great error of his career.

Counterbalancing this misjudgment, however, were two autumnal achievements. Morris was an early and zealous advocate for the Erie Canal. He served as a commissioner and explored possible routes himself, trekking through the swamps of western New York. Lewis and Clark went farther and saw more, but DeWitt Clinton, Morris, and the other projectors of the Erie Canal, accomplished more, and their handiwork, by linking heartland farmers, East Coast merchants, and foreign markets, gave economic reality to the union whose political arrangements Morris had despaired of.

On Christmas Day 1809, Morris hosted a dinner party, which he described in his diary. "I marry this day Anne Cary Randolph, no small surprise to my guests." Well might they have been surprised, since Nancy Randolph was 22 years younger than her new husband, and his housekeeper.

Her story was as interesting as his. As a Randolph, Nancy belonged to a first family of Virginia. But in 1793, when she was 19, she was rumored to have conceived a child by Richard Randolph, her cousin and brother-in-law, and then to have killed it the night it was born. She claimed that the father was yet another Randolph, who had (conveniently?) died, and that her baby was stillborn. When Richard was indicted for the affair, he hired the first and greatest Dream Team—Patrick Henry and John Marshall. He was acquitted; but, the double standard being what it was, Nancy lived under a cloud until her relations, tiring of her, banished her from the Dominion State. She found her way to New York, where she taught school, until Morris hired her and wooed her. The late marriage enraged his nieces

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and nephews, who had hoped to be his heirs. One was unwise enough to tell him so by letter. His answer was pure Morris. "If the world were to live with my wife, I should certainly have consulted its taste." Nancy and Gouverneur had a devoted marriage and one son; she survived him by 21 years.

In the last year of his life, Morris corrected even his great political mistake. The Battle of New Orleans ended both the War of 1812 and the secessionist movement, and Morris advised his fellow Federalists not even to contest the election of 1816. "If our country be delivered, what does it signify whether those who [save it] wear a federal or a democratic cloak?"

Morris died in November 1816, in the same room in which he had been born. The house is long gone, as is the estate, except for the son's church. If Morris could come back and see the little that remains of his patrimony and his reputation, I think he would be less disturbed by the prospect than any other Founder. He had enjoyed his life; let the strangers on 138th Street enjoy theirs.

Morris, as a champion of religious freedom at the New York Constitutional Convention, and as author of the preamble of the American Constitution, was an important Founding Father, but he was also something less important but still necessary—a gentleman. The Founders can show us how to live as citizens. Morris can show us how to live our daily lives—how to enjoy its blessings and bear its hurts with good spirit and humanity.

SCOTTISH CASTLES & MANSIONS

www.LHHScotland.com

Tel: 011 44 1381 610496

Large Holiday Houses, Poyntzfield House, Dingwall IV7 8LX, Highlands, Scotland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Americanization of Irving Berlin

Stefan Kanfer

It is supremely fitting that "God Bless America"—that stirring hymn to patriotism—has become our unofficial anthem in the aftermath of September 11, since the life of the legendary New York songsmith who penned it, Irving Berlin, born one Israel Baline in 1888 in distant Siberia, epitomizes everything about America's indomitable civilization that our terrorist enemies despise: its openness to striving and talent, its freedom, its inexhaustible optimism and creativity.

Baline's amazing American success story began when he stepped onto Ellis Island in 1893, on his way to Gotham's teeming Lower East Side, "the eyesore of New York and perhaps the filthiest place on the continent," according to the *New York Times* of the era. However dirty and poor, this Jewish ghetto was incubating an American renaissance that would produce legislators, merchants, professionals of all stripes—and Irving Berlin. Berlin's family was too poor to provide piano lessons, let alone a piano; Berlin would remain musically illiterate. His father, Moses, a cantor, gave him a love of melody and a quick wit, but that was about all he could afford. To supplement the family's meager income, Israel, more fluent in English than his parents and five older siblings, haggled with a nearby junk shop. "I used to go there selling bits and pieces of an old samovar that my mother had brought from Russia and kept under the bed," he once recalled. "I'd get five and ten cents for the pieces and kept selling them until the entire samovar disappeared."

Berlin understood the value of hard-earned money from early on. Hawking papers on a downtown pier in 1901, a 13-year-old Israel had just sold his fifth copy of the *New York Evening Journal* when a loading crane swung into his path, knocking him into the East River. Fished out just in time, he was given artificial respiration and packed off to Gouverneur Hospital for further ministrations. An hour later, as the young newsie slept, a nurse pried open his clenched hand. In it: five copper coins. He remained tightfisted for the rest of his 101 years.

Shortly after Israel was bar mitzvahed, Moses died, and the following year young Izzy left home and school to try his luck at street singing. Sans education, but brimming with aspiration and besotted with the street sounds and street language of the town he would never leave for long, the teenage Berlin plied his trade along the Bowery and the Lower East Side. He soon got a regular gig at the roughhouse Pelham Café, doing ribald parodies of popular hits. The salary was meager, sure, but the café provided a piano and a place to hang out. He taught himself to play a bit by ear, amused the rowdy crowds, and picked up small change. A colleague, Jubal Sweet, remembered the young Berlin "moving around easy, singing all the time, every time a nickel would drop, he'd put his toe on it and kick it or nurse it to a certain spot. When he was done, he'd have all the jack in a pile, see?"

As the pile grew, Izzy kept his eye open for the main chance. It came in 1907, when a song in an Italian dialect, "My Mariucci Take a Steam Boat," swept through the saloons. Collaborating with a melodist, Izzy wrote the lyrics for "Marie from Sunny Italy," to be performed with the same Neapolitan intonation:

Please come out tonight my queen
Can't you hear my mandolin?

The riffraff made "Marie" a hit. Spurred by its success, Izzy Baline changed his name to Irving Berlin and began to write more songs—lots more. After all, if one ditty could earn a few coins, perhaps a hundred would make him rich. Berlin set to work, 18 hours a day, seven days a week.

Right from the start, he shattered conventions. By contrast with the popular songs of his time, which used stilted language and wooden, overly refined images, Berlin resolved instead to use the rude wit and terse phrases of everyday speech. "Three-fourths of the quality which brings success to popular songs is phrasing," he later noted. "I make a study of it—ease, naturalness, every-day-

In uniform (during World War I) or out, Irving Berlin made patriotism his credo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urbanities

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROWN BROTHERS

Berlin wrote the title song for the best of the Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers classics.

ness—and it's my first consideration when I start on lyrics."

One early effort perfectly encapsulates Berlin's marvelously creative economy with words. Berlin took off from an actor's offhand remark that he was free for the evening because "my wife's in the country." "Now, the usual and unsuccessful way of handling a line like that," Berlin said, "is to dash off a jumble of verses about the henpecked husband, all leading up to a chorus running, we'll say, something like this:

My wife's gone to the country,
She went away last night.
Oh, I'm so glad! I'm so glad!
I'm crazy with delight!"

Needlessly wordy and flat, thought Berlin. "All night I sweated to find what I knew was there, and I finally speared the lone word, just a single word, that made the song—and a fortune. Listen:

My wife's gone to the country!
Hooray!

"*Hooray*! That word gave the whole idea of the song in one quick wallop," enthused Berlin. "It gave the singer a chance to hoot with sheer joy. It invited the roomful to join in the hilarious shout." He concludes: "And I wasn't content until I had used my good thing to the limit. 'She took the children with her—Hooray! *Hooray*!' "

Berlin's early lyrics—now increasingly wrapped in melodies of his own invention—depicted the world of immigrant New York that he knew well, especially that of the avidly assimilating Jews. "Sadie Salome" concerns a young lady who takes to the stage, much to the consternation of her sweetheart, Moses:

Don't do that dance, I tell you, Sadie,
That's not a business for a lady!
Most everybody knows
That I'm your loving Mose
Oy, oy, oy, oy
Where is your clothes?

"Business Is Business" explored the humorous crossroads where avarice and amour meet:

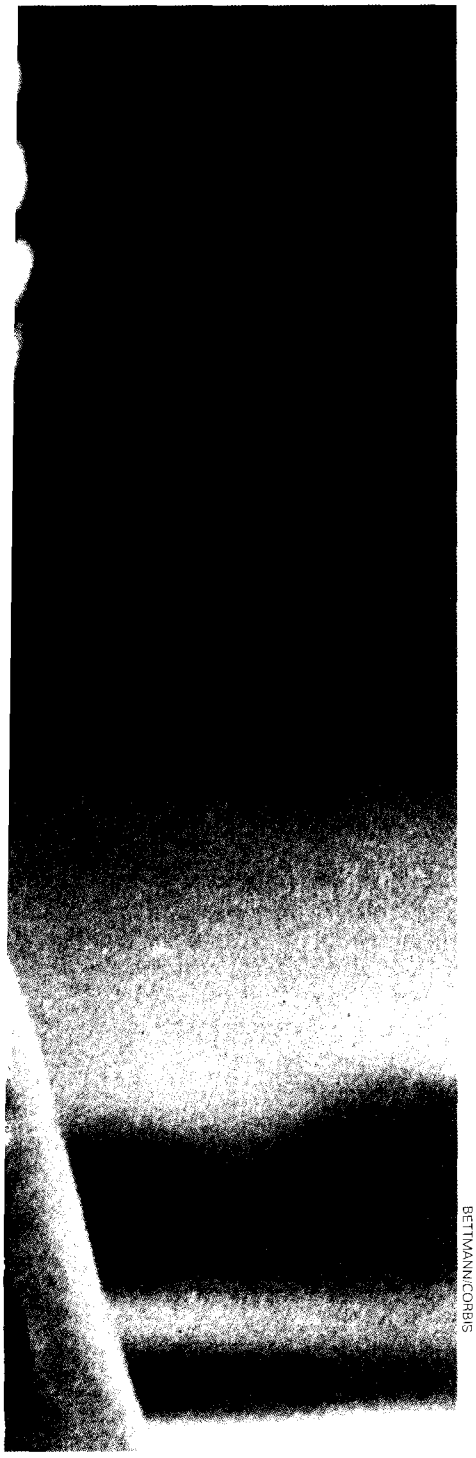
Business is business, Miss Rosie Cohen,
I've got to pay for everything I own
Seven suits of clothes your father took from my store,
All he says is "Charge it to my future son-in-law."
Tell your expensive father C.O.D.
Don't mean "Come On Down" to my store, for
Ev'ry little dollar carries int'rest of its own,
Bus'ness is business, Rosie Cohen!

Years later, Berlin's contemporary Groucho Marx would sing these ethnic Jewish songs at parties, to the songwriter's excruciating embarrassment. "Every time I see him," Berlin grumbled, "I stick my hand in my pocket and ask him, 'How much if you don't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urbanities

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BETTMANN/CORBIS

Berlin singing "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," a sentiment his 101 years of accomplishment refute.

sing it?' " It wasn't just his co-religionists whom Berlin sent up, however. The Bard of the Bowery was an equal-opportunity gadfly. For his Teutonic neighbors, he wrote "Oh, How That German Could Love." For the Irish, there was "Molly-O!" For blacks, "Colored Romeo."

Not content with ethnic humor, Berlin began writing about sexual shenanigans too. Amused by the bawdy tales that young showgirls told their friends, he made this bold inquiry:

How do you do it, Mabel
On twenty dollars a week?
Tell us how you are able,
On twenty dollars a week,
A fancy flat and a diamond bar,
Twenty hats and a motorcar;
Go right to it,
But how do you do it,
On twenty dollars a week?

ad Berlin just stuck with ethnic jokes and sexual satire, he undoubtedly would have won big profits and a bright, if short-lived, reputation, like so many Tin Pan Alley writers of the time. But there was always something more ambitious about him. Where other songsmiths were personally flamboyant, he was fastidious, carefully barbered, turned out in the best suits he could afford. Where the others chased secretaries around desks, he dated women with politesse. Where the others were content with hackwork that the public gobbled up like peanuts, he wanted to serve up more substantial fare.

Berlin's higher aspirations made him alert to changes in the cultural atmosphere—like jazz. His composition "Alexander's Ragtime Band" wasn't really a rag, rather a song *about* rag, but that was good enough for sheet-music buyers, who made it their Number One choice in the U.S. and abroad in 1911. To his astonishment, Irving Berlin became a brand name on both sides of the Atlantic. The song has remained popular until today, with a time out during the Vietnam War. For sixties protesters, one couplet crystallized all that was wrong with Amerika:

They can play a bugle call like
you never heard before
So natural that you want to go
to war. . . .

n 1912, fresh from his "Alexander" success, Berlin experienced both great happiness and profound loss. He married Dorothy Goetz, sister of a fellow songwriter. After a traditional Jewish wedding, the couple sailed off to honeymoon in the Caribbean. Typhoid had hit the region; Dorothy contracted it. Five months later, she was dead. The Berlin song factory shut down.

It wasn't until the following year that Berlin mastered his grief; unsurprisingly, he came to terms with it in a song dedicated to his bride's memory:

I lost the sunshine and roses
I lost the heavens of blue . . .
I lost the angel who gave me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer the whole winter through
I lost the gladness
That turned into sadness,
When I lost you.

He never wrote so autobiographically again; his life remained creatively off-limits.

From then on until late in the century, the song factory ran at full capacity. Some songs took the writer weeks of concentrated effort; others he scribbled in taxis or composed tossing restlessly in bed. Past triumphs evaporated as soon as he started to work; each song, he later admitted, came to life "under a nervous strain, and more often than otherwise I feel as if my life depends on my accomplishing a song." Note: not writing or composing, *accomplishing*. Because of the effort required, Berlin never slept much; barbiturates were one of his basic food groups.

It was after Dorothy's death that another theme began to emerge in Berlin's life and writing: a deep love of the country that had allowed such success. "Patriotism," notes biographer Laurence Bergreen, "was Irving Berlin's true religion. It evoked the same emotional response in him that conventional religion summoned in others; it was his rock."

In 1915, shortly after becoming an American citizen, Berlin offered an early expression of his patriotism, "The International Rag," a song that derided those Europeans who lamented the influence of U.S. dress, idioms, and music. Contemporary European America-bashers could still learn from it:

What did you do, America?
They're after you, America.
You got excited and started something,
Nations jumping all around;
You've got a lot to answer for,
They lay the blame right at your door. . . .

Looking around his beloved adopted nation, Berlin saw that one benefit of its burgeoning prosperity was progress in educating ever-greater numbers of people. He regretted his own lack of schooling, and set out in what spare time he had "to at least get a bowing acquaintance with the world's best literature, and some knowledge of history, and all of the famous dead people." In addition to Shakespeare, whose expensively bound works he displayed in his home, Berlin loved American history and culture. He treasured his autographed first editions of American novels and a biography of Abraham Lincoln that came with some of the president's letters.

As Berlin's love for America deepened, so did his interest in politics. When World War I first engulfed the Old World, Berlin took a pacifist stance, but in 1917, he sharply reversed course:

Lincoln, Grant and Washington,
They were peaceful men, each one;
Still they took the sword and gun
When real trouble came,
And I feel somehow
They are wond'ring now
If we'll do the same.

The following year found Private Irving Berlin drafted. His musical plaint still rings out at military bases around the world:

Someday I'm going to murder the bugler;
Someday they're going to find him dead—
I'll amputate his reveille,
And step upon it heavily. . . .

Other composers would've stopped there. Not Berlin. He was forever in search of the "kicker"—the final line that summed up a song and made the audience smile. In the last chorus, he fingered the true culprit:

And then I'll get that other pup,
The one who wakes the bugler up,
And spend the rest of my life in bed.

For an army show at Camp Yaphank, Berlin wrote another song, then put it back in his trunk: "God Bless America" wouldn't see daylight for 20 years, but it perfectly expressed Berlin's patriotic feelings at the time and later.

Given Berlin's pro-democracy, pro-U.S. worldview, it's no surprise that he was one of the first popular artists to skewer the new Soviet Socialist Republic. He used his kicker to warn Americans, "Look Out for the Bolsheviki Man":

To the speeches that he makes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tie a little can;
He hasn't got a single sou,
And he wants to share it all
with you. . . .

In case anyone missed the point, Berlin followed with "The Revolutionary Rag":

'Twas made across the sea
By a tricky, slicky, Bolsheviki.
Run with your little moneybag
Or else they'll steal it all away,
wheel it all away,
As they go raving, madly
waving
That Revolutionary Rag.
It's not a melody.
It's a crimson flag. . . .

Berlin didn't just defend American democracy from its enemies; he also cast a perceptive eye on changes in social mores on the home front. Splitsville, an area rarely visited in the prewar period, became a favorite subject. "A Fair Exchange Scene" caricatures wife- and husband-swapping in the Jazz Age:

JUDGE: What do you want?
COUPLE: A divorce.
JUDGE: Do you really want
it?
COUPLE: Of course!
JUDGE: Are you tired of him?
And you of her?
COUPLE: We'd rather not
discuss it, sir!
JUDGE: But you must have a
very good reason—
And you cannot keep it mum
COUPLE: We have two very
good reasons—
And here they come!
(Enter the SECOND
COUPLE)

Hollywood bluenoses, prohibition, the loose morals of Greenwich Village, religion—hardly any American phenomenon was outside his ambit.

he year 1925 marked a watershed in Berlin's life: he met the young—16 years his junior—socialite Ellin Mackay, a Catholic. The two fell instantly in love, infuriating her father, who was president of Western Union. He forbade the courtship and even sent Ellin on a European trip so that she'd forget about her showbusiness upstart. This, of course, was the stuff of tabloids, and the *New York Mirror* ran a slew of stories (some actually true) about the couple. "The day you marry my daughter," Clarence Mackay allegedly told Berlin, "I'll disinherit her." Berlin supposedly retorted, "The day I marry your daughter, I'll settle $2 million on her." Another reported clash had Mackay boasting of his ancestry, and Berlin countering, "I can trace mine back to Exodus." Said Mackay: "Is that so? Here's another Exodus for you. Get out."

The composer gave his wife a unique present upon their marriage at City Hall in 1926: the song "Always." In later years, George S. Kaufman, director of the Marx Brothers' first show, *The Cocoanuts*, claimed that Berlin wanted to shoehorn the number into it. Kaufman, perhaps recalling his own peccadilloes, grumbled that the verse was unrealistic. "Instead of 'I'll be loving you, Always,'" he said, "it should be 'I'll be loving you, Thursday.'"

When the Depression came, the Berlins stayed in the headlines and out of the bread lines. Hit followed hit in the early 1930s; royalty checks flooded in. In 1933, writer and director Moss Hart seized on Berlin's ability to turn current events into profitable songs. The collaboration resulted in *As Thousands Cheer*, a Broadway revue built around newspaper headlines. Herbert Hoover, leaving the White House to a Bronx cheer, Mahatma Gandhi sitting cross-legged on a mat, Josephine Baker caterwauling, Walter Winchell retailing gossip—Berlin's songs poked fun at them all.

Not everything in the revue was satirical, however. Those who had dismissed Berlin as a lightweight changed their tune when Ethel Waters appeared in a powerful scene with the headline UNKNOWN NEGRO LYNCHED BY FRENZIED MOB. The writer had produced more than his share of "coon songs"—comic numbers in black dialect—and most people assumed that he would carry on in that style. Instead, he underwent a change of attitude 20 years before his country did, and gave Waters "Supper Time." The piece brought down the house every night:

Kids will soon be yellin'
For their supper time;
How'll I keep from tellin' that
That man o' mine
Ain't comin' home no more?
How'll I keep explainin'
When they ask me where he's
gone?
How'll I keep from cryin'
When I bring their supper
on?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An American musical pantheon in 1914: Jerome Kern (left); Rudolph Friml (fourth from left); Oscar Hammerstein (seated); John Philip Sousa (sixth from right); and Berlin (right).

Berlin wasn't content to editorialize in song: his deeds backed up his belief in racial equality. During the rehearsals, actors Clifton Webb and Helen Broderick refused to take curtain calls alongside a Negro. Very well, responded Berlin, *no one* would bow for *any* number. The mutiny promptly ended; thereafter all three performers acknowledged the applause together.

Had the composer retired in the early 1930s, he'd be remembered as two Irving Berlins—the writer of "singles," songs that went out and succeeded on their own, and the creator of words and music for Broadway revues. But there were more Berlins to come. A third sojourned in Hollywood, a place that he found 3,000 miles too far from Manhattan. It did have one incomparable asset, however: Fred Astaire

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOFEST

When Jerome Kern said, "Astaire *can't* do anything bad," Berlin concurred. "You give Fred Astaire a song," he observed, "and you could forget about it. If he did change anything, he made it better." No wonder almost all the great New York songwriters of the period trekked out West to work with the dancer, among them Kern, Johnny Mercer, and Cole Porter. It was an extraordinary confluence of craftsmen and artists. Unlike the others, Berlin had no formal musical training or schooling, yet the autodidact more than held his own. By every critical measure, *Top Hat* is the greatest of the Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers collaborations, boasting such Berlin classics as "Isn't This a Lovely Day to Be Caught in the Rain?" "Cheek to Cheek," and the title tune, which established Astaire's jaunty protagonist in a series of cascading rhymes:

I'm
Dudin' up my shirt front,
Puttin' in the shirt studs,
Polishin' my nails.
I'm steppin' out, my dear,
To breathe an atmosphere
That simply reeks with class;
And I trust
That you'll excuse my dust
When I step on the gas
For I'll be there
Puttin' down my top hat,
Messin' up my white tie,
Dancin' in my tails.

Now that Berlin moved in fast company—in every sense—he quickened the tempo of many numbers and raised his craft to a higher level, ready to match wits with the great Cole Porter himself. Indeed, he wrote a private salute to his fellow Astaire fan, kidding "You're the Top":

You're the top!
You're Miss Pinkham's tonic
You're the top!
You're a high colonic;
You're the burning heat of a
bridal suite in use,
You're the breasts of Venus,
You're King Kong's penis,
You're self-abuse.

The proof was there for anyone to see and hear: Berlin's verbal agility could match even that of Yale grad and musical scholar Porter.

Berlin never minded reaching into his trunk and taking out an old number when the time was ripe. And the epoch of the Munich Conference was *over*ripe. Shortly after Neville Chamberlain & Co. acceded to Hitler's demand for the Sudetenland, Berlin added a few touches to "God Bless America" and published it to national acclaim.

Republicans asked to use the song at their 1940 convention; so did the Democrats. Though for years, Berlin—concerned by high taxes and swelling government—had been moving inexorably from left to right (he rooted for Wendell Willkie to unseat President Roosevelt), he chose to sidestep controversy and let both parties use the song. Within months, "God Bless America" became so popular that the composer felt uncomfortable when the enormous royalties rolled in: this was, after all, a piece extolling patriotism, not a Broadway production designed for gain. In a bold philanthropic gesture—though he hated squandering money, he was generous if the cause was right—he ceded the profits in perpetuity to the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts.

Enthusiasts lobbied to replace the difficult "Star Spangled Ban-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ner" with words a child could recall and a tune the tone-deaf could carry. Flattered but abashed, the writer answered, "We've got a good national anthem. You can't have two." True enough; but there was no law about having an *unofficial* national anthem, and "God Bless America" became the people's choice—as it has become again post–September 11.

Berlin wrote other anthems that made it into the national bloodstream, as Philip Roth noted with typical salinity. In *Operation Shylock*, the narrator observes, "God gave Moses the 10 Commandments, and He gave to Irving Berlin 'Easter Parade' and 'White Christmas.' The two holidays that celebrate the divinity of Christ—the divinity that's the very heart of the Jewish rejection of Christianity—and what does Irving Berlin do? Easter he turns into a fashion show and Christmas into a holiday about snow."

In fact, Irving and Ellin raised all three of their daughters as Protestants. They sent them to tony private schools, as well, and Ellin saw to it that they observed the amenities. She also made sure that the trio recognized who had given them their penthouse on East End Avenue. When Linda was very young, she remembered, Mama instructed her to get her elbows off the dinner table. "But Daddy has *his* elbows on the table," the child complained. "That's different," instructed Ellin. "Your father is a genius."

Few would have disputed her—certainly no one in uniform during World War II. When the hostilities began, Berlin turned his attention to the armed services. He recruited talent from the ranks for a touring show, *This Is the Army*, and donated profits from the musical to the Army Emergency Relief Fund. The production offered more than 20 new Berlin songs, including one for black troops—thus creating, willy-nilly, the army's first integrated unit.

The show toured Great Britain just as Prime Minister Winston Churchill was reading war dispatches by the brilliant Oxford don Isaiah Berlin, at the time head of the Special Survey Section of the British Embassy in Washington. Churchill asked for a meeting. A communications snafu sent the luncheon invitation to the wrong I. Berlin, and Irving showed up at Number 10. The PM addressed him as Professor and grilled him about the progress of the war. Bewildered, the composer answered in monosyllables, until a frustrated Churchill gave up and turned to the guest on his left. Later, he commented: "Berlin's like most bureaucrats. Wonderful on paper, but disappointing when you meet them face to face."

Composer Jerome Kern, who knew the difference between Berlins, was wiser. Asked about Irving's place in American music at this time, he answered: "To my mind, there are phrases in Berlin's music as noble and mighty as any clause in the works of the Masters, from Beethoven and Wagner on down." In short, "Irving Berlin has no place in American music. He is American music."

Irving had proved that movie musicals presented no obstacle, but Broadway was different. Though Berlin had been a star composer in the days of the Follies, the theater had undergone vast alterations since then. Replacing the old revues and girlie extravaganzas, "book shows" now used songs to define character and propel plot. Gotham's Great White Way was home to such colossi as Leonard Bernstein, George and Ira Gershwin, Rodgers and Hammerstein, Kurt Weill, and two gentlemen who, like Berlin, dared to write their own words *and* music, Harold Rome and the British visitor Noel Coward. Could Irving Berlin compete?

He'd give it his best shot in 1945. Replacing Kern, who had died while *Annie Get Your Gun* was in preparation, Berlin turned the romance of Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill into a credible backstage story. En route, he showed that at age 57 he hadn't lost the ability to tell a joke in verse. Some of the biggest laughs came from a chorus of one- and two-syllable words, adhering to Berlin's ideal of economy of expression:

> *My uncle out in Texas*
> *Can't even write his name;*
> *He signs his check with X's,*
> *But they cash them all the same.*

Nor had he lost his gift for anthems—this one dedicated to show business:

> *There's no people like show people;*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They smile when they are low.
Yesterday they told you you would not go far,
That night you open and there you are,
Next day on your dressing room they've hung a star—
Let's go on with the show.

Total: 45 words—41 of one syllable, three of two syllables, one of three syllables.

The Master stumbled, though, with *Miss Liberty*, a musical about the statue of the same name. Then, just when the critics were set to treat him as a relic, he returned with *Call Me Madam* in 1950. This SRO smash was based loosely on the life and times of Perle Mesta, Washington's then–Hostess with the Mostest. Berlin came up with a series of sparklers, including "Marrying for Love."

One new song, however, sparked more enthusiasm than the others. "They Like Ike" (converted to "I Like Ike" for the presidential campaign of 1952) was Irving's hymn to a fellow conservative. Once again, Berlin used simplicity, coupled with an unpredictable kicker, to make his point:

A leader we can call
Without political noise,
He can lead us all
As he led the boys.
Let's take Ike,
A man we all of us like,
Tried and true,
Courageous, strong and human—
Why, even Harry Truman
Says "I Like Ike."

Thousands of undecided voters may have found themselves persuaded when they heard the song ring out during the televised GOP convention of 1952. The convert who meant the most to Berlin, though, was his wife: a lifelong Democrat, Ellin signed a newspaper ad testifying that she, too, liked Ike.

After the 1952 campaign, Berlin mostly kept his politics offstage. Still, when the spirit moved him, he'd rebuke those who needed a lesson in Americanism. Lyricist E. Y. "Yip" Harburg, a splenetic member of the Old Left, got under Berlin's thin skin during the Vietnam War by sarcastically recommending that "God Bless America" be retitled "God Help America." Berlin proposed new verses for the song:

God bless America,
Land I enjoy,
No discussions with Russians
Till they stop sending arms to Hanoi. . . .
God bless America
When skies are dark,
God bless America,
My Noah's ark.

Irving Berlin sailed in his beloved ark to the age of 101. Before his death in 1989, there were multitudinous awards, ranging from presidential citations to a Carnegie Hall recital celebrating his life's work. And there was, of course, the limitless ocean of royalties. But there were also many sorrows before the final curtain descended. Irving's last Broadway show, *Mr. President*, bombed. Ellin died in 1988, in the 62nd year of their marriage, after which Berlin rarely ventured out of his East Side digs. He lived to see his oeuvre drowned out by the din of rock 'n' roll, with its celebration of the singer, not the song. And he watched as love for one's country become cringe-making within the academy, the High Journalism, and the Beltway.

Yet honest craft and valid emotion have a way of outlasting fashion. In the last several years, cabaret singers have revived the Berlin masterworks; there are now more than 30 CDs celebrating the oeuvre, ranging from Ella Fitzgerald's classic renditions to Michael Feinstein's friskier tributes. A beautiful new book, *The Collected Lyrics of Irving Berlin*, has just appeared, edited with impeccable scholarship by Robert Kimball. And of course, there's been "God Bless America." Irving Berlin's sentiments have proven their lasting worth. As he observed,

A fiddler can speak with his fiddle.
A singer can speak with his voice,
An actor can speak
With his tongue in his cheek,
But a songwriter has no choice.
Whatever his rights or his wrongs,
He can only speak with his songs.

There are almost a thousand of those speeches in the *Collected Lyrics*, each a time capsule of our manners and mores, our shifting identities and permanent values. No one has ever been so concise, or so consistent, about why America remains our home sweet home.

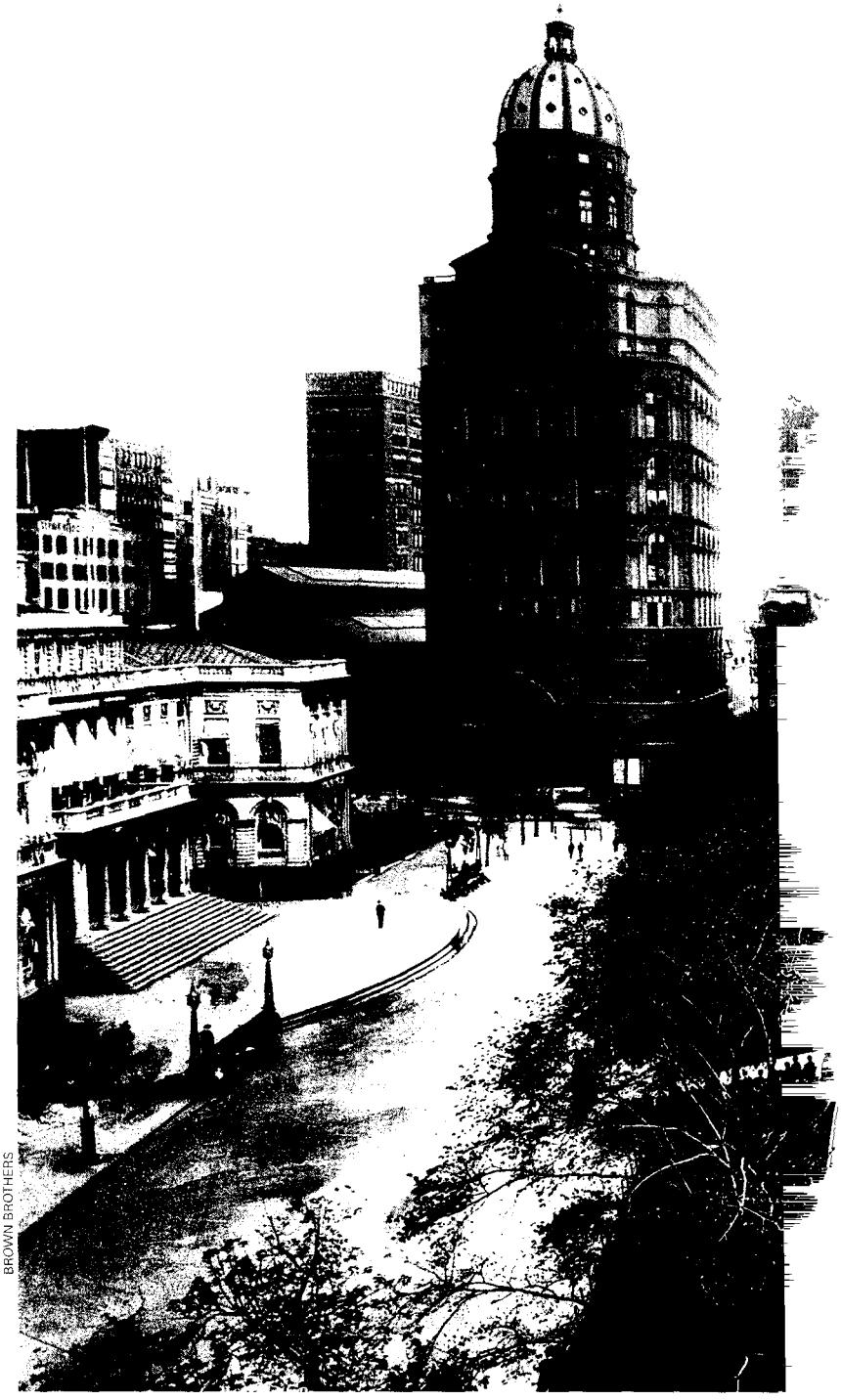
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Build Skyscrapers

Robert Adam

At the end of the nineteenth century, American architects added a new chapter to the great classical tradition of building. The skyscraper—the term appeared in 1883—joined the basilica, the church, the market hall, the gallery, and the railway station in creating new opportunities for reinventing the classical tradition out of its own past and carrying it forward into uncharted territory. In less than 50 years, America learned how to extend the classical and Beaux Arts traditions to buildings of great height—buildings the Imperial Romans, Venetians, and Britons would have built, if only they could.

Where has it all gone? In the last 50 years it is as if this monumental achievement had never taken place. The Beaux Arts and classical traditions behind the Flatiron Building and the Tribune Tower, already reeling from the Depression and World War II, were knocked out cold by Modernism—a new revolutionary and authoritarian fashion from Europe. When a few new traditionalist architects began to stir in the 1970s, they reawakened with a strange amnesia. The prevailing architectural establishment told them that skyscrapers and the new technology that went into building them was the exclusive property of Modernism—and

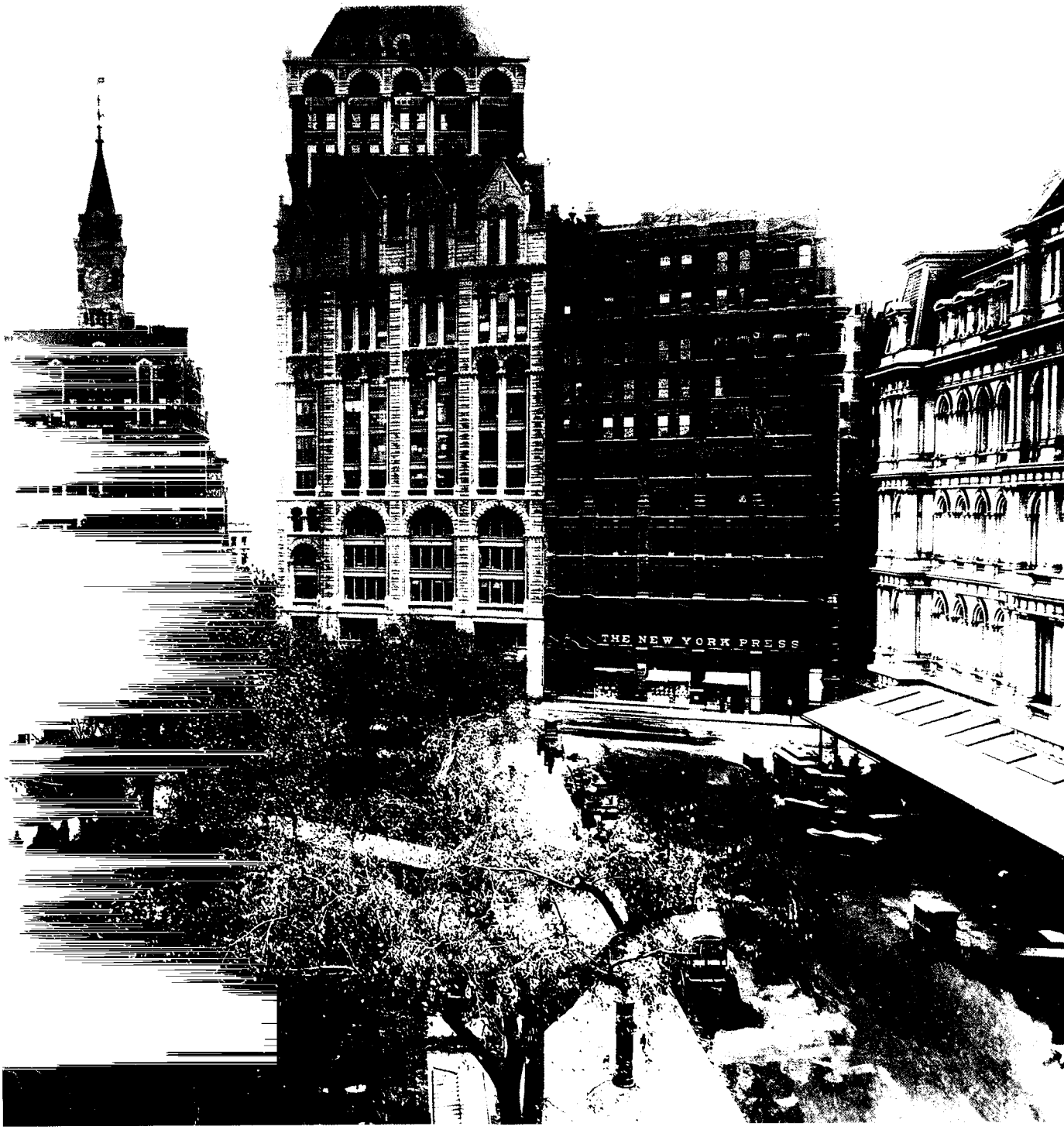


BROWN BROTHERS

On Park Row (left to right): the Pulitzer Building, the Tribune Building, the Times Building, and the Potter Building.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urbanities



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most new traditionalists fell for this lie hook, line, and sinker. They surrendered skyscrapers (and glass and steel and much else besides) completely.

This head-in-the-sand attitude is not a harmless peculiarity—it is catastrophic for architecture and for urbanism. Like Aristotle's helmsman, today's traditionalist architects are responsible for the loss of the ship by abandoning the tiller. The skyscraper is *the* defining urban building type of our era—the building type that shapes most modern cities, that houses modern corporations, and that confers on its most successful practitioners prestige, fortune, and the power to define the norms for architecture today. Unless traditional architects offer an alternative, society is left at the mercy of Modernist banality, whose tendency is to turn all cities into Houston—soulless, placeless, disposable. Without someone to keep the humanizing traditions alive, the great cosmopolitan lessons learned by the Beaux Arts and art-deco heroes of skyscraper design will turn to the dust of history.

And what lessons they were! Presented with opportunities only imagined in the old world, American architects did not flinch from the problems of adding to a tradition born in the limitations of stone and brick. Energetically—exuberantly, even—they evolved the appropriate design principles in the great experimental era of the last two decades of the nineteenth century, reinvigorating the old language of classicism and using it to say new and entirely up-to-the-minute things.

Behind their accomplishment, of course, lay a gradually improved understanding of structures, the industrialization of construction, the development of electricity, and the invention of the safety elevator. To this must be added capital and organization. Such buildings require incentive, finance, and the marshaling of labor and materials on a grand scale.

But no one has really defined what makes a skyscraper. When is a tall building tall? Is it a fixed height, a number of floors, comparison with its neighbors, or comparison with buildings gone before? The first so-called skyscraper, W. Le Baron Jenny's 1885 Home Insurance Building in Chicago, was only ten stories high. The first New York skyscraper, George B. Post's Union Trust Building of 1889, is only 11 stories high.

By the standards of scarcely a decade later, these 1880s constructions were just big buildings. Their ten to 11 stories were not unprecedented. The Romans went as high as 12 stories with apartment blocks (although we don't know what the upper wooden parts were like). The Beffroi, the thirteenth-century municipal bell tower at Bruges, is at least 12 modern stories high. Narrow towers of 12 or more floors were quite common in medieval and classical architecture as bell towers (both secular and sacred) and fortifications.

A design vocabulary for high buildings was well established within the classical tradition. In ancient Greece, two sets of columns were sometimes set one on the other to give height, but in ancient Rome, the first megabuilding—the aptly named Coliseum—stacked four sets of classical columns and arches one on top of another to create a building 158 feet high. In Roman baths and on triumphal arches there were other ways of expressing height. Huge monumental columns rising through more than one story (giant orders), soaring arches, and massive vaults rose to heights of 100 feet.

These classical precedents went into the making of early tall buildings in New York. The Pulitzer Building by G. B. Post in 1889 stacked up six layers of columns and arches below a three-story dome. The extraordinary Potter Building by N. G. Starkweather in 1883 had giant columns four stories high sitting on four-layer pedestals and supporting three upper floors. Perhaps the most famous combination of these techniques was the Park Row Building designed by R. H. Robertson in 1886, for nine years the world's tallest building. Five layers of giant orders are stacked up on one another, variously three, four, or five stories high and all sitting on a six-story base with its own giant entrance colonnade.

In New York and Chicago, but particularly in Chicago, a type of tall building evolved from a commonplace floor-by-floor division used for lower buildings. Each floor was often, but not always, treated decoratively as one layer of classical columns. Heights gradually increased from seven or eight stories in the 1870s to 18 or

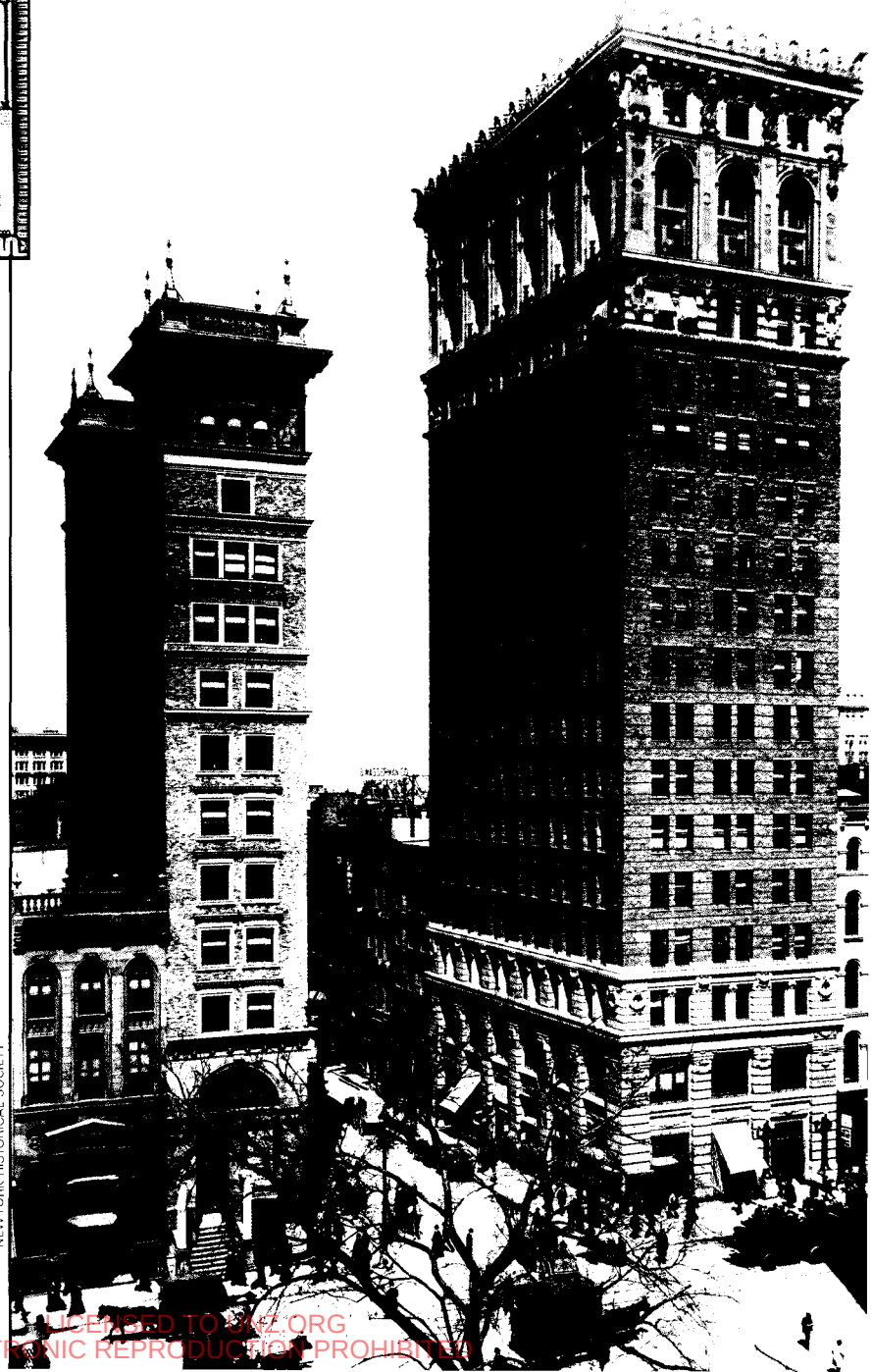
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first so-called skyscraper, Chicago's Home Insurance Building (left), was only ten stories high. Cass Gilbert's Broadway Chambers Building (below) shows the tripartite division—reminiscent of the base, shaft, and capital of a column—that became a standard skyscraper formula.

more floors in the 1890s. Chicago architects often relieved the monotony by a characteristic rhythmic repetition of multi-story oriel windows. They used these simple stacked facades for unpretentious utilitarian buildings; the repeated detail lent itself to prefabrication.

As height increased, these established historic references ran out of steam. Extreme versions of stacked orders, like the 1897 St. Paul Building in New York, by G. B. Post, started to look odd. As the utilitarian versions increased in size they became no more than dull stacks of windows and walls, which Alfred C. Bossom described as "the Packing Case Type" in 1934.

By the first decade of the twentieth century, a growing recognition of the power and uniqueness of the skyscraper gave it a prestige that led to a spate of competitive building—particularly by rival newspapers and insurance companies in New York. The prestige of height was not enough; the buildings

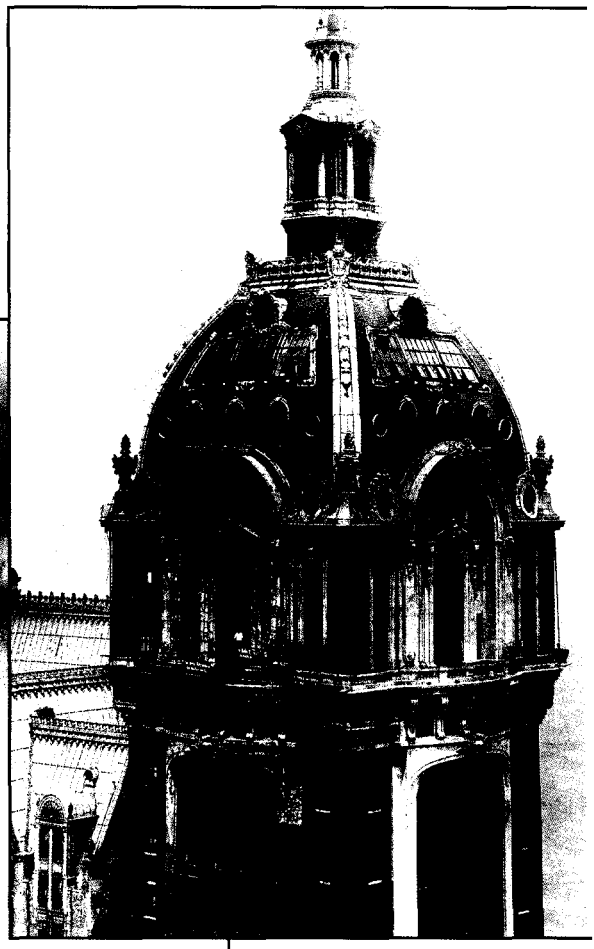


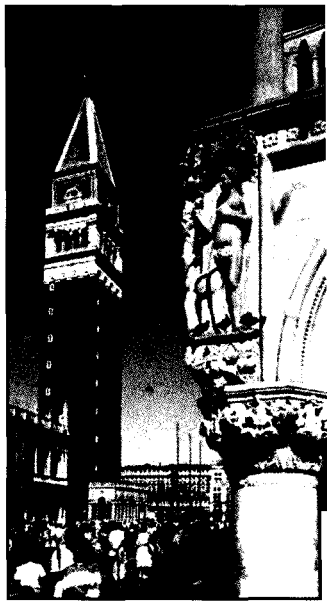
NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LICENSED TO ARTZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urbanities

The Woolworth Building (below) adds more decoration to the tripartite formula, while the Singer Building (right) sends a giant French renaissance tower skyward. The campanile in Venice (below right) inspired Bruce Price's pathbreaking design, never built, for the New York Sun building (facing page), . . .





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had to have the status of explicit historic architectural references, asserting the dignity of temples or palaces for commercial buildings—and, without irony, these had to be seen on a skyline anything up to 40 stories above the ground. This threw up some real oddities. Historic building types were stretched or sat on top of incongruous multi-story bases. The New York Times Building in Times Square, by Cyrus Eidlitz in 1904, had Giotto's campanile from Florence Cathedral perched precariously and asymmetrically 12 floors above the street. The Hotel New Netherland, by William Hume in 1893, was an oversize Dutch renaissance palace. Most extraordinary was the Singer Building, by Ernest Flagg in 1906, which had a huge and fabulous three-layered French renaissance tower growing off-center from the roof of a Brobdingnagian French renaissance chateau.

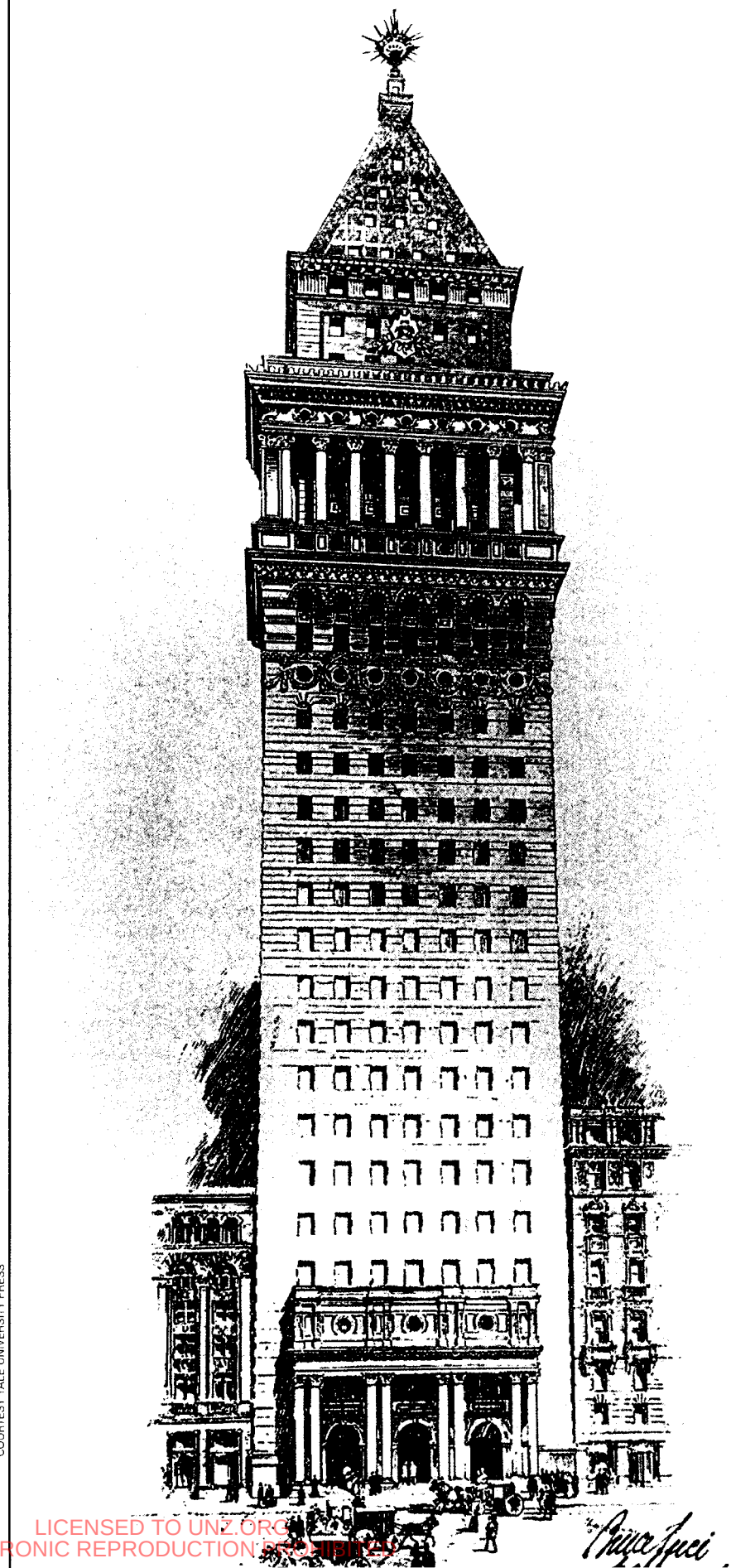
Out of this extraordinary ferment of experimentation came a major breakthrough. In 1890, Bruce Price made a proposal for a new building for the *New York Sun* newspaper. The first major commercial project for the architect, it was a 31-story version of the campanile in St. Mark's Square in Venice, entered through a three-story triumphal arch. It was never built, but the idea reverberated for 50 years.

In the first place, there sprang up a whole family of skyscrapers more or less based on the Venice campanile. In New York alone, there were the 1909 Metropolitan Life Tower by Napoleon Le Brun and Sons, the 1910 Bankers Trust Company Building by

BROWN BROTHERS (2)

SYLVAIN GRANDADAM/STONE/GETTY IMAGES

COURTESY YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

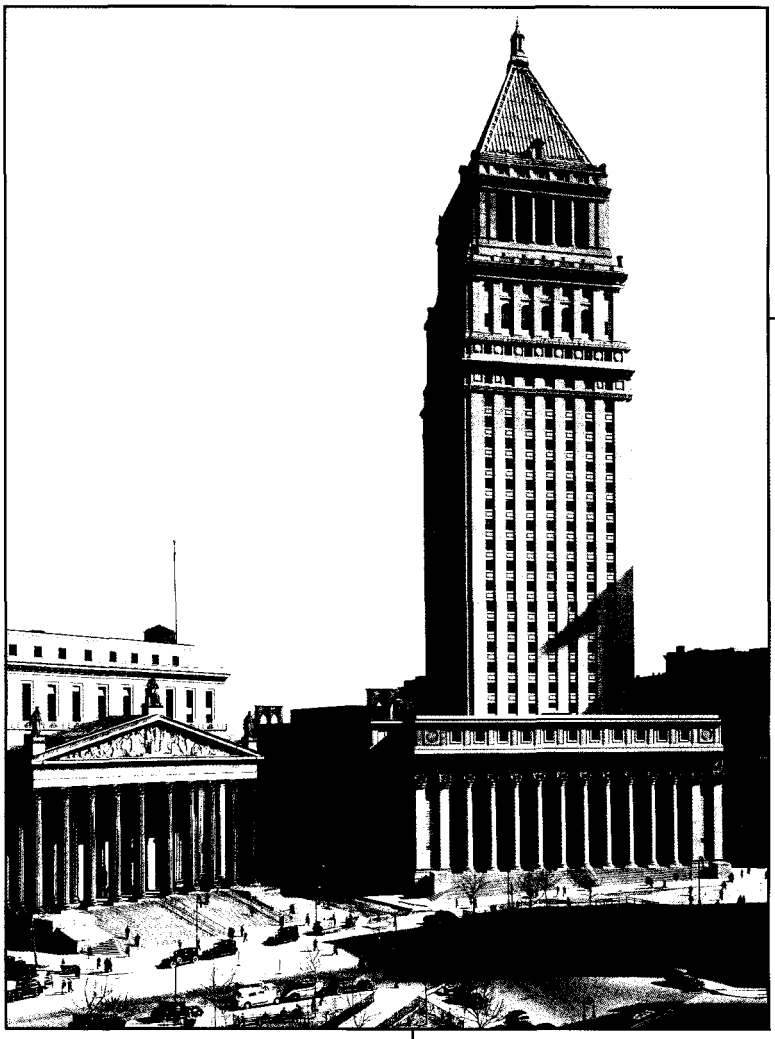


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trowbridge and Livingston, the 1929 New York Central (now Helmsley) Building by Warren and Wetmore, and the 1936 U.S. Court Building by Cass Gilbert. In Boston, there was the Customs House Tower by Peabody and Stearns in 1913, and in Los Angeles the City Hall by Austin, Parkinson, Martin, and Wilkinson in 1926.

There was, however, much more to this than just variations on a north Italian bell tower. The architecture of the Venetian campanile recognized one essential element of tower design—that the intermediate floors were of minor consequence in the composition. What mattered most were the normal pedestrian eye level and the skyline. And if this was true out in the open in St. Mark's Square, how much more true it was in the built-up grids of American cities. The street wall and the entrance to the tower were often all that one could see close up, while from a distance, it was the roof, mass, and profile that counted. The intermediate floors, while not to be ignored (and, as with the Woolworth and Flatiron Buildings, often with shallow relief decoration), were the background to the major statements above and below. This three-part division has, since the late nineteenth century, been compared to the classical column, with its decorated base, plain or fluted shaft, and decorated capital.

This lesson, once learned, had a major impact on subsequent New York skyscraper design. Bruce Price's own American Surety



Building, designed four years after his New York Sun proposal, had only simple rusticated details from the fourth to the fourteenth floor and was capped by a temple with a heavy cornice and three-story attic. The Gillender Building, close by, by Berg and Clark, started in 1896, had similar intermediate floors with occasional balconies and a stepped temple and dome on top. Cass Gilbert, in both his Broadway Chambers Building of 1899 and his West Street Building of 1906, had three-story bases and elaborate arched structures on the skyline, with very plain walls, pierced only by windows, between. The list could be extended many times.

Louis Sullivan, probably independently, reached the same conclusion in 1890. His ten-story Wainwright Building in St. Louis

BROWN BROTHERS (2)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . which in turn inspired a whole family of American skyscrapers, including the 1909 Metropolitan Life Tower (below) and the 1936 U.S. Court Building (left).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has a massive base and heavily decorated upper floor and cornice. The absolute simplicity of the base and the recessed decoration of the intermediate floors were modified on his later tall buildings, such as the 17-story Schiller Building in Chicago in 1891 and the 14-story Union Trust Building in 1892, to provide a more decorated base and greater simplicity in the intermediate floors. The level roofline, expressed as a heavy and decorated cornice, was the clue to their Chicago origins.

The final lesson of the campanile was that towers were best seen as a whole. In early New York skyscrapers, the tower or skyline elements of tall buildings were often visually independent, as in the New York Times Building; or sprouting up out of a lower building, as in the Singer Building; or awkwardly asymmetrical, as in R. H. Robertson's American Tract Society Building of 1894. These devices diminished the effect of structures that were designed not just to be high but to flaunt their height. If, as far as possible, the architecture of the tower were visible from top to bottom, how much more impressive it would be. Even when the top-to-bottom towers were only one element of a larger building, the tower could have an architectural life of its own.

So it was that by the 1920s the ancient traditions of classical composition proved their worth in a new world. They continued to tell us who we are by telling us where we came from, linking us to the cultural past that gave us not just our architectural language but also our most cherished ideals—the ideals that gave us the freedom and prosperity of which these buildings are monuments. Like all great traditions, these too lit the path to change; like all good principles, they guided variety. Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building of 1910 and Hood and Howells's Tribune Tower of 1925 apply the same rules to Gothic design. Bertram Goodhue's freestyle Nebraska State Capitol of 1924 and William van Allen's art-deco Chrysler Building of 1930 take the principles of composition into new territory. In the footsteps of the ancient Romans, as the inheritors of the Italian renaissance, American architects had added something new and lasting to the ever-receptive traditions of Western architecture. This was a truly great achievement.

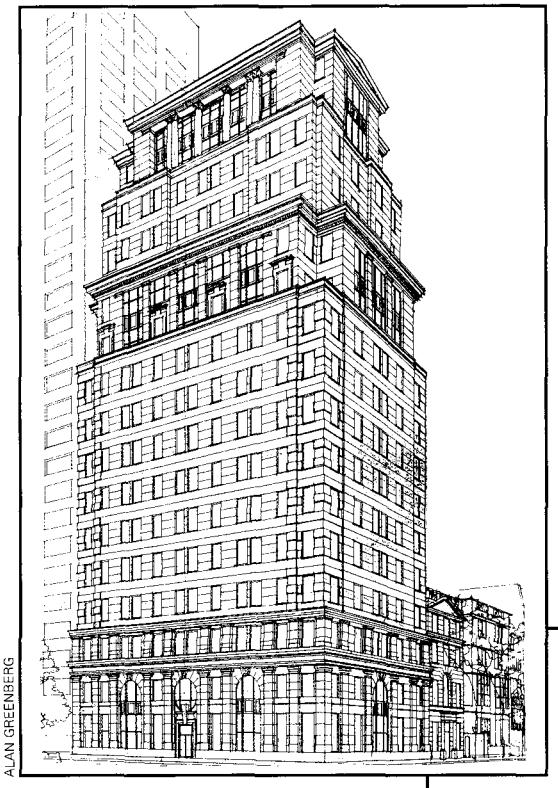
How could we forget this in a few short years? Did we really lose it all for a hatred of tradition and a thirst for revolution?

Obsessed with technology, the Modern movement took the skyscraper as its own: what better could express the age than its most advanced engineering? This was the age of revolutions, when all traditions would be overturned. In 1923, Le Corbusier, in his seminal book, *Towards a New Architecture*, promoted a "City of Towers" and took as his basis "the vital constructional event which the American sky-scraper has proved to be." But if he liked the engineering that went into the invention of the skyscraper, he issued a grim warning against the style its inventors developed: "Let us beware of the American architect." And so he and his fellow revolutionaries set in motion the collective professional rejection of America's great contribution to the classical tradition.

In no time, they reduced the skyscraper to a dumb box. As they rejected the principles of base and skyline, their stripped-down versions of the Chicago packing case were only appreciable as a whole shape, and so had to be pushed back from the edge of the street to be seen. Not only did these Modernists reject the architectural lessons of the last 50 years, but they eroded the fabric of the city in doing so. Either windblown and unwanted plazas gave onto hidden entrances, or raw structure crashed into the sidewalk.

Soon bored with the rash of glass and steel slabs by—or more often in direct imitation of—Mies van der Rohe, deracinated architects could only turn to differences of shape and texture to stand for advancement. Memories were so short that only 40 years after the last traditional skyscrapers were built, a crude slice off the top of the Citicorp Building would appear to be a dramatic addition to skyline design. Now we see gherkin-shaped buildings, arrowhead-shaped buildings, lipstick-shaped buildings, oval buildings, buildings with odd tops, and so on and so on. The only exciting idea is that the shape is, well, interesting. At the outer limits, we have more peculiar, and therefore still more "interesting," shapes by the likes of Frank Gehry and Danny Liebeskind. These buildings, tall or not, are architectural one-liners: once you've got the empty message,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ALAN GREENBERG

Today's traditionalist architects in America have designed and built an array of tall buildings, including a planned Park Avenue apartment building by Allan Greenberg (left) and the mixed-use Berkeley Street Tower by Robert A. M. Stern (below).

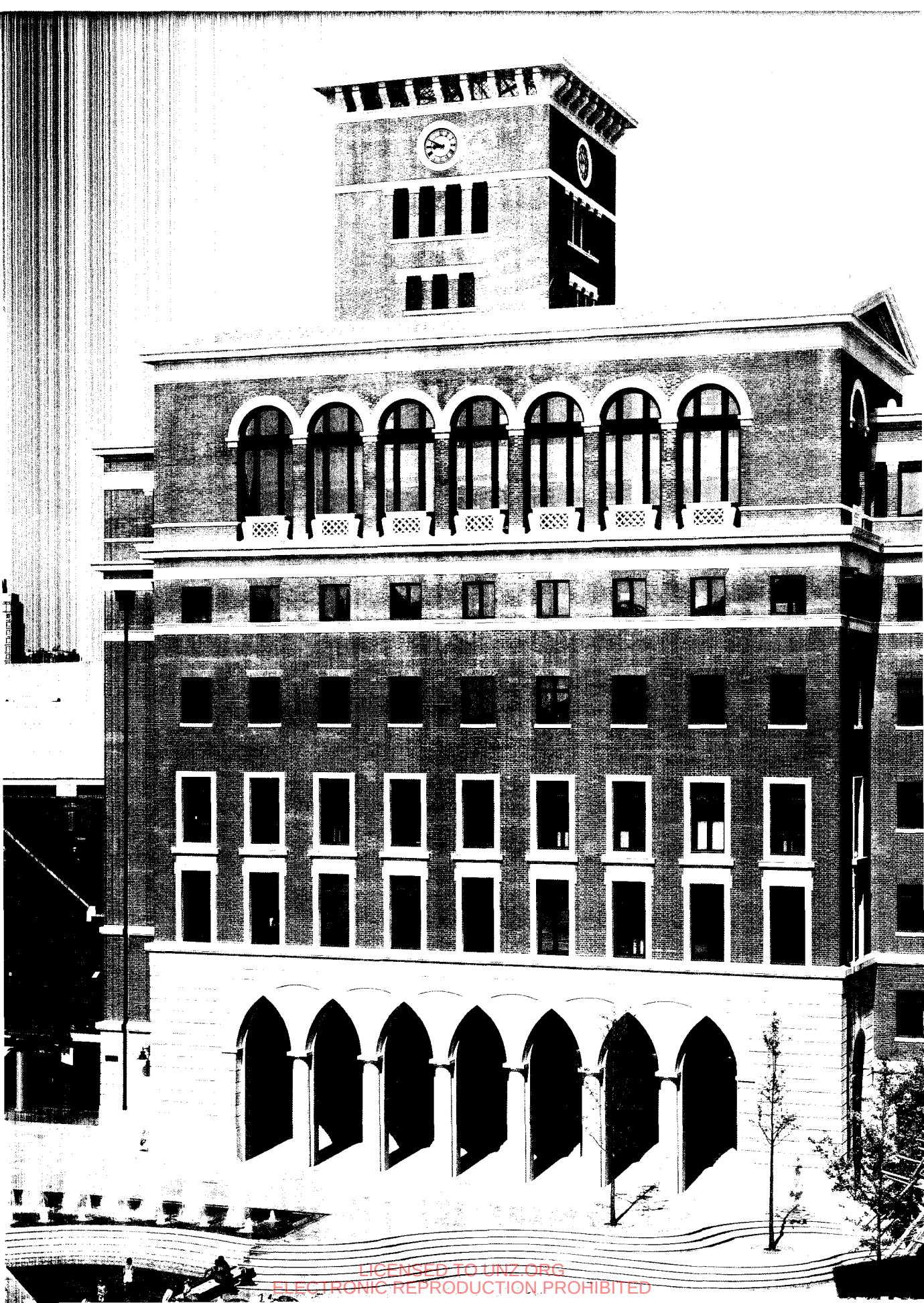
there's nothing left.

What is tragically absent is one ounce of architectural continuity or one hint of wider meaning. The Modernism of these buildings is just taken for granted. Parrot-like, it subsists on the analogy of the machine: the machine as industrialization, the workplace as machine, the house as machine, the building as machine, the machine as modernity. This obsolete ideal lives on only in architecture, in a Modernism so ideologically bankrupt that it has nothing further to say and subsists on a *lumpen* confidence that it owns the future. So complete was Modernism's purge of education that Philip Johnson's cartoon versions of traditional skyscrapers could be mistaken for a revival of culture, far removed though they are from Stanford White's or Cass Gilbert's educated, cosmopolitan, and sometimes daringly inventive variations upon classical themes.

But it is not too late. Architects like Allan Greenberg and Robert

PETER AARON/ESTO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. M. Stern in America, and Demetri Porphyrios and my own firm abroad, believe that we can rejoin the great lineage of history and restore to our cities the lessons of the tall building learned so few years ago. While we don't need to fill up the historic centers of London or Paris with skyscrapers, we also must not abandon a great tradition to Philistine novelty in the urban neighborhoods that call for tall buildings.

Each of our firms has produced designs that handle the tradition in very different ways. Allan Greenberg's skyscraper projects, regrettably, are as yet unbuilt. His apparently simple and effortless plan for an apartment house on New York's Park Avenue expresses the tripartite principle with absolute clarity and is a model of how to use a wholly conventional classical vocabulary with consummate sophistication to transform an elementary rectangular tower into an urbane landmark. Except on the bottom and top floors, the windows, arranged in a completely regular pattern, are simple holes in the wall with simple frames. But the base has a row of two-story pilasters, interlaced with a row of one-story inset columns, one of which is missing at the center to form an imposing entrance framed by a pair of the two-story pilasters. On the third floor, above all this, is a row of squat attic columns. Above that, the intermediate floors, decorated only with rusticated blocks at the corners, act as the shaft of a column to support the giant frieze and cornice that make up the top floor. On this top floor are balconies, recessed behind a one-story-high classical order—columns, bases, and entablature—that appears intricate and delicate in relation to the huge cornice above and the plain facade below.

Robert Stern's surprisingly complex Berkeley Street Tower in Boston, by contrast, uses the classical vocabulary and the tripartite skyscraper tradition to create an orderly composition out of an asymmetrical and mixed-use plan. The six-story base, with its own two-story stone retail base below plain brick facades, fills the site and is punctuated by strong classical entrances. Above this, and over to one side, rises a 22-story tower in the same brick and with the same simple windows as the base building. The rooftop of this tower, by contrast, a distinctive four-story pavilion, marks the skyline with stripped-down flat columns framing glass-curtain walls and a high stone attic decorated with a suggestion of garlands. The sparingly used stone classical detail gives distinction to a relatively low-cost brick shell.

Demetri Porphyrios's eight-story office building in Birmingham, England, is not really a tall building, but it makes creative use of the principles of tower design to create a fascinating and unexpected landmark. It is full of surprises. The two-story stone base has a nearly full-length open Gothic arcade. The simple intermediate floors have stone Greek-revival details set in brick, while the rooftop building is a cross between a Roman basilica and a Victorian market hall set up in the sky. Embedded in one side is a Byzantine tower. Porphyrios combines a series of traditional forms and details, as if to tell us that his design owes its origins to no single strand of the classical tradition but to the full range of its diversity.

Like Allan Greenberg's, my own firm's projects for tall buildings are so far unbuilt. For Reading in the south of England, we designed a simple and sheer 14-story apartment tower, lying at a highway intersection on the edge of the city center and acting as a landmark for the fast-growing but anonymous town. The massive rusticated base holds two stories of car parking. On the upper two floors, stone columns and a heavy cornice create a rooftop temple of penthouse apartments with views over the surrounding countryside. A copper roof and pepper-pot lanterns house the heating and ventilation plant. The design of the building takes maximum advantage of its position on the perimeter. It is visible down a straight approach road for nearly half a mile. The narrow, curved facade that it presents to this distant view exaggerates its tower-like appearance and enhances its landmark status.

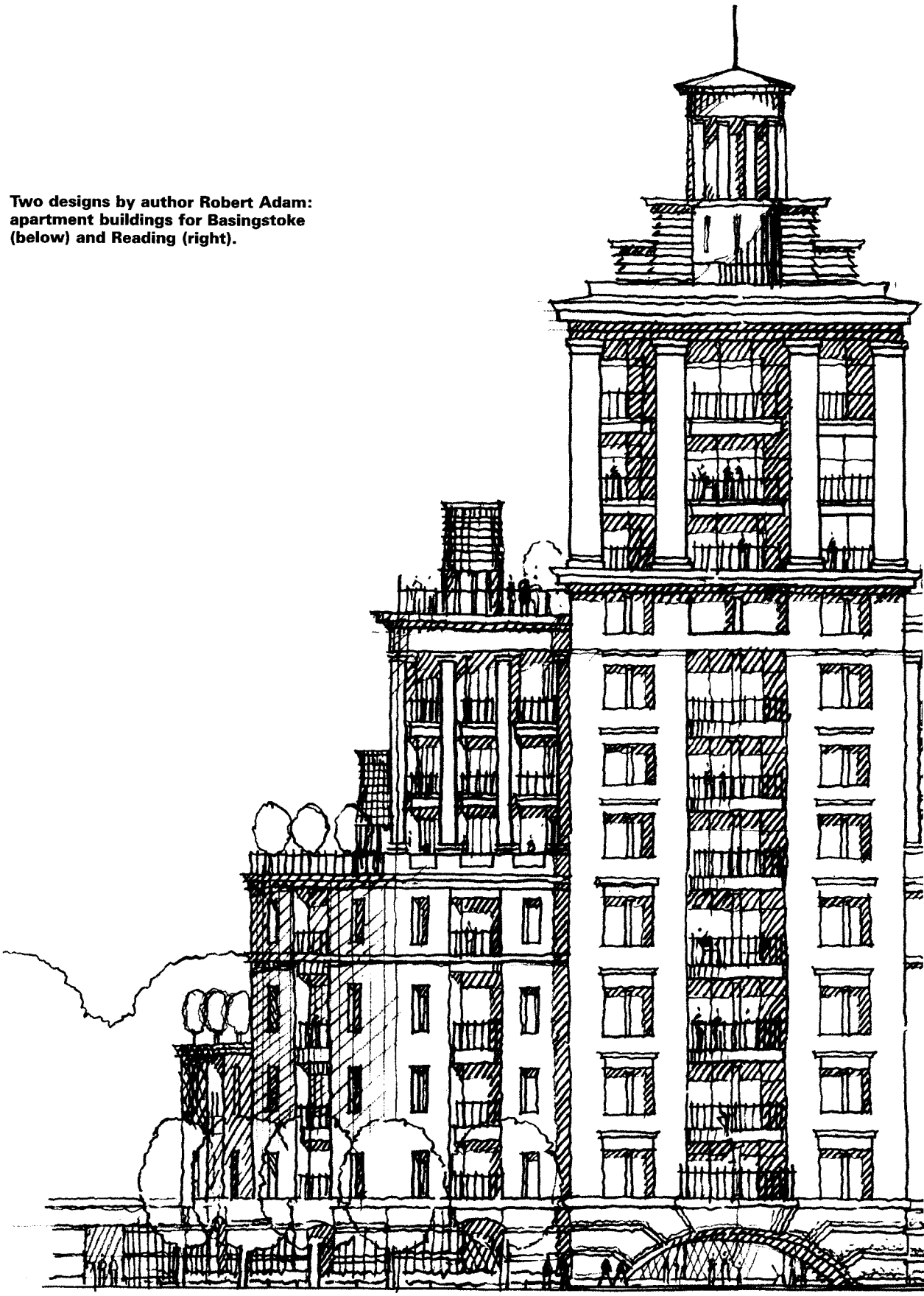
For a proposed major redevelopment on a ridge close to the center of the town of Basingstoke, we designed three identical apartment blocks, each a curved ziggurat looking due south, over the top of the surrounding town, to distant hills. Each block is not strictly a tower, since it is wider than its 14-story height, but the design creates the dramatic appearance of a cluster of towers and houses. The high drums on

Demetri Porphyrios's Three Brindleyplace office building.

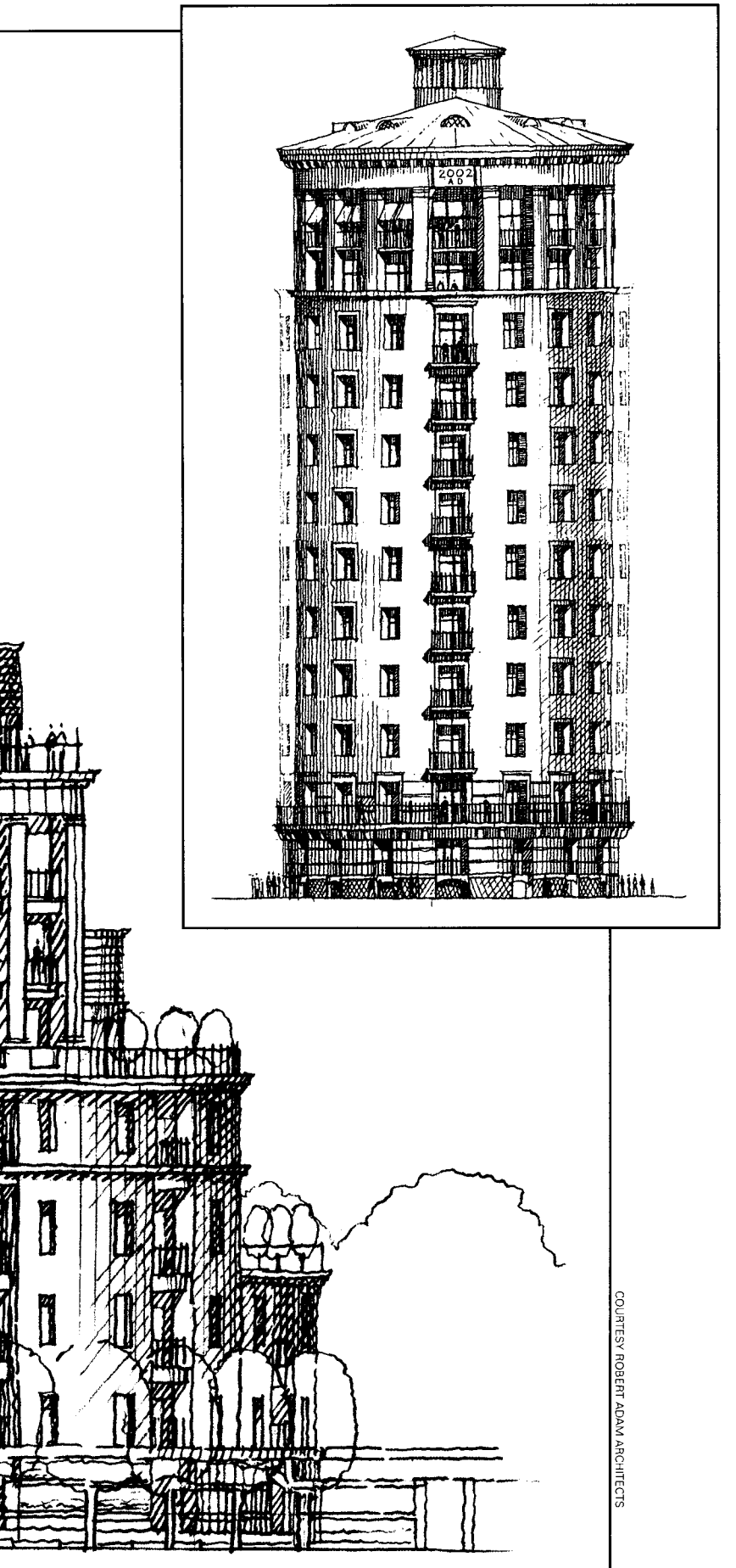
COURTESY PORPHYRIOS ASSOCIATES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two designs by author Robert Adam: apartment buildings for Basingstoke (below) and Reading (right).



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COURTESY ROBERT ADAM ARCHITECTS

each of the descending roofs provide ventilation, drawing naturally heated air through the building. The whole assembly of towers sits on a rusticated brick base for car parking. Recessed balconies give depth to the clustered stone towers, and there are gardens on each stepped roof. At the top of the higher towers, giant three-story columns stand free on continuous balconies and create powerful rooftop temples.

All these designs, the unbuilt ones as well as the built, were real projects for real clients. Each learns from and adds to the classical skyscraper tradition, embracing not just steel, concrete, mechanical, electrical, and glass technology inherited from the nineteenth century, but also the new alloys, plastics, reinforcement materials, microelectronics, and control of the internal climate of the twentieth and twenty-first. The tripartite organization of each design, which concentrates detail where it counts (a fundamental practice in all classical design), allows these buildings to announce their classical virtues with economy.

But such buildings are a drop in the ocean of anonymity that is swamping our cities everywhere. The world needs more traditional architects to proclaim that the Beaux Arts skyscraper can enrich and humanize our cities anew. Traditional architects must wake up from dreams of ancient techniques that consign them to little things and low horizons. We must carry our torches high on the peaks of enterprise and keep the flame of the traditional skyscraper alive. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oh, to

ngland

The Man Who Predicted The Race Riots

Theodore Dalrymple

Not since I lived and worked briefly in South Africa under the apartheid regime have I seen a city as racially segregated as Bradford in the north of England. In South Africa, of course, the racial segregation was a matter of law: and the single road that separated the African townships from the white residential and business districts could be sealed off easily by an armored car or two. Then, if the blacks rioted, they would (in the words of my Afrikaner informant) "only foul their own nest."

It goes without saying that there is no law to separate the races in Bradford. But stone walls do not a ghetto make: which is why it is possible in one part of Bradford to conclude that it is a typical northern British city, dominated almost completely by a white working class, and in another (reached by driving along a single major road that bisects the city) that it is an outpost of Islam, whose people have changed their hemisphere of residence, but not their culture or way of life.

Once a thriving woolen-manufacturing town, Bradford reached an acme of prosperity in the second half of the nineteenth century, before its success evaporated, leaving behind a legacy of municipal pride and magnificence, of splendid public buildings in the Gothic and renaissance-revival styles. (It was on the head of a Bradford millionaire that Eliot sarcastically stuck a silk hat in "The Waste Land.") Even many of the terraced working-class homes are elegantly and expensively faced in stone, so that large areas of the city resemble nothing so much as Bath with textile mills added.

One beautiful part of the city, Hanover Square, is a small masterpiece of Victorian town architecture: it was long the residence of Margaret McMillan, who some 90 years ago founded the British nursery-school movement and agitated for improvements in working-class education. Nowadays, there is not a white face to be seen in the square, nor that of any woman. It is strictly men only on the street, dressed as for the North-West Frontier (apart, incongruously, from their sneakers); a group of them perpetually mills around outside the house that functions as a *madrassa*, or Muslim school. Horace's famous line of two millennia ago comes to mind: they change their skies, not their souls, who run across the sea.

The informal ghetto that separates the races almost as effectively as South Africa's formal ones nevertheless makes interracial rioting much easier. And in July last year, only a few weeks before September 11, serious riots (the worst in Britain for 20 years) did in fact break out in Bradford and other similar northern English cities, such as Blackburn and Oldham. White gangs clashed with Pakistani ones, indulging for several days in the pleasures of looting and arson, under the comforting illusion that they were fighting for a cause. The young whites believed themselves to have been dispossessed of something by the young Muslims, without the young Muslims believing that they had inherited anything from the young whites. Both groups were united in—though not, of course, by—their resentment.

One man was not at all surprised at this outbreak of inchoate racial fury. He was Ray Honeyford, the headmaster of a middle school in an immigrant area of Bradford in the early 1980s. He knew that the official multiculturalist educational policies that he was expected to implement would sooner or later lead to social disaster such as these riots: and when he repeatedly exposed the folly of these policies in print, the advocates of "diversity"—who maintain that all cultures are equal but that opinions other than their own are forbidden—mounted a vicious and vituperative campaign against him. For at least two years, the Honeyford Affair, as it was known, was a national preoccupation, calling forth endless newspaper and broadcast commentary, the man himself often branded a near-murderous racist and ultimately drummed out of his job. Hell, it seems, hath no fury like a multiculturalist contradicted.

Of course, the events of September 11 have concentrated at least some British minds a little harder on questions of cultural diversity and group loyalties. A disturbingly large number of British Muslims, from a variety of backgrounds, supported al-Qaida. Three of the captives now held at Guantanamo were from Britain, all of them products of the kind of homes that now exist in Bradford and elsewhere by the thousands. Two chemistry Ph.D.s of Bangladeshi origin are on trial in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Birmingham, accused (not for the first time) of conspiracy to manufacture explosives for terrorist ends, and they are unlikely to have been acting merely as individuals. Several British Islamic charities were found to have been channeling money to terrorists. Richard Reid, who tried to blow up a transatlantic airliner with Semtex in his sneakers, had converted to Islam in a British jail. The newly alert intelligence service in the prison in which I work now believes that fully half of the Muslim prisoners there sympathize with the World Trade Center attacks: and since Muslim prisoners are by far the fastest-growing group of prisoners in Britain, already far overrepresented in the prison population, this is enough to disturb even the most complacent. The British elites, it appears, would have done far better to have heeded rather than vilified Honeyford almost two decades ago.

Honeyford's fundamental ideas were as logical, sensible, and coherent as they were unfashionable. He argued that the 20 percent of Bradford's population who were Islamic immigrants were in Britain to stay, with no intention of returning home; and that both for their own sake and for Britain's, they needed to be integrated fully into British society. The children of immigrants needed to feel that they were truly British, if they were to participate fully in the nation's life; and they could acquire a British identity only if their education stressed the primacy of the English language, along with British culture, history, and traditions.

COURTESY OF RAY HONEYFORD

Ray Honeyford

Honeyford did not believe that the cultural identity necessary to prevent the balkanization of our cities into warring ethnic and religious factions implied a deadening cultural or religious uniformity. On the contrary, he used the example of the Jews (who emigrated to Britain, including to Bradford and nearby Manchester, in substantial numbers at the end of the nineteenth century) as an example of what he meant. Within a generation of arrival, Jews succeeded, despite the initial prejudice against them, in making a hugely disproportionate contribution to the upper reaches of national life as academics, cabinet ministers, entrepreneurs, doctors and lawyers, writers and artists. The upkeep of their own traditions was entirely their own affair, and they relied not at all on official patronage or the doctrines of multiculturalism. This was Honeyford's ideal, and he saw no reason why the formula should not work again, given a chance.

When the storm broke over his head in 1984, Honeyford had been headmaster of Drummond Middle School for four years. His school was another magnificent piece of high-Victorian public architecture, grand without being overbearing, and conveying implicit aesthetic and moral lessons to its pupils, however humble the homes from which they came. The collapse of the cultural confidence that had produced such a school building was soon complete, however: after his departure as headmaster, Drummond Middle School quickly received a new Urdu name and then was burned down beyond repair by an arsonist, as also happened to a similar, neighboring school, now completely boarded up. All children in the area now go to school in the preternaturally hideous buildings of modern British architecture, whose combination of Le Corbusian functionalism, financial stringency, and bad taste are a complete visual education in brutality.

Honeyford brought his troubles down upon him when he published an article exposing the follies of multicultural education in the conservative *Salisbury Review*, after the worthy but dull *Times Educational Supplement*, for which he had previously written, turned it down. That the article appeared in *The Salisbury Review* gave almost as much offense as its content: for in the new, officially diverse Britain, the *Review*'s brand of cultural conservatism is beyond

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pale. The *Review*'s name hardly ever appears without the qualification that it is rabidly right-wing, thereby implying that no intellectual engagement with the ideas expressed in it is ever necessary—only the kind of opposition appropriate to dealing with brown- and blackshirts. All opinion is free, of course, but some opinions are freer than others.

In his article, Honeyford enumerated some of multiculturalism's problems and contradictions. The debasement of language that multiculturalist and anti-racist bureaucrats have brought about, he argued, has made it extremely difficult to talk honestly or clearly about racial and cultural matters. By lumping together all ethnic minorities as "black" in order to create a false dichotomy between white oppressors on the one hand and all minorities on the other, for example, these bureaucrats could obscure such complex and unpleasant realities as the continued hostility between Sikhs and Muslims, or the Muslim ill-treatment of women. Only by means of such deliberate blindness can the tenets of multiculturalism, feminism, and universal human rights be reconciled. Honeyford quoted Orwell to the effect that politicized language "is designed to make lies sound truthful" and "to give an impression of solidity to pure wind."

He held up a very concrete example of how the multiculturalist mindset was damaging education. Immigrant parents, he observed, frequently sent their children back to Pakistan and Bangladesh for months or even years at a time, often precisely to keep them from acquiring any British cultural characteristics. Though this practice had obvious social and educational disadvantages for people destined to spend their adult lives in Britain—and though it was entirely illegal, as well—the authorities turned a blind eye to it.

British law obliges a parent, once his child is registered at a school, to ensure that he attends regularly; any white parent who kept his child away for so long would undoubtedly be prosecuted and punished. In the case of the children of immigrants, however, school authorities never pressed charges but instead directed teachers to keep absentees' places open indefinitely and to regard their absence as a culturally, and therefore educationally, enriching experience. As Honeyford summed up: "I am left with the ethically indefensible task of complying with a school attendance policy which is determined not, as the law requires, on the basis of individual parental responsibility, but by the parent's country of origin—a blatant and officially sanctioned policy of racial discrimination." Seventeen years after he described the problem, it remains unsolved.

Honeyford's article also called into question the unwarranted but widespread assumption that differences in educational achievement between groups reflect unfair discrimination and nothing else. In the *Times Educational Supplement*, Honeyford had already mentioned the great and growing educational success of some subgroups of Indian immigrants, which he linked to their system of values—with the obvious corollary that the educational failure of other groups was not attributable to British racial prejudice. As a result, a black pressure group in London branded him a "blatant racist" and demanded his dismissal if he did not accept "massive in-service training courses to purge [him] of [his] racist ideology and outlook."

Finally, and even less forgivably, Honeyford made mention of the plight of another ethnic minority in his school: the white children, who, when the article appeared, made up a mere 5 percent of the pupils. Their education suffered in a school dominated by pupils from non-English-speaking homes, he said, and he suggested that officials disregarded their plight because their parents, ill-educated and inarticulate, had formed no pressure group, and no political capital could be made of them. (Once, in the 1960s, the city council had tried to disperse the children of non-English-speaking immigrants to schools throughout the city, precisely to prevent the development of ghetto schools such as Drummond, but race-relations experts and bureaucrats declared this practice to be discriminatory and therefore stopped it—to Honeyford's regret.)

No one would have noticed Honeyford's article—*The Salisbury Review*'s circulation being extremely small—had the local newspaper not drawn attention to it; but then an unremitting campaign against him gathered steam, under the leadership of local politicians and pressure groups, some of which sprang up expressly to get him fired. He received several death threats, which the police took seriously enough to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

connect his home by alarm directly to the local police station. (I repeat: he had proposed only that Muslim children should be fully integrated into British society—the very opposite of suggesting that they should be discriminated against or in any way maltreated.) For months, he had to enter his own school under police protection from the small but militant group of pickets that formed outside and grew in size and volume whenever a television camera appeared. A few small children, too young to understand what was at issue, learned from their parents to chant "Ray-cist! Ray-cist!" at him and to hold up denunciatory placards, some with a skull and crossbones above his name. The Bradford Education Authority considered the possibility of a court order against the demonstrators, since children who continued to attend the school were likewise insulted as stooges and sell-outs, but it decided that such an order would only inflame passions further. Thus political extremists learned a valuable lesson: intimidation pays.

No insult was deemed too scurrilous to hurl at Honeyford. A press release issued by an extremist group calling itself the Bradford Drummond Parents' Support Group is a case in point: "One wonders," it read, "whether Mr. Honeyford will be the next person to be advocating bird shots [sic] fired at the black children at the school." Several months into the affair, Honeyford's employer, the Bradford Education Authority, ordered him to attend a kind of public trial in a local college on the charge of disloyalty. Fortunately, the eminent lawyer representing him argued so vigorously that those intending to convict him had to acquit him.

The affair took its toll on him: after all, he was not a career politician but merely a schoolmaster who had spoken out against what he thought was wrong. His health, and his wife's, began to suffer; and when his employer arranged to meet him secretly and offered him $30,000 in cash to agree to publish no further articles for three years, he was tempted to accept. His wife dissuaded him, however, telling him that he would never be able to live with himself if he concluded so sordid a deal.

Intimidation spread and became a tool against anyone who supported Honeyford. A Sikh shopkeeper told him that he supported his stand, to which Honeyford replied, "Why don't you say so to the television people?" The answer was that the man's business would be stoned or burned down if he were to do so. For very similar reasons, the majority of school headmasters in Bradford who agreed with Honeyford in private remained silent in public.

The campaign against Honeyford disregarded entirely the fact that no complaint had ever been received about his competence as a teacher, or the fact that there were always far more applications to his school (mainly by Muslim parents) than there were places. Several attempts by political zealots on the city council to have him dismissed failed for lack of legal cause. Eventually, however, he accepted early retirement: constant abuse, however unjustified, is wearing—and he wanted to spare his pupils, who, like him, had to enter the school through a daily gauntlet of 40 vituperative pickets. Although teaching was his vocation, Honeyford never returned to it. Instead, he wrote several books about race relations and education, and became a freelance journalist.

It is difficult, meeting him now, to believe that he was ever a natural controversialist. He lives in modest retirement. He is mild-mannered and unexcitable. He was once a naive believer in the freedom of expression and the virtues of plain speaking—formerly a tradition in the north of England. He thought that different opinions might be tolerated, not having grasped that the purpose of those who argue for cultural diversity is to impose ideological uniformity. In his naiveté, he also enunciated some painful truths that were tangential to his central argument: for example, that Pakistan (the country of origin of most of the immigrants in his area) had been unable throughout its history to develop either democratic institutions or a culture of tolerance. However accurate, such an inflammatory statement enabled his detractors to pretend that he was motivated by prejudice: a useful diversionary tactic from Honeyford's underlying argument, that the induction of immigrant children into British culture and traditions was necessary both for their own personal good and for the nation's future social harmony.

But it is impossible to meet Honeyford for long without realizing that he is a passionate believer in the redemptive power

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of education and in the duty of schools to give the children of immigrants the same educational opportunities as everyone else. His only regret about the affair was that it drastically shortened his teaching career. It is a tribute to the power of Orwellian language that a man who believes these things should successfully have been labeled a racist.

His own personal history would suggest some direct insight into the problems of the disadvantaged. His father was an unskilled laborer injured in the First World War and able to work only intermittently thereafter. His mother was the daughter of penniless Irish immigrants. His parents had 11 children, six of whom died in childhood. They lived in a small house in Manchester with no indoor lavatory (and not a single book). He was brought up in a place and in times when the next meal was not guaranteed to appear. Yet despite the poverty, theft was unheard of: everyone felt able to leave his front door unlocked.

Through nervousness rather than lack of ability, Honeyford failed the examination, given at the age of 11, for entrance to the local selective, state-run grammar school, a guaranteed (and by far the easiest) route out of the slums. He recalls having been disappointed by his failure, but it was not the blow to his self-esteem that today's educationists claim that all such failure must be—so that the principal goal of education should be the preservation of the child's self-esteem from the slings and arrows of outrageous competition.

As was the British working-class custom of the time, he left school at the earliest opportunity to find work, an office job that bored him. Restless, he decided to go to night school to get a high school education, and he then gained acceptance for teacher training. After receiving his teaching diploma, he obtained a B.A. by correspondence course and finally a master's degree (in linguistics). Such a man is unlikely to wish to deny opportunity to others: and his experience led him to conclude that only educational traditionalism can offer the severely disadvantaged such opportunity.

Though he failed to gain admission to a selective grammar school himself, he bitterly regrets the passing of these quintessentially meritocratic institutions, which allowed so many poor but talented children a chance to join the mainstream and even to excel in Britain's open society. (This fact alone suggests his large-mindedness: how many people can resist erecting a general principle out of their personal disappointments?) Such schools, which ideologues condemned as elitist, might have helped prevent the strife that convulses Bradford today by creating a common culture and an interracial elite. They would have drawn (by and large, though not of course with 100 percent accuracy) the most intelligent children from diverse areas, allowing lasting friendships to form across the races among people likely to grow up to be the most prominent citizens of their respective groups.

Instead, today the schools draw children of every level of ability, but from a single geographical area only. If that area is white only, then the school will be white only; if Muslim, the school will be Muslim. Different ethnic and cultural groups—their differences preserved in educational aspic—live in geographical proximity but without any real contact. It does not require a Nostradamus to predict the consequences.

Of course, the forces that deny a British education to the Muslims of Bradford have also denied it to the whites, who—on the grounds of the new need for a multiculturalist outlook—receive schooling that leaves them virtually as ignorant of British history and traditions as their Muslim counterparts, without giving them any useful knowledge of any other history or traditions. They are thus left to float free in the sea of popular culture, without cultural or moral bearings and prey to the inchoate but deep resentments that this popular culture so successfully inculcates.

The children of Bradford's Muslim immigrants also bear the stamp of popular culture and the sense of loss and of entitlement denied that it fosters: indeed, this is the only aspect of the West with which, inescapably, they have any contact. In one Muslim community center that I visited in Bradford, the Muslim Youth League advertised a course of lectures: Islam for the 21st Century Dude.

The scene is set for a battle of competing resentments. If we had only listened to Ray Honeyford, we should not have sown what we are now reaping and what we (and others) shall reap for many years to come. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Misjudging Western History

To the editor:

Victor Davis Hanson's "Why the Muslims Misjudged Us" (Winter 2002) manages to turn ignorance into art. Every American has a right to patriotism and his opinion, but he has perpetuated the idea that keeps the Western world in a regime of arrogance, power, Eurocentrism, and inevitable conflict with those who pull its cargo. How do you presume the Western world remains at the absolute monarchy of the world? Ask the media for a body count of third-world countries throughout history, and you would find death tolls much greater than 5,000. Third-world genocides at the hands of Western governments are never seen or spoken of. Attitudes like Hanson's mask the truth and send fallacies to the masses. As an American who is proud of this country and of my Islamic beliefs, I witness injustices on both sides. To Hanson and those who selected his article, thank you for an unoriginal idea. It seems many in this country like to see death and despair—as long as it isn't their family, their country, or their problem.

Rasheeda Ali
Columbus, GA

To the editor:

Victor Davis Hanson clearly doesn't bother to read history before invoking it. Greece "crushed" Persia the way Afghanistan "crushed" the British or Vietnam "crushed" America. (Yes, they lost, but that just meant that they did not extend their empires into those particular corners.) Not even Rome conquered Persia. Furthermore, the Eastern Roman empire was at all times richer than the West, which is why Justinian was willing to shed the West and give up even Rome itself to the barbarians. If the man had read a single book about the Middle Ages, he'd know the Westerners were the barbarians and the Muslims the civilized.

BETTMAN/CORBIS

The triumph of the West is very recent in history; whatever it rests upon, it doesn't rest upon a set of unchanging facts that guarantees it will endure forever.

Diana Jarvis
via e-mail

To the editor:

Victor Davis Hanson is an optimist about Western civilization and democracy: for him, the West is always Salamis and the triumph of the Greeks. While his view is a valuable corrective against defeatism and mindless opposition to the West, he is too sanguine. Western civilization and democracy is also Vichy in 1940: moral and political collapse followed by expedient collaboration with evil. We cannot yet claim victory: America is beset by lack of will, nerve, and morale, and Hanson's serenity does not take sufficient account of the siege within. We face a brutal struggle against both the Persians and those who would surrender to the Persians. The compromisers—the Petains—are in every part of our society and government. Vigilance, not serenity, is the necessary antecedent to victory.

David Randall
via e-mail

To the editor:

"Why the Muslims Misjudged Us" was so profound that I could not resist responding. You articulated several aspects of Islamic thinking vis-à-vis the West that I have seen nowhere else in print.

I appreciate in particular the benevolence with which you close the article. One can indeed, as you note, identify Islamic society's self-inflicted shortcomings while simultaneously recognizing that peaceful coexistence—or better,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

encouraging Islamic societies to import Western thinking—would be better for both societies. Your well-stated warning to the Middle East, that it risks creating a true enemy in the West, is likewise on target. I only wish—as I'm sure you do—that the odds of the warning being heeded were better.

David L. Cloutier Jr., Esq.
South Bend, IN

Victor Davis Hanson responds:

I thank Rasheeda Ali for granting me "a right to patriotism and [my] opinion." But I am afraid that most of her points are little more than the empty clichés of the 1960s—"Eurocentrism," "arrogance," "the masses," et al. Her emphasis on Western genocide on the contemporary global landscape, however, is curiously presented without concrete examples. Stalin and Mao killed nearly 80 million of their own. Cambodians, Rwandans, Iranians, Iraqis, Algerians, and others have recently added millions to the tally of the dead by butchering one another quite efficiently without Western help.

If we really wish to see more "death and despair" in the Middle East, then a good way would be to continue to ignore the region's indigenous pathologies—fundamentalist extremism, religious intolerance, statism, tribalism, gender apartheid, anti-Semitism, and autocracy—that drive so many of its citizens to Western societies and ensure that the millions left behind in Cairo, Gaza, Khartoum, and Baghdad are hungry, without legal protection, and angry. In this regard, simply venting rage at the West—or the U.S. and Israel—is as unproductive as it is puerile.

I find Diana Jarvis's take on history incoherent. Of course no empire exists forever, or can extend its power across the globe without confronting the natural limitations of manpower or logistical and spiritual exhaustion. Still, it is remarkable that a small country like Greece (less than 50,000 square miles and home to no more than 2 million people) defeated Persia in the not "very recent" fifth century B.C.—as Macedon decisively "crushed" it as an empire in the fourth. My point about Western dynamism was one of military efficacy, not necessarily morality: in the examples Jarvis cites, both England and America were fighting far from home rather than repelling Afghans and Vietnamese in London or New York, in a display of global military reach impossible for their adversaries. My essay was concerned with the unmistakable propensity of Western nations—Macedonians, Romans, Crusaders, Spaniards, Britons, and Americans—to project power far beyond their shores in ways incommensurate with their rather small populations and territories, and well beyond the ability of their enemies.

Byzantium did not "shed the West" because it was "at all times richer." Rather, it realized by the fifth century that the Western empire was strategically indefensible and culturally indistinct from much of northern Europe, and so marshaled its limited resources to save what it could in the East. I have in fact read many books about the Middle Ages: I recommend that Jarvis read Ayton and Price's *The Medieval Military Revolution.* No one should deprecate Islam's achievements in the Middle Ages—"barbarians" and "civilized" are Jarvis's terms, not mine. Yet in a military sense, after shedding old Roman conquests in Asia and Africa, a religiously and politically fragmented West was amazingly resilient in protecting Europe, both by means of its military technology—plate armor, sophisticated fortification, crossbows, Greek fire, early cannon, etc.—and by its ability to transport large armies across seas. "Whatever it rests upon" is a rather incurious way of characterizing the reasons for Western ascendancy; they are not hard to determine: secular rationalism, civic militarism, consensual government, free critique, civilian audit, and individual freedom, all of which began with the Greeks and persist today.

Who knows what, if anything, "will endure forever." But if 2,500 years of history—or the present spread of Western notions of politics, economics, and culture—are any guide, the Middle East, to be successful, will more likely emulate the West than vice versa. The difficulty a traditional society faces in acknowledging this reality may well lie at the heart of our dilemma—and cause more conflict in the future.

I do not understand why David Randall thinks Vichy in 1940, which for four years allowed fascism into France, need be symptomatic of a pervasive Western impotence—especially when British and American democracy destroyed Nazism for good in about the same space of time. The GIs who landed on Normandy beaches and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Marines who died in the coral morasses on Okinawa were hardly soft—and not all that different in spirit from those now fighting in caves in Afghanistan. I do share, however, Randall's concern for the future of the West: the freedom and affluence that accrue from democracy and capitalism can create periods of laxity—a common theme from Sallust and Juvenal to Hegel and Francis Fukuyama. Still, I believe that the sudden arousal of a somnolent United States after September 11, while it has stunned the world, is characteristic rather than atypical of democracies in the aftermath of unprovoked attacks, as successful mobilizations from Thermopylae to Pearl Harbor attest.

I thank David Cloutier for his kind words, and take solace that, while *City Journal* and I received a few angry letters, the great majority expressed similar feelings of concern, and grasped that the essay was not a condemnation of the Islamic world but a heartfelt admonition about what increasingly separates our respective societies. The irony of the present crisis is that many of the most free-wheeling Middle-Eastern critics of America are based in the West and thus enjoy traditions of religious tolerance and freedom of expression that are simply absent in every one of their home countries. It is not the responsibility—and perhaps not within the power—of the U.S. to ensure the introduction of such Western values in Islamic countries. Widespread and grassroots democratic revolutions will require the bravery and sacrifice of Muslims themselves. Such radical change must be their choice, not ours; but we should remember that the course of action they choose will determine how—and whether—we can and should remain friends.

What's the GED *Really* Worth?

To the editor:

In "GEDs Aren't Worth the Paper They're Printed On" (Winter 2002), Jay P. Greene argues that high school graduation rates are reported with smoke and mirrors and that the GED program is the "man behind the curtains." Rather than focusing on the outcome of a high school education, Greene sets up a false dichotomy between those who are certified in a traditional manner and those who demonstrate high school competencies through a valid and reliable assessment. His article is replete with distortions about the GED, and he denigrates millions of adults who have passed it.

For 60 years, the GED program has provided adults a second opportunity to certify their high school–level academic knowledge and skills. The GED does not promise that test passers will earn more money, go to college, or become better citizens—although this often occurs. Rather, the GED promises that those who earn the credential possess competencies to meet certain standards.

There is no trickery in the reporting of educational statistics. In its *Digest of Educational Statistics*, the Department of Education identifies how it counts GED credentials. The National Center for Education Statistics publishes a table segmenting the types of high school credentials awarded.

The GED is not easy to pass: for most of its history, one out of three seniors would fail. The new minimum passing standard—normed in 2001 and based on the performance of a nationally stratified sample of 15,000 graduating high school seniors—is now set so that 40 percent of high school graduates fail—the most rigorous standard in the test's history.

We at the GED believe that students in school should stay there. But over 46 million adults lack a high school education, and every year 500,000 students leave school without graduating. The GED program offers a modest but effective method for individuals to demonstrate their high school–level knowledge and skills and move toward their future goals.

Joan Chikos Auchter
Executive Director, GED Testing Service

Jay P. Greene responds:

If the GED is as rigorous as its executive director claims, its recipients should improve their chances of graduating from college or increasing their earnings by getting the credential. They don't: GED recipients hardly fare better than dropouts and fare significantly worse than regular high school graduates. Auchter off-handedly responds that the GED makes no promises that it will provide such benefits to recipients. But if it doesn't, what is it really worth?

Auchter charges that I denigrate GED recipients in voicing doubts about the rigor and wisdom of GED policies. First, they are not as rigorous as she claims. She creates a statistical sleight of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

hand: the high school students' failure rate of 40 percent she claims is in fact 14 percent—although the statistical argument is too complex to rehearse here.

Second, her charge of denigration reveals the GED's primary mission: to improve self-esteem. The fact that lax GED policies may entice students to drop out of high school in the first place, that (contrary to Auchter's assertions) the GED masks an increase in dropout rates over the last few decades, and that the GED provides few tangible benefits to its recipients—these are all trumped by the need to make people feel good about themselves. But nothing feels as good as real accomplishment.

An Alarmed Reader

To the editor:

Brian C. Anderson's hatchet job on car alarms ("Let's Ban Car Alarms," Winter 2002) was so packed with bizarre distortions—and a nearly pro-criminal attitude—that it's hard to know where to begin to refute it. His central premise, that these "infernal gadgets" don't do "a nickel's worth of good" is self-evidently false.

Car alarms work, and have been a major factor in the decline of auto theft since 1991. The website of the National Insurance Crime Bureau (NIBC) reports that "vehicle theft rates have declined in recent years, thanks to the effective efforts of law enforcement and the increasing use of deterrent devices."

Anderson doesn't even mention the primary function of car alarms: to alert car owners that their security system has triggered! In praising the LoJack system, he fails to note that LoJack does nothing to prevent theft and is only useful after the vehicle has been stolen.

Anderson quotes an "anti-noise activist" who rails against the "selfishness" of vehicle owners trying to prevent their cars from being stolen. Anti-noise activists would prefer that we didn't even own internal combustion vehicles—or wear leather or eat hamburgers. But Anderson is willing to quote this nut job to bolster his bucolic argument that a car-alarm ban will make New York City a paradise. Car thieves love anti-noise activists. In fact, wouldn't it be wonderful if all the cars in the city were stolen?

I am through with my rebuttal.

Kennedy Gammage
Directed Electronics, Inc.

Brian C. Anderson responds:

Mr. Gammage defends car alarms because his company is a leading manufacturer of these useless, civility-shattering devices. But there is no rebuttal beneath all the splutter and invective.

He quotes the NICB's belief that vehicle-theft-rate declines owe something to the use of "deterrent devices." But "deterrent devices" in this context include noiseless ones that I say do work, like the "immobilizers" that shut off the engine if someone tries to start your car without the right computer-chip-encoded key. The NICB offers no evidence that noise alarms do anything but anger the sleep-deprived. Tellingly, Gammage ignores the insurance-industry evidence in my piece that compares the theft rates of cars with and without noise alarms and finds zero difference.

Gammage says that my article "doesn't even mention" the primary function of alarms. Huh? One of my main arguments—supported by the testimony of police officers, insurers, alarm retailers, and personal anecdote—is that alarms often *don't* get their owners' attention. They've become so ubiquitous and go off by mistake so often that owners assume it's someone else's car blaring.

Gammage also seems to have missed the paragraph where I describe how LoJack works. And his letter fails to mention a key fact about LoJack: equipping just 2 percent of the cars in a given neighborhood with the system can cut car theft by up to a third by helping the police catch red-handed the professional car thieves who commit the bulk of auto crime.

Which anti-noise activists does Gammage know? None struck me as a "nut job," and none mentioned being an animal-rights activist. I hate car alarms and love hamburgers; so might they, I imagine. As for making New York a bucolic paradise: I'm no utopian. I just think citizens shouldn't have to suffer 125-decibel honks at 3 AM, especially since the noise doesn't stop car thieves and since there are noiseless anti-theft devices that actually work.

CITY JOURNAL *welcomes letters to the editor.*
e-mail: letters@city-journal.org
fax: 212-599-0371

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contributors

Robert Adam, an English architect, is internationally renowned for his classical buildings and traditional urban planning and design. He has written widely on architectural history and theory, and his books include the standard work *Classical Architecture: A Comprehensive Handbook.*

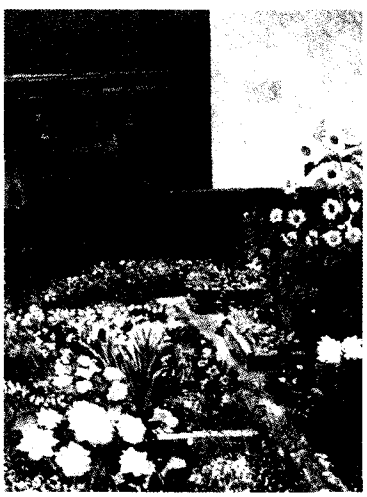
Richard Brookhiser is a senior editor of *National Review* and a columnist for the *New York Observer*. He is the author of *America's First Dynasty: The Adamses, 1735–1918*, and *Alexander Hamilton: American.*

Theodore Dalrymple is a physician who regularly sees patients in an English prison. He is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and a columnist for the *London Spectator*. His latest book, *Life at the Bottom*, is a collection of his *City Journal* essays.

Victor Davis Hanson is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and the author of *Carnage and Culture.* A military historian who teaches classics at California State University at Fresno, he lives on a family farm in Selma, California.

Howard Husock is director of case studies at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government and a *City Journal* contributing editor. An Emmy Award–winning journalist, he is the author of *Repairing the Ladder: Towards a New Housing Policy Paradigm*. He has also written for the *Wall Street Journal* and *The Public Interest.*

Stefan Kanfer, a contributing editor of *City Journal* and a former editor of *Time*, is the author of several novels and social histories. His most recent books are *Groucho*, a biography of Groucho Marx, and *The Essential Groucho.*



City Garden, 1985 (oil on canvas)
by Joe Lasker/Kraushaar Galleries

Heather Mac Donald is a contributing editor of *City Journal*, John M. Olin Fellow at the Manhattan Institute, and author of *The Burden of Bad Ideas: How Modern Intellectuals Misshape Our Society*. Her articles have appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*, *The New Republic*, and the *New York Times*.

Myron Magnet is editor of *City Journal*, and the author of *The Dream and the Nightmare: the Sixties' Legacy to the Underclass*, which George W. Bush calls the book that influenced him most, after the Bible.

Steven Malanga is a contributing editor of *City Journal* and a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute. He was formerly executive editor at *Crain's New York Business.*

John H. McWhorter, a contributing editor of *City Journal* and a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute, is the author of *Losing the Race: Self-Sabotage in Black America* and *The Power of Babel: A Natural History of Language.*

City Journal (ISSN 1060-8540) is published four times a year by the Manhattan Institute, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, NY 10017. Telephone: (212) 599-7000. Fax: (212) 599-0371. E-mail: cj@city-journal.org. Subscription rates: one year: $23.00; two years: $42.00; back issues: $8 (10 or more, $7 each); reprints: $3.00. Distributed in the United States by Bernard DeBoer, Inc., 113 East Centre Street, Nutley, NJ 07110, (973) 667-9300; Hudson News Company, 1305 Paterson Plank Road, North Bergen, NJ 07047, (201) 867-3600; Ingram Periodicals, 1240 Heil Quaker Blvd., LaVergne, TN 37086, (615) 793-5522; International Periodical Distributors, 674 Via de la Valle, Suite 200, Solano Beach, CA 92075, (619) 481-5928; Ubiquity Distributors, 607 DeGraw Street, Brooklyn, NY 11217, (718) 875-5491.

Please visit our brand-new website at www.city-journal.org.

Signed articles express the views of their authors and are intended solely to inform and broaden public debate. They are not intended to aid or hinder legislation before legislative bodies at the municipal, state, or federal level. © 2002 by the Manhattan Institute, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Singapore Diarist

Lion in a Jungle

Howard Husock

Singapore was bound to become a target for Islamic terrorists. The island city-state of some 4 million people is surrounded by far larger Muslim-dominated societies—Indonesia to the south, Malaysia to the north—that serve as terrorist spawning grounds, and it harbors a sizable Muslim minority. Moreover, the U.S. has a military presence here. And as a free-market redoubt in East Asia, Singapore is host to extensive American business interests.

But there's a deeper reason for the hatred the bin Ladins of the world have for Singapore. Like the U.S., Singapore has tried to create a non-religious, supra-ethnic, Singaporean identity out of a multiethnic and religiously diverse population—more than 70 percent ethnic Chinese, with sizable Malay, Sri Lankan, and European minorities. The sometimes draconian methods the "Lion City" has used to meld its disparate peoples into "Singaporeans" are among the reasons that many dismiss the city-state as (at best) only a quasi-democracy. But with tensions simmering between the Chinese majority and the Malay Muslim minority, the problem of national unity has been thorny.

If Singapore is multiethnic, it is decidedly not "multicultural." When the island became an independent nation in 1965, the ruling People's Action Party made English the national language, even though few Singaporeans spoke English at home. Today, when I ask an American expatriate to describe the difference between Singapore and his former home of Los Angeles, his deadpan reply speaks volumes: "More people speak English here." Another key government step to construct a sturdy sense of citizenship was to introduce universal military service.

Singapore has also launched innumerable national self-improvement campaigns that, officious as they sometimes are—one urged men to marry well-educated women to improve the nation's gene pool—have helped forge a national identity. In another example, long-time prime minister Lee Kuan-Yew opened a "courtesy" campaign back in the early 1980s: "As a society of migrant stock," he said, "we have tended to be helpful and charitable only within the family and, at a pinch, within the extended clan." Lee grasped that great trading cities like the one he aspired to build had to extend the circle of trust and become cosmopolitan, just as bin Ladin knows that cosmopolitanism is something he must destroy.

Certainly some of the means Singapore's government has used to prevent the formation of subnational animosities have been particularly controlling. Take housing: the government, which builds the bulk of the high-rise developments that most Singaporeans live in, sells new units by rigid racial quota, so that racial and religious enclaves don't develop. Coercive though it might be, the policy at least doesn't produce the subsidized-housing problems of England and France, where large concentrations of Muslims seethe with a resentment that often spills over into violence and makes terrorist recruiters welcome.

More worrisome as a means of homogenization is the partly government-owned press, where a kind of soft censorship prevails. It's not that the *Straits Times*, Singapore's leading daily, is a state mouthpiece. It's just that it faces government pressure to downplay hard news in favor of positive stories. The most interesting part of the paper is often the letters page, where questioning voices sneak in.

There's some evidence that Singapore's compulsory melting pot has kept the lid on conflict. A recent study found that "in daily life, the significance of ethnic affiliation had apparently diminished."

The threat that Singapore has worried about surfaced after September 11, with the arrest in January of 13 suspected al-Qaida terrorists—all Malay Muslims—accused of plotting to kill U.S. servicemen and blow up the American and other embassies. Hostility toward Muslims is rising as a result.

The government has responded to the new tensions by reasserting its secular ideal, launching community get-togethers to build "trust among the races," yet at the same time refusing a request from four Muslim families that their daughters be allowed to wear Islamic headscarfs to public school, where standard uniforms are required. Whether Singapore succeeds in keeping its ethnic and religious animosities in check only time will tell. But whatever qualms we Western democrats might have over the limits of Singapore's democracy, we should recognize the magnitude of the problem the Lion City must solve. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREATEST RISK IS NOT TAKING ONE.

They do not write the stories of those who played it safe. But that doesn't mean you should leap blindly, either. You can go after your idea with fiery determination, armed with the confidence of knowing you have chosen a business partner wisely. One with enormous resources Vast imagination One with the flexibility to custom-tailor solutions, no matter what the risk, no matter where the risk Even if it's some crazy idea, like walking on the moon. So the next time you feel like trying something nobody has tried before, look no further than the organization that helps launch big ideas every day.

WORLD LEADERS IN INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES

AIG

WWW.AIG.COM

Insurance and services provided by members of American International Group, Inc. Write to us at American International Group, Inc., 70 Pine Street, Dept. A, New York, NY 10270.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

City Journal
File Edit View Favorites Tools Help
Address http://www.city-journal.org/
CITY JOURNAL
search
New & Newsworthy
Eye on the News
Stefan Kanfer
How to Trivialize the Holocaust | The Jewish Museum's "Mirroring Evil" is the most offensive show in town.
27 Mar 2002
Heather Mac Donald
Welfare Reform in the Balance | New York's new welfare commish sometimes sounds like a Dinkins-era throwback.
21 Mar 2002
Jay P. Greene
Why Vouchers are Constitutional | . . . and why we need them.
14 Mar 2002
Steven Malanga
Gotham's quicker-than-expected recovery | . . . six months after September 11.
11 Mar 2002
Steven Malanga
Venture Capitalists Still Like Gotham | . . . and are putting their money in its high-tech firms.
6 Mar 2002
City Journal in the News
Sol Stern
A Fight for the Kids
New York Post | 12 Mar 2002
Victor Davis Hanson
Why the Muslims Misjudged Us |
about City Journal
City Journal books
archives
links
send email
topical index of articles
Select a topic
issue index
Select an issue
current issue:
Winter 2002
Vol. 12, No. 1
table of contents
subscribe
A quarterly magazine of urban affairs, published by The Manhattan Institute, edited by Myron Magnet.
"City Journal is the best magazine in America."
Peggy Noonan

Urban Intelligence Goes Digital

Log on to *City Journal*'s brand-new website for up-to-date commentary on matters metropolitan and national by *City Journal* writers.

- Updated regularly, "Eye on the News" presents web-original commentaries on the latest developments.
- In "*City Journal* in the News," read editorials from the nation's leading newspapers adapted from *City Journal* articles, commentary from *City Journal* editors elsewhere in the press, and other items.
- Journalists and researchers will find our searchable database of *City Journal* articles, organized by topic, an indispensable tool.
- Eight years of *City Journal*, including the latest issue, can now be found online.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED